# OLD WEST

Winter, 1965 OW/K

50¢

Published by TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES

. . ALL STORIES TRUE!

$15.00
BOOK BONUS!

EARLY DAYS OF
FORT SCOTT

By a man who was there
and kept it lively!

See
INSIDE
FRONT COVER

# OLD WEST

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

WINTER, 1965
VOL. 2, NO. 2
WHOLE NO. 6

A HOUSE 'TWELVE BY FOURTEEN'

## BOOK BONUS!

## EARLY DAYS OF FORT SCOTT

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## SPECIAL FEATURE! ROBBING MONTANA MAILS

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# THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

YOU GET thoughts like these, you know—"Nobody is reading it! Every single copy is still on the newsstands—they aren't selling! The whole shipment got side-tracked and landed in Gaspergou, Tanganyika!"

It was the first time in thirty years I had asked people to vote on something and they didn't do it. Our readers *love* to vote! They like to express themselves. They tell us when they go for something and they durn sure tell us when they don't!

A man just wrote in saying that we publish a filthy sex magazine! This is a new one! He is referring to "First Blood" in the Fall issue of OLD WEST. The story is a reprint from one of the early issues of TRUE WEST and this is the only letter we have had in thirty years of publishing that called anything we put out a "sex magazine"! Commenting on this same particular issue of OLD WEST were ministers, Sunday School teachers, and especially mothers who want their children to read clean literature—one used the phrase, "God bless you for publishing such clean magazines." I wish you could read our mail—you never know what's coming next!

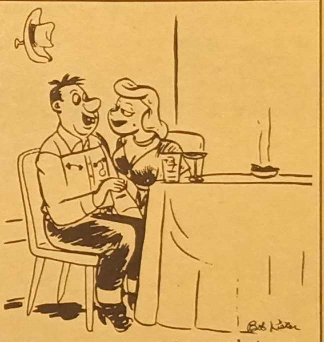
I wrote the gent that we were trying to present history as it actually happened, using as much good taste as possible under certain trying circumstances; but to leave out the incidents he objected to would almost have decharacterized Estevan—who, incidentally, wound up getting an arrow in his chest and being planted deep in the soil for his wrongs.

WELL SIR, the votes rolled in this time. It seems that the Summer issue didn't go to Gaspergou after all, and must have sold rather well from the mail that has been pouring in. I asked for fifty or sixty votes on when to stop reprinting the scarce issues of TRUE WEST and I got 'em—a barrel full, that is! A few comments had finally trailed in from the first request but I knew something was wrong (or right) because, as I said before, you folks really respond to something like that. It isn't that we don't *think* we know how to run a magazine, it is simply that we have always operated in this manner and it seems like you folks appreciate airing your views and we certainly get a wide coverage on your likes and dislikes from all over the world.

About lack of response, I suppose it is like one reader wrote, "When everything suits me down to the last paragraph, why vote?" Robert Desmond, 7804 South Essex Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, writes, "Keep OLD WEST as it is. You can't improve on perfection! Why not reprint up to the available issues of TRUE WEST? Even if I had all of the back issues, I would consider the new material and rare book alone a bargain. Also, I am for no advertising in this magazine since, as you have said, it would probably be the same advertising as is in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. I am for awarding you a plaque for being the only magazine not carrying advertisements. It should be a solid gold, diamond-studded one to boot!" Naturally, that makes us feel as good as a hog drinking slop out of a sugar barrel!

I sure don't want to forget the man who wrote that he had all of TRUE WEST, but he was voting to go right ahead and reprint right on up to the available copies—*for other readers*. He continued that nobody should miss these old copies. He said that the book and new material was enough for him. I think this is the most unselfish letter of the lot. You find so little of that unselfish business in people today.

NOW I have been quoting too much from the plus vote side (it is hard not to—we only received *four votes* against reprinting the old articles!) so I'll come up with one of the four against it. Joseph A. Burzyuski, 5654 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California 90038, writes, "As a student and collector, it pains me to start reading an article only to find that I have read it before. It would not be so bad if it were published by someone else. You know as well as I do that few articles are written exclusively for one magazine. Many articles I have read in other "western" magazines were only slightly rewritten, but in context about the same. As a collector, I bought your first issues pronto. I thought that they would be magazines to enjoy a long time. I still do. But when you started the last one, well. . . . Why didn't some of those lamenting people (now) have the pleasure (then) of stepping up with a flip of a two-bit piece? Now they have to dig down. That serves them right."



"Shucks, gal, don't know what you see in me! I play the guitar a little, roll a fair cigarette, have a complete file of OLD WEST and own a string of oil wells!"

Mr. Burzyuski goes on to say that he doesn't appreciate address labels stuck on the front cover. I sure agree with him there! We are trying to do something about this now. Most of the highly circulated magazines come to you that way, however, and our latest quotation from the printer makes our hair stand on end at what it would cost us to package all of our magazines. Funny thing, we didn't receive one complaint per year on this until recently. Every one of you who receives our magazines all dog-eared and torn—send them back and we'll send you a new one until we can figure out some way of enclosing them—some way that won't break us! Relative to the address label, we ask our printer to put it on the back cover whenever possible.

Insofar as subscribing to OLD WEST, we have made every possible effort to explain that it is not being published for those few who have *complete* files of TRUE WEST. In every advertisement in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, in every single editorial, and on the cover of OLD WEST (until recently) we have explained that we are reprinting the rare issues of TRUE WEST for the sake of readers who cannot get them. We have also explained that this will not hurt the value of the old issues as any collector of old books will tell you. Reprint an old book and try to get the collector value for it!

Again, how can we make people understand that OLD WEST is printed *only* for those people who do not have the original issues of TRUE WEST? As I have said, some of these folks tell us they buy OW anyhow because the new material and the rare old books are worth many times the cost of the magazine. This is up to them, of course. We have had such a deluge of fan mail over our $30 book bonus, *Life among the Piutes*, that we *know* we are giving value plus to all but about the ratio of one grain in a barrel full of sand. For instance, you would have paid $30 for the Piute book alone. Our estimate is that from 400,000 to half a million people will get to read this book in OLD WEST who would never have had the chance otherwise—and, brother, don't think they aren't telling us that!

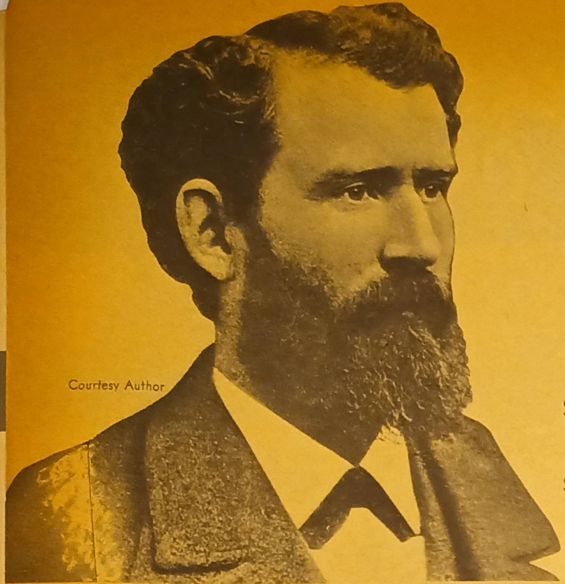
At any rate, the vote is so one-sided as to be purtnigh unbelievable so we'll plod along on our present course until it takes a different swing. IT WON'T COST US ANY MORE when we reprint all new material. We are paying again for the old material at the same rate that we pay for new material.

NOW a few words on what's coming up. As usual, I'm getting as breezy as top-out country in the Wind River Mountains!

The book which will be in our next issue is currently selling for $125. (Let's see—isn't that 250 times what you will pay for that issue?) It concerns a Norwegian boy whose adventures in the Southwest will stand your hair right on end. After he was ransomed from the Indians, he wrote of his experiences. This kid's courage will make you swell up with pride. It is not a long book but is very hard to find these days, as the price tag indicates.

In addition, we'll reprint stories from TRUE WEST numbers eight and nine, throw in a long feature story and plenty of new short ones. This issue will be on the stands January 4—just in time to start your New Year right. See you then.—Joe

# ROBBING MONTANA MAILS


Courtesy Author

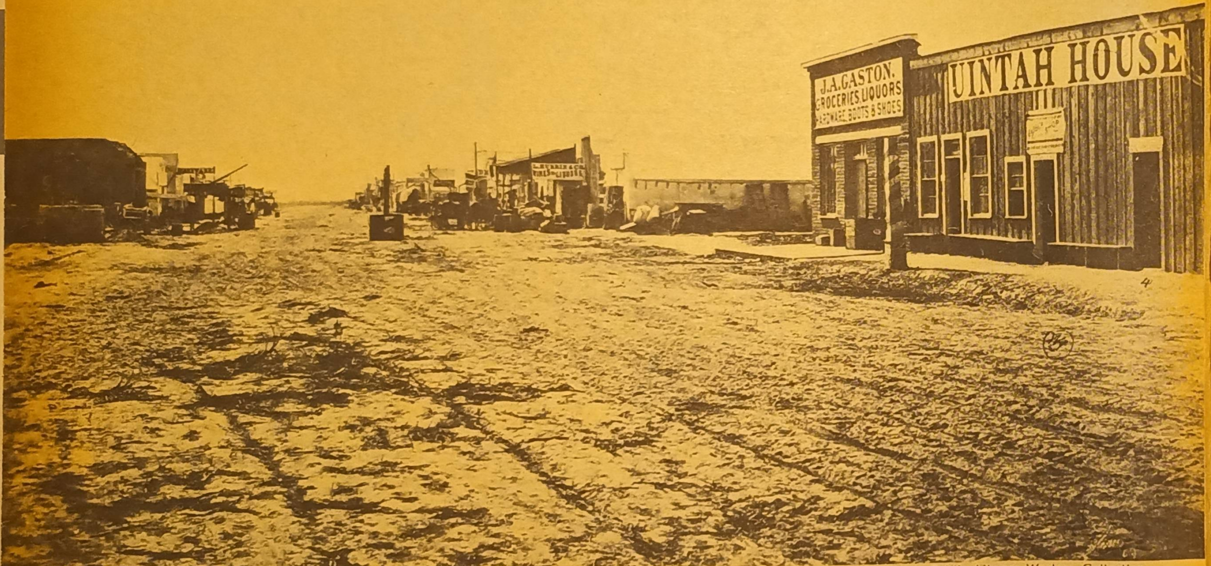
## AN OLD WEST DETECTIVE STORY

### Special Investigator Furay explains, step by step, how he framed the villain!

See inside back cover for map and additional pictures pertaining to the locale of this intriguing story.

Left, John Baptist Furay, 1871. The street scene below is Corinne, Utah, about 1870.

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING



Denver Public Library Western Collection

**Author's note: In 1875 Special Agent John B. Furay of the Post Office Department-at-Large, was assigned the job of solving Montana mail depredations. Wickizer and Alexander, who had been working on the case, were said to have "done the country some service," but no thief had been discovered. Having been called into Washington for instructions, Furay returned to his home in Omaha, Nebraska, with a determination to locate the thief, if possible. His report to Washington is published just as he wrote it.**

WELL, after I got home in February, 1875, I took the papers one night and, after the family had retired, I spread the papers out over the floor and began to schedule them down closely, and read over every line contained in them. I saw what everybody said and thought and still I could not get at it. Could not get a point to exclude the theory that had been advanced already in the papers, namely: that some *thief* must have a brass key to the mail bags.

It could not be at Corinne, Utah, as George D. Holt, who had formerly been P.M. there, had resigned and come down to Cheyenne to live, and the force of that office was, as I saw by the papers, all changed on the appointment of Judge T. J. Black. Yet the stealing kept on just the same.

So on Thursday, the 4th day of March, I left Omaha by the Union Pacific Railway and went to Ogden, 1,032 miles, and thence 40 miles south to Salt Lake City. Here I met Colonel Wickizer and from him I had hoped to get something possibly not stated in the papers or reports. But I was disappointed, as I found that the sum total of his information was that he was certain that a register put at Corinne for Helena or Virginia City, in the respective pouch of either office, never got there, and that was an end of it. "Somebody must have a key to the pouches," but who or where such "somebody" was he had not any sort of idea.

I learned from him that there was no use in suspecting the Corinne office for the reasons stated above, and that Judge Black was a perfectly pure man, and was helped by a little son of his, who was too artless to do the like. He also stated that Billy Field, who was the cashier of the Corinne Bank, also helped him occasionally when he, Field, could spare the time away from the bank; and that he was a young man, well known and entirely above reproach, and that I could trust him; "no use of talking, the trouble was not in Corinne; it was north of there and some scoundrel had a *key*."

I then went up to Corinne that night and registered at the hotel as "John G. Williams, Omaha, Neb.," and as very few would be apt to know me, so closely was I muffled up with an immense shawl, I strolled down to the P.O. to take a look at the human faces divine who might be there at work separating the mails. But the lights were so dim that I could not get a good look and I went to bed. This was Sunday, March 7.

Next morning I was down very early, and got breakfast at the very earliest table so as to avoid meeting any of my acquaintances. And I then took a long stroll down toward Salt Lake, so as to be effectually away from observation until the business houses opened and people got to stirring. I then sauntered around back, having an invalid sort of air, my shawl being wrapped around my head and neck, and went into the front lobby of the post office and took a look in; and for the first time saw Judge T. J. Black, the P.M., and the very instant I saw his face, I was just as confident as I am now that he was not the thief.

He was a man somewhat past the prime of life, being, as I should judge, about forty-five years of age. The lines in his face were set there from continued expressions of pain, either mental or physical, his whole physiognomy showing that he had, as it is called, "gone through a great amount of trouble." Although he was naturally possessed of a bold aggressive spirit, continuous disappointment or protracted physical disability had toned him down to a meekness bordering upon timidity, without a particle of guile in his soul. I called for a letter and as he looked over the list, he handled each letter with a careful conscientious touch and as he raised his eye to the wicket and responded, "No letters for you, Mr. Williams," he seemed to feel a regret that there were not, as his meek, kind nature seemed to feel pleasure in accommodating others.

I asked him to step around to the door a moment and there I told him who I was, and asked him to come quietly to room 14 at the hotel alone within half an hour, which he did. There I eyed him closely. He was clearly honest and innocent, but was he a safe confidant? Was he not too timid a man and too nervous to carry an important secret well? Yet, what could I do? I must have some local cooperation, and when once satisfied of this man's honesty, he of all others was the best man living for me to use.

I then showed him the various cases reporting the losses which covered a period of about two years and, as you know, amounted to thousands of dollars. I then cross-examined him closely as to the probabilities of their being stolen in his own office, and he declared it to be utterly and absolutely impossible. The very thought of such a probability seemed horrible to him. He said it could not be, as God knows *he* did not steal them, nor his little boy did not steal them, and that Billy Field was the only other person alive who had access to his office, and that he (Field) was there only when he could come in from his work across the street in the bank of which he was cashier, and had not the opportunity to do so, even if he wanted to. And besides all that, "If God Almighty ever did create a perfectly honest man, Billy Field was that one."

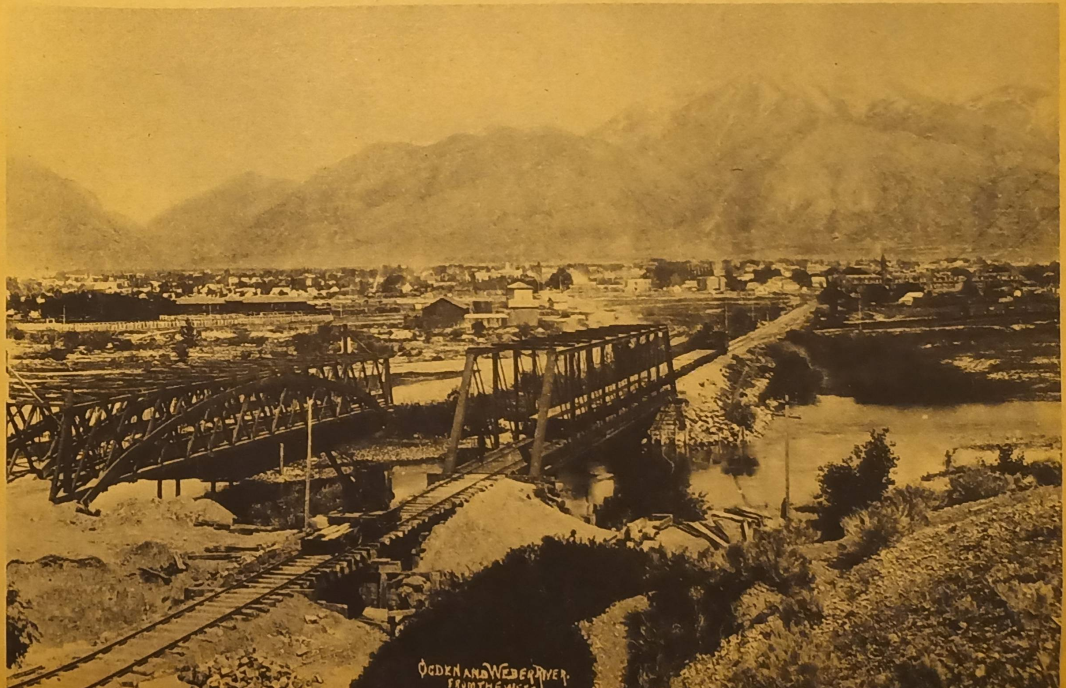
HERE was about what I learned as to the mails there: The Corinne office was a "brass lock office" and so were Helena and Virginia City, Montana. The service on the route was daily (seven times a week) and operated by Gilmer and Salisbury. Corinne, being a station on the Central Pacific R.R. about thirty miles northwest of Ogden, was the "head office" of this stage route, and received the Montana mails from the east about 7 P.M. and from the west about 7:30 A.M.; the stages arriving in the afternoon (when on time) in time to connect with the U.P. train *west*, and not going out in the morning until after the arrival of the Central Pacific train *from* the west.

Hence all eastbound mail *from* Montana laid overnight in Corinne and all mail from the east *for* Montana did the same thing. It was separated there and the Corinne office made up four pouches daily, one for Helena which contained all Helena and Helena "Dis." mail and all the registered matter for Helena and Helena Dis. and went under brass lock; the distance to Helena was about 450 miles and was regarded as the "*main* line."

The second was a similar pouch to Virginia City, Montana, in which was forwarded similar matter in the same way. The third was a pouch made up for Deer Lodge and contained similar matter, but went under the ordinary iron lock,

Ogden, Utah, and Weber River from the west

Denver Public Library Western Collection



as Deer Lodge was not a brass lock office. The fourth was a "way pouch."

The Montana Stage arrived ordinarily about 4 o'clock each afternoon, and drove first to the hotel and discharged its passengers, then to the P.O. and threw off all the mail upon the sidewalk in front of the office, and there were a great number of pouches as the Union and Central Pacific *each* made up the same number of exchanges and with the same offices as did the Corinne office (save the way pouch which, when everything was running regular, brought in *ten* leather pouches each mail besides the sacks). But the registers were *only* in the Corinne exchanges as Corinne receipted for and kept a record of all registered matter. These pouches could always be very easily picked out, for the reason that the great bulk of the mail from Virginia, Helena and Deer Lodge went either to the Central Pacific for points *west* of Corinne, or to the Union Pacific, for points *east of Ogden*. All the matter then in the "Corinne exclusive" from the north was the Corinne "direct mail" and the registered mail; and going *north*, was only the Corinne "local mail" and the registers, which made those pouches conspicuously lank.

In coming into Corinne, as I have said, the pouches were thrown off the stage on the sidewalk in front of the office, and the P.M. stated that he was invariably there in person and as they came down he threw them at once inside the front door from which point it was about forty-five feet to the boxes, with a counter on each side, and at the lower end of one of the counters was a narrow passage to the rear, but the boxes obscured the view to the rear of the office.

From the front the postmaster's boy was in the habit of dragging back three or four sacks at a time to the rear and around into the office, and sometimes Billy Field, whenever he could be there, would join him in this work. The P.M., on coming in, would take the balance that might remain. The keys of the office were usually left on the desk and the mail tumbled out on the floor and the registers, when any came in a pouch, which was an everyday occurrence, were taken up and laid on the desk, the receipts being (according to that *abomination* of regulations) securely tied around them.

When Field was present, sometimes he opened the pouches and sometimes Judge Black himself; the boy *never*. And all that Judge Black knew and "would swear to on a stack of Bibles as high as the moon" was that sometimes it was claimed by Helena and Deer Lodge and Virginia that they had enclosed registers in some of those pouches that "*never came into* the Corinne office and there was just no use to talk about it. They never came in!"

AGAIN he was in the habit of making up his mail for the outgoing Montana stage the night before and putting it in pouches and leaving the registers in his desk all night and next morning coming down and putting them in with his own hands and locking up the pouches, leaving the keys in their accustomed place, till the stage called for it.

Sometimes, only very seldom, however, Field was there in the morning and threw out the mail in his absence to the stage, and Field had a key to the office. Yet every once in a while Virginia or Deer Lodge or Helena, and mostly Helena, would report that they did not receive registered matter alleged to have been thus sent, and in one or two instances acknowledged receiving a part only.

In one instance Helena reported the receipt of the merchandise contents of a certain register without any R.P.E. covering it or receipt accompanying, and denied the receipt of another money package, which was alleged to have been inclosed therewith, showing that the thief was only after money and not merchandise of any kind. The bare recital of this state of facts worked up his (Black's) feelings until he was about ready to cry, so keenly did he feel the imputation upon his integrity.

He reasoned this way: "Now here I am, Furay. I claim to have sent Deer Lodge or Virginia or Helena valuable letters and they severally declare they do not receive them always; and they severally aver that they send me similar letters and God knows I do not receive them. I know and I *feel* how it points at me and my office, and have felt it. And all I *know* is that I, myself, know it is not me nor in my office!"

I was satisfied entirely that Col. Wickizer was correct in his estimate of Judge Black, that he was a careful, honest, excellent man and postmaster and that Wickizer must be also correct in his conclusions of a "brass key being out" up the road somewhere; the question only where.

My interview with the Judge lasted about two hours. I learned also from him that the very best man for me to confer with as to the exact status of the whole route, would be "Tim" Henderson, the well known agent of the Stage Company at Corinne. To him I went at once and found him to be one of those whole-souled jolly good gentlemen, whom the God of Nature designed for just the position he occupied, perfectly honest, and discreet and in every way reliable.

I told him my story and what I was after and he assured me that anything whatever that he or his company could do, would be done to further my ends, and for me to only make known what I wanted. He locked his private office and we proceeded to go over those papers, but here he was wanting in local information, as he was not very familiar with the arrangements beyond "Yam Patch" Station; but told me of the presence in Corinne then of the very man I wanted, E. E. Corbin, who had for a long time been Division Agent on one of the Mountain Divisions and was entirely worthy of confidence. So Mr. Corbin was called in and he proved to be all and more that Mr. Henderson had represented. So we three sat down and devoted that entire day and a large part of the evening to looking over the papers, and this was what we concluded: That the thief *must* be in Corinne or at Watson's P.O. or between those two points, all of which I knew before I left home.

But I gained further information from Henderson, that it could not reasonably be in Corinne as the stealing had commenced before Judge Black or his boy ever saw the inside of the office, and as for Billy Field, who, of course, had continued over, there was just no use to think of his ever doing the like. It was worse than folly to assume any such thing, as if Billy Field was not honest, then there were no honest men. He might, it is true, be fond of his fun with the boys, "*but he was honest.*" Corbin knew but little of Field. I knew nothing, had never even seen him, and I was afraid to go around much lest I should stumble upon someone who knew me.

I concluded to go out next morning on the stage north on a sort of "skirmishing tour" to better get the localities through my head. But before going I had another interview privately with Judge Black, in which I instructed him in the future not to fill up his pouches for Helena, Virginia City or Deer Lodge in the evening, but to wait until morning and then put in his registers the first thing in the bottom of the pouches, *without any receipts attached*, and to mail the receipts in a private letter, with a green stamp thereon, addressed to the postmasters respectively as a private letter; and to write that night to these postmasters to in the future do the same thing in forwarding registers to him.

Then if a pouch which should contain any registers arrived, he would know it at once by finding the receipt, and would be able to note exactly everything connected with its opening at his office. I told him in the future, after he once placed registers thus in the pouch *to never let it leave his sight until he handed it over to the Stage Company.* And right here I may just as well call your attention to it *now* as it will explain my future course to you better; *from that hour the P.M. faithfully followed my directions, and there never was another registered package disturbed in any way going out of Corinne north until the present moment!*

THE next morning I left Corinne under the name of John G. Williams, the way bill showing that I was ticketed to Virginia City, just as though I was a regular paying passenger and I had a letter of credit from Mr. Henderson to any agent of their company authorizing them to ticket me back "collect on arrival" as Mr. Williams "was known to be a responsible person." This prevented any suspicion getting out amongst the drivers as to who that "dead head could be?"

There was only one passenger, Dr. A. E. Ingersoll, who was going to Helena and was quite well acquainted through Montana, and who I believe gathered from our conversation that I was a kind of outside man for some firm who made a business of bidding on contracts for Indian supplies in the Territories and that I was a sort of a "silent man" who went about picking up information necessary to enable the firm to bid intelligently.

We started out on the morning of Wednesday and that day we passed several small offices, going 55 miles to Keeney's Ranch, located four miles north of Malad City, Idaho, at the foot of what is known as the Malad Divide, which is the watershed between the Salt Lake Basin and the waters of Snake River, one of the principal branches of the Columbia. Our road lay up the right bank of Bear River for twenty-five miles and the remainder followed the foothills of the Bear River Mountains with the Malad River on our left. The roads being heavy with mud and snow, we did not arrive until midnight.

Our driver was a new man from Kansas named Hawley. I noticed that, at the little way offices passed, the way pouch only was thrown off, with the through pouches securely strapped in the hind boot of the coach. At Keeney's Ranch we met the southbound coach and, being a lay-over station, we paid a dollar for the blessed privilege of pressing a very good bed two hours. Before retiring I noticed that neither of the coaches unloaded their mail, and as I was yet fresh I concluded to "play" that I went to bed and to sleep and allowed the doctor to retire first.

He was almost instantly sound asleep, while I crept out a window and went back to an out-building where I could observe what went on for an hour. Everything soon got quiet and all retired, and I did not remain out over an hour as I was perishing with the cold. Although we had been in mud down in the valley all day, Keeney's Ranch was on an elevated table, and the nights at that season were very cold. I did not like the arrangement of leaving the mails out in that unprotected manner, but what could I do?

Next morning, the 10th, we were off at 4 A.M. and here a new horror met me. Our driver was Jimmy Denny, an old Omaha boy who had driven me for a year while I was Local Agent at Omaha, and certainly he would know me. We went in a sleigh over the Divide and just at daylight encountered a terrible storm which gave me an excuse to literally cover up my whole head and face with my shawl, and, feigning sickness, I did not go out to dinner nor unwrap my head all day long. This was pretty heavy, too, as we did not reach Black Rock, the eating station fifty-five miles from Keeney's, until about 4 P.M. But I could better, as I felt, afford to go hungry than give myself away so early in the case.

The difficulty I experienced can be better realized when I state that fifteen miles out from Keeney's, after we got over the Divide, we changed from a sleigh into a coach and, of course, had to reload everything. But still I kept covered up and passed through the gauntlet safely.

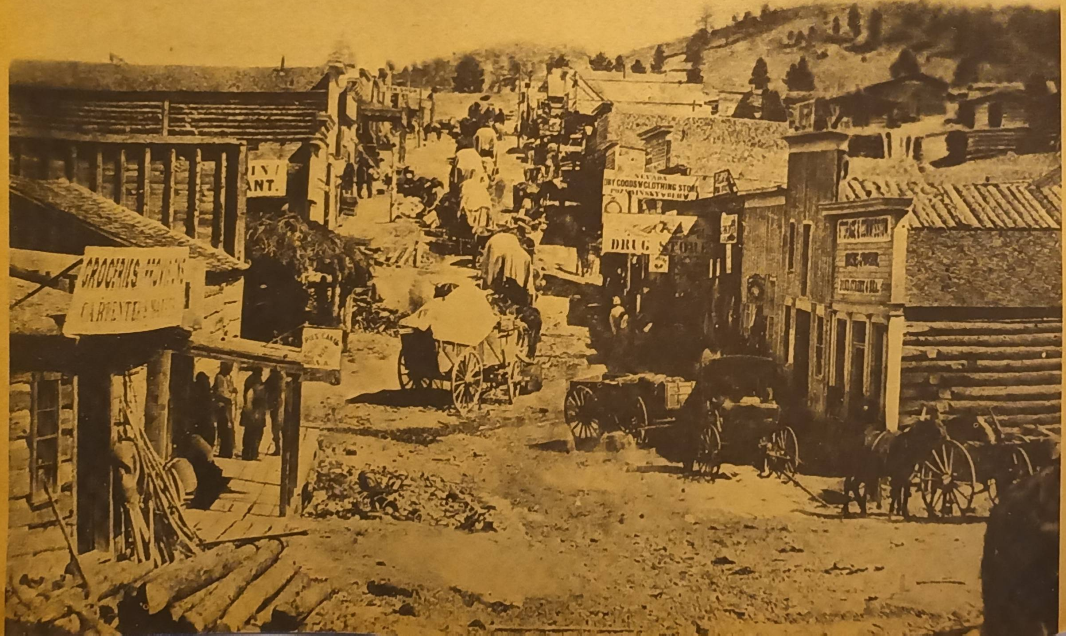
At Black Rock we got a new driver and changed from a coach to a sleigh and back again twice that night when we came to snow or dry patches. And as our driver did not advocate the theory of "fattening the stock on the road," we reached Mrs. Corbett's or Yam Patch Station, forty-five miles, at midnight. Only ye who have seen the prisoners of Andersonville when just over the lines store away food, can alone realize how hungry I was. I found the Post Office here kept by a giantess named Corbett but more generally known to the people of the mountains as "The Big Fat Gal" and her partner, or hired man, "Dutchey," was assistant. While Mrs. Corbett was doubtless a queer sort of character for the position of P.M. anywhere, I was withal rather favorably impressed with her style of conducting the business.

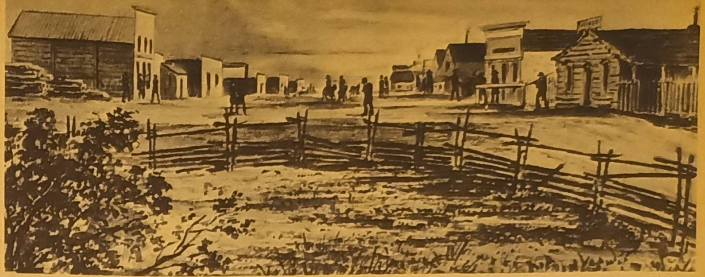
She was, as I believe, the only woman I ever saw who supremely was "monarch of all she surveyed." Her will and her word was the supreme law. Hers was a Home Station, and it was positively funny to observe the difference in the deportment of the jolly, rollicking drivers in her presence. Of course, swearing "did not count" and was not prohibited, but they had to be quiet and otherwise well behaved, as she professed to be, and no doubt was, the physical "match for any two men that ever pulled a line over a string of stock!"

The coach stood out while we ate, and the drivers and stock tender changed the mail again into the new coach, as every

**Scene of Helena, Montana, taken in 1865 looking up Bridge Street, now called State Street**

Historical Society of Montana, Helena





Historical Society of Montana, Helena

**Early sketch of Deer Lodge, Montana**

driver runs his own coach and always drives the same stock. I could not well see how anyone could *ordinarily* do any stealing from the mail pouches there, unless it was the stock tender.

JACK WINCHELL took the strings from there to Sand Holes, the next Home Station, sixty miles, and about half-past one we pulled out. I sat out on the boot with the driver and told stories and made it as interesting as possible. In the meantime I kept steadily drawing upon his stock of information, as he was an old driver on the line and knew of all the changes. I felt that this thief, whoever he was, stole as the result of an opportunity afforded, and he was not a new man nor one who had changed places much, if any, as the stealing had been going on for about two years.

I was now presuming that this thief was "up the road somewhere," not north of Watson's and was duly armed with a forged brass key, as well as the common iron key, and so far I saw no place, save at Keeney's, perhaps, where a fair opportunity was offered to do the stealing.

In talking with Winchell I would first tell some mountain story and then, as we would pass a station, make some remark about the stock tender or the station and get before the conversation closed a whole history of the station, and who had been there and when, and where they or he was now, etc. Jack was a famous talker and I am not very silent myself.

We finally reached Sand Holes and I parted with Jack Winchell rather regretfully, as, if I could only have had his company on to Helena, I should have had the entire history of every man, woman, child, driver and stage, horse and station along the entire line. We had what they called a *meal* at Sand Holes, but oh *such* a meal! While a man would, in that country, as it is said, subsist a week on thin air, it was the unanimous opinion of drivers and passengers that starvation would certainly follow a continued subsistence for three days on Sand Holes' "chuck."

Here we took a sleigh and got a new driver, Billy Osborn, and I sat up by the side of him with the design, if possible, of drawing him out in the same style I had just done with Winchell, and we sang some songs and told some stories, etc. Finally Osborn turned toward me with a steady stare and I immediately wilted as I felt that something was wrong.

"Did you ever travel in New Mexico?"

I did not know what was coming, but withal I stated the truth, "Yes, sir."

"Ain't your name Furay?"

This was a *stunner*! I didn't want to falsify to him, so I faced him and with a sort of gleeful expression of surprise I responded, "Well, where on the earth did you ever know Furay? You mean Furay of Omaha—the Mail Agent?"

"Yes," and still he kept up that inquiring gaze.

"Well, if that isn't strange. I know him first rate, and I'll wager that I've been taken for him a hundred times, and I think it's a compliment, as Furay is rather a good looking fellow and a most awful good fellow. Why, where on earth did you ever meet him?" All the while my heart went pit-pat, with a perfect flutter.

"I made a round trip with him once down in New Mexico from Trinidad to Santa Fe and back, and I swan if you don't resemble him more than any man I ever saw! I was running Express Messenger there when he one time made a trip over the line." I had it all. I now remembered him well, but I must talk it out of him.

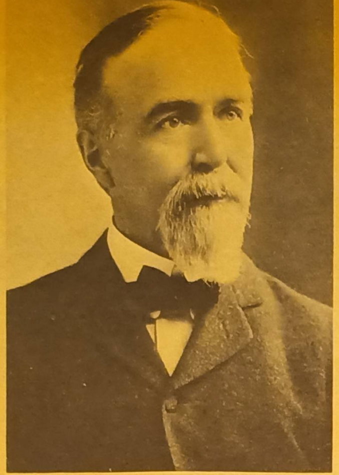


Photo Courtesy Author

O. J. Salisbury, part-owner and superintendent of the stageline, "who was very kind and generous in his offers to cooperate with me in any way possible, but with us all was in the utter dark as to who it could be who was doing the stealing."

"Well, I've heard that before. I presume our actions are alike, very much, yet I think if you will recall, that I am a much heavier man than him." (When he saw me I was dressed lightly. I was now all wrapped up and looked larger.)

"Yes, that's so, you *are* larger, but if Furay ain't a coon."

Then I saw I had him, for he went on for half an hour telling me of the times he had and the adventures, etc., on that "trip with Furay down in New Mexico!"

I soon got very *sleepy* and crawled back in the sleigh and kept quiet the rest of the way to Pleasant Valley where we arrived at 9 p.m., forty-six miles from Sand Holes, it having snowed and stormed all of the last twenty-five miles.

Here another embarrassment met me. Pleasant Valley was a Home (and winter "layover") Station similar to Keeney's i.e., the coaches here laid over at night and allowed the passengers in the winter season to rest, which was much needed. Here the mail was carried into the house and I slept on the floor. Next morning just as I was about to sit down at breakfast, one of the passengers on the southbound coach which did not arrive until after we retired the night before, rushed up to me with, "Good Lord, *John*, how are you anyhow? And what on earth are you doing up here?"

It was no other than Pat Largey, a merchant and capitalist of Virginia City, Montana, going down to the "States" and I feared that he would pronounce the word "Furay" before Billy Osborn, who sat eyeing us rather closely, as I think that when he saw my wraps off he had begun to think that I resembled "Furay" more than ever.

This fear almost paralyzed me. I did not know what to say or to do. I feared to act suspiciously, lest Osborn take the clue; and it would not do at all to presume to sit down to breakfast without silencing his battery, as I knew in my soul that the next ejaculation from his (Largey's) frank, open friendship and surprise, would be led off by the proper name "Furay." So I responded rather awkwardly, "Why, first rate, Pat. I'm glad to see you, awful glad. When did you leave Virginia and, by the way, will you see John Creighton in Omaha as you go down?"

I kept thinking how to lead him into a private conversation of importance *instantly* if I could.

"Why, yes, of course I will and—"

"Well, now, look here a second. I've got something to send back by you and I'll get it right now. Come here," and he followed me out. I went to my little valise and, as he stood by me where no one else could observe, I opened it just enough to show him a pair of handcuffs, and he took the hint quick as lightning. Said I, "I think I'd better send that (meaning the cuffs) down or do you think he'll need it till I come down myself?"

With the queerest sort of an expression, Largey responded, "Oh, no, I think I would not send it down."

"I'll send him this note then," and just as quickly as possible I pulled out my book and on a blank leaf wrote, "Pat, I am here incognito. I am John G. *Williams* from Omaha and know all your friends there—keep mum."

I tore out the scrap and handed it to him which he read and put in his pocket and we went in to breakfast. But the really amusing thing was that my friend Pat forgot the name "Williams" and I could see his puzzled expressions as he tried to recall it as we kept up a lively chat about our mutual acquaintances in the East. "Well, I am out of that scrape pretty easily," thought I.

After breakfast I got a chance to tell him more fully all about the nature of my mission, etc. and then in the presence of Osborn and the other drivers who all knew Largey, as does almost every other person in Montana, we talked "stock ranches," "good places to graze," "Indian supplies," "Government contracts," etc. until Osborn and all the rest were "led clear off" not only for the present but for the future, thus turning into account an accident which, less fortunately managed, would more than likely have so compromised me as to defeat the whole investigation, for the reason that it was from this station that I afterwards did the work that resulted in locating the thief. And if Largey had pronounced the word "Furay" instead of the familiar "John," I was gone.

In view of the continuous liability of the labors of the very best and most faithful agents in the service of the Department to meet with such unavoidable accidents as those just related, ought to be taken into account and no censure attached, for heaven knows that no one more than the agent himself deplores such occurrences.

WELL, next morning at five we pulled out, the wind blowing a gale and snow about five feet deep, with "Old Reliable" Tom McDonald "holding the strings," as drivers call it. Every once in a while one of the sleigh's runners would "jump the track" and down we'd go. Then all hands had to lift her back on the "track" which was just the width of the sleigh and no more. Occasionally one of the leaders would skip the track and down he would go. In such cases we had to shovel a track down to him, then beat a side track down in front of him in the shape of an inclined plane, and getting him on his feet lead him up again to the track. It is remarkable how soon the horses will learn to keep the often blind track from drifting snow by simply knowing how far within *six inches* they must travel to keep the track, when their only guide is the willow brush stuck down in the snow on each side of the road, at a width of about twelve feet and at intervals of about fifty to sixty feet.

No human being could do it, for I have tried it many times. Yet in leading one of those old experienced horses, the horse will keep the track while you will go down. You will understand that the "track" is two parallel paths over which the sleigh runners move and in which each horse walks. These two paths are about a foot wide each, and *between* these paths a horse will go down just the same as *on either side.*

These tracks are begun with the beginning of snowfall in early autumn and are kept beaten down by constant travel. As soon as vegetation on either side is covered, the track is marked by sticking down long willow-brush in the snow, and these tracks, as the snow falls and drifts, keep building up higher and higher. As the brush becomes thus obscured, other brush is piled over it until on those snow "divides" it is not infrequent to have the tracks thus built up to a height of ten, twelve and often even twenty feet; and when a horse gets off such a track, you can readily see how very difficult it is to get him back.

Well, Tom led us over the Pleasant Valley Divide and we got a good dinner at Red Rock station thirty-three miles from Pleasant Valley, and here we took leave of McDonald and got Jo Bryan, the handsomest man in the mountains, on the front boot who led us into Watson's, thirty-five miles, by 9 P.M. And as my thief could not be beyond this place, here I thought I would stop off and rest and see what I could see.

The mails were here driven into a large barn and locked up. Still, any or all of the drivers, and Wells Fargo's agents stationed or running them, could and did have access to the coaches at almost any time.

Next day I loafed about and, to divert attention in the afternoon, I got a horse and rode down the Beaver Head River several miles to look at a ranch there, and was disposed generally to inquire for the values of stock and how they wintered, etc.

In the evening the stage from Bannack and the Deer Lodge mail both came in. Sim Estes, being P.M., came into the saloon, store and post office on the arrival of the mails and separated the mails, entering the registered matter as I observed in his record. Although a stockman from Oregon and myself with two or three others were engaged in a small friendly game of draw poker, I gave time enough from the game to see what went on in the P.O.

Soon the southbound and northbound coaches were both in, and I observed that in the way pouch from the north there were two registers, which Estes duly entered in his record. After changing the mails, etc., he carried the pouches into the barn and placed them upon the respective coaches upon which they were to go out next morning. I then jumped my game of cards and watched around for awhile, but could get no points, except that one way or another I had the name of every man, woman and child about that Home Station, the most important by all odds of any on the whole route between Corinne and Helena.

As I was simply on a skirmishing tour anyway, I thought that the best thing for me would be to leave now on my return trip. So I went over to James Brown, then the Agent there, and got a ticket on my letter of credit which I had from Henderson, and the next morning at 9 A.M., March 14, we pulled out south again with only one passenger, a liquor man from Fort Benton.

On the way back I kept a continued and constant watch for everything. We got lost in a snowstorm after leaving Camas Creek, between Pleasant Valley and Sand Holes, and had a terrible trip over the Malad Divide, losing one day in getting into Corinne at 5 P.M. of the 18th. After all my vigilance and exposure, when I came to sit down with my friend Tim Henderson in private and he asked me, "Well, Furay, what do you know that's *new*?" I felt blue enough

Helena, Montana in the early 1870s

Denver Public Library Western Collection when my answer had to be in truth, “Not a single item!”

This is what tries a man’s patience in such work, when you have been faithful and zealous and labored hard to accomplish your purpose, that so far you are not a mite advanced from where you first started. I wanted to start right back but this I could not do, as on Monday, March 22, I was subpoenaed to be in Council Bluffs on that unfortunate Cowles Case, and had just barely time to make it. I saw Judge Black, who told me that everything was running regular since I left, as far as he knew. I inquired if he received any way registers and he said, “Yes, two.” This I told him was O.K. as I had seen them start from Watson’s on the 14th.

Cautioning him anew to the most terrible secrecy as to my identity and to renewed vigilance, I went to bed.

Next morning I went down to Salt Lake and saw O. J. Salisbury, Superintendent of the line, who was very kind and generous in his offers to cooperate with me in any way possible, but was with us all in the utter dark as to who it could be who was doing the stealing. I went back again to Ogden that evening and saw Judge Black and his son across the street from me. He had come down that afternoon by a freight train to get a suit of clothes cut for his son. This was March 9, Friday, and will be an important thing to remember in the future of the case. I came on down to Omaha, and felt *blue* enough for any *white* man.

And as I am now just about to get into the *work* on this case, I’ll close the sketch for the present, to be continued from day to day, as I can get at it.

Omaha, Neb.,
March 21, 1876

TO TAKE up the thread of my narration where I left off yesterday, I would say that I came home to Omaha and fooled along in the Council Bluffs court about ten days, and then came along the abomination known as the “spring municipal elections” and there was an insanity on both sides to see whether the Centennial Year should have Democratic or Republican city officers. The Democrats were then in power and “Omaha must be redeemed!”

“Furay must command the Irish Troops,” and crazy almost as I was to get away from the, to me, despicable work, I could not do it, for party politics is a most terrible enslaving chain when one is holding place at the hands of a party. However, at all events we scooped out the Democracy so high that their winter clothes did not last them down—which helped *some*. This was on Tuesday, April 6th and Thursday, April 8th [1875] I started back again. In the meantime, however, a very peculiar thing occurred.

On the 27th of March I received a telegram from Hawley of Chicago for me to await arrival of three rifled R.P.E.s and on the 24th there came two envelopes postmarked March 12th, one from Boulder Valley and the other from Clancey, Montana (I think these are the places), both on the main line of the Montana route between Watson’s and Helena. Both had been neatly cut open at the end and as neatly resealed again; both were addressed to Chicago, marked “good” all the way and *both rifled.* I looked at them a moment and saw that they were endorsed by Estes, P.M., at Watson’s, Montana on March 13. Good Lord! *They were the identical two packages that I had accompanied in the way mail* from Watson’s to Corinne and were marked “good” by Corinne on March 19th, leaving there March 20th at 8 A.M.

This was not all. The report of Mr. Hawley also set forth that, in the same mail with these two packages so found to have been rifled, was *another* package mailed at Peoa in Summit County, Utah, addressed to the P.M. at New York, which had clearly been rifled by the same hand, as it, too, was cut open at the end just the same way, and resealed again in a similar manner; however, they could not or did not open for inspection at Chicago, but forwarded on to N.Y. with instructions to the P.M. to mail the R.P.E. to me at once, which he did, and was received by me on the 28th, but I think stated then the letter therein was not rifled.

Now Peoa is a little Mormon town, about thirty-five miles by the road, south of Echo Station on the Union Pacific and is supplied by a little horseback route from Echo. The letter in question got into the Echo office on the evening of March 19th and on the morning of March 20th was delivered from Echo to Otto Steen, Head Clerk Union Pacific R.P.O. who went east that day, and who had also received from the Central Pacific clerk the two Montana packages above referred to. And Steen was the only living man to handle *all of these packages*, as they were not all three together until his receipt of the Peoa package that morning from Echo, forty miles east of Ogden. And he marked them all as being in “good order.”

**In front of Wells, Fargo Office, Virginia City, Montana**

Historical Society of Montana, Helena

LLS, FARGO & CO.
VERLAND MAIL
PRE OFFICE.

At Omaha he turned them over on the 22nd to a young man named Keniston, who made the night run from Omaha to the Mississippi River, who the next morning transferred them to Clerk Alexander of the Chicago & Rock Island R.P.O. all marked “good” by both. But when Alexander came to turn them over at Chicago, the vigilant clerk there discovered the trick at once.

This is the exact state of facts as they were known to me, and oh, how it did worry and annoy me! I did not know what under heaven to do. I could not see where to commence. I knew all the men, and I regarded that they were honest; they *must* be, they could not be otherwise. Otto Steen I had long known, and his partner George Hammond equally, and so of young Keniston. They had always acted well and everything hitherto proved their integrity, and further they all had good faces. And as for Mr. Alexander of the Rock Island, he was “old honesty” himself! Yet here had been a calm deliberate case of thieving, one that took *time*, for these packages had not been thus cut open and so neatly resealed in a moment. It took a calm deliberation, with preparation and an *opportunity*, and one or the other of these three certainly seemed to be the only person who could have had such an opportunity.

Armstrong & Johnson
VARIETY STORE

Historical Society of Montana, Helena

**Virginia City, Montana. Wells, Fargo Express Office is partially obscured by trees.**

THE PUBLIC wonders often how we are able to locate thefts by rifling, but if one of this quartette of employees were to ever touch *another* letter, they could readily see then how quickly and easily it would be to locate the thief, the “mismatch” of the tracers in such second theft pointing him out at once.

If it were not for the Peoa package. I should look beyond the Union Pacific for I just would *not* believe it was Otto Steen. and so in this conviction I went frankly to him and showed him the cases in confidence. and it frightened him most terribly, as he saw as plainly as I did the “jaw” it placed him in. I also wrote at once to Peoa for a statement as to the details of mailing. etc., but to hear from him took several days, as the stupid man seemed to fear I was springing some sort of a trap on him, in view of his conduct. and did not answer until I wrote him three times.

In the meantime, however, I cautioned Steen and several others of the best and most reliable of the U.P. clerks to keep the closest possible watch out for registers tampered with in this style from either east or west. and detailed Mr. Seybolt (then Asst. Chief Clerk here) to go down quietly every day. and carefully inspect every registered letter passing east or west over the Union Pacific, concluding it best to “lay low” in this way.

We had not long to wait, as Steen came in the next trip with five (as I remember) similarly cut open and resealed letters. addressed to points east, *all from the Montana mails*, and Steen received them in that shape from McClellan, the Central Pacific at Ogden. who had just an hour before received them for Corinne. Steen, faithful to my instructions, however, kept his discovery to himself. and receipted for them all as being in Good Order, so as to keep down any excitement which such a discovery would make amongst the Central Pacific clerks if it were to get out that any of their number had received five rifled packages out of Corinne all at one time!

Such an event, as I knew, would be regarded as a sort of “seven days wonder,” and that the clerks would not talk of anything else which might frighten away the man from the continuance of his work. Steen carried the registers to my office instantly on his arrival and I can see yet his great good honest face, as he came in with the bundle well wrapped up in brown paper.

“Well, Furay, I give you credit for one thing. You will not suspect an innocent person, as *I* know from experience. When it was mighty dark for me a few days ago, you would not think me guilty, and came to me and told me so. I was, you said, possibly guilty of carelessness in not being able to swear point blank that those packages were not thus mutilated when they passed through my hands, and I know it made it look as though I was possibly guilty. Yet somehow you had faith and I have learned something and my new knowledge has enabled me to *prove* to you now my innocence, and I have the proofs right here!”

Whereupon he unrolled the package and showed me the whole lot and sure enough, there they were, all showing unmistakably to the experienced and vigilant eye, that they had all been cut open and resealed, and oh *so* neatly! He said that as soon as McClellan got out of the car he at once called his second clerk’s attention to them, for protection. I carried them all down to the Omaha office and had them cut open in my presence for inspection, and found that every one was rifled!

“Ho!” thought I, “my Montana man has turned rifler! That’s just splendid! And he’s my meat now *sure*!” I felt that all there was now to do was to cut the line in two or three places and thus “straddle” him. And then, too, this about proved that he was not a stage driver. Oh, I just felt *gay*, but that infernal election was nearly a week off. Could I *steal* away?

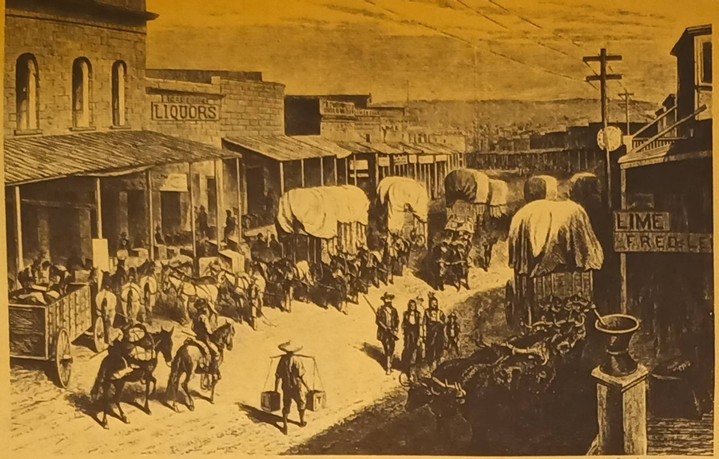
No, not I. “But I have business of the most terrible importance, my official honor is at stake and my *reputation* as an officer and a servant of my employer.”

SO ON April 8, I went out by the Union Pacific and as I expected to have some spare time possibly while watching, I brought with me a valise full of unanswered letters. Reaching Ogden on the 10th I jumped off the train before getting into town and slipped around to a strange place and ate a hasty meal, and went into the Central Pacific’s emigrant car of the train and, wrapping up my face, sat down. At Ogden I had to wait out, as I was well known to a large number of the railroad employees and others, who were largely from Omaha. Especially had I to “keep shady” from the Central Pacific R.P.O. clerks, who would never cease speculating as to my probable mission if any one of them ever could catch a glance of me.

I went up to Ogden that evening, and hung around until I got to see Judge Black privately so as to tell him of the “new departure” in affairs, as I knew very well that he would never think of looking out for rifled packages, especially when so adroitly done as were those I had seen. I had him to bring me the whole Montana mail of registers and we found them all right. I went back the next morning to Ogden and thence on down to Echo, as that Peoa case was still wearing on me. I learned nothing there but I may as well say here and now that the subsequent investigation showed that the P.M. at Peoa forgot to enclose the “Reg. Letter Bill” until he had sealed the package and then took a pair of “sheep shears” and cut the end neatly off “so it couldn’t be at all noticed” and put in the bill, gumming up the end, so that “you could never tell it had been done” and sent it on, and strangely enough, this *experiment* of his got along with the first two experiments of the thief who had hitherto stolen outright altogether, but had now, for some reason then unexplainable to me, gone to rifling.

This is one of the most remarkable coincidences of events that I have ever heard of, and yet it is precisely as they actually occurred as the cases on file in your office will demonstrate, as you have the envelopes and all the papers in the three cases named.

I went back that night to Corinne, but as the train was very late I did not get to see the P.M. Before I got up on the



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

**Wagontrains in Helena, Montana, from a sketch by W. M. Cary, which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY February 2, 1878**

morning of the 12th, Judge Black had slipped into my room at the miserable broken down tavern I was sleeping at, as I was compelled to abandon the Central House for the reason that there I was liable at any instant to be identified by some acquaintance and this second class trap I was in no one traveling would stop but myself. I think that on account of my reticent manner they had me put up for a "Three Card Monte Man" who was "working the trains" between Corinne and Ogden. The Judge had two rifled packages which I opened for inspection and found that the letters had been cut open and left unsealed and the money enclosures removed. I asked where he found them and he replied that he had done so in looking over the Montana registers which were laid on the table by himself or Field as fast as the pouches were opened, these being amongst those so placed on the table. I asked him if he was *certain* that they came out of any particular pouch, and the question fairly angered him. He said, "Yes, of course, they did. Where did you suppose they came from?"

"It certainly looks as though they did, Judge, but, my dear sir, you do not attach sufficient importance to *facts*! Can you swear *point blank, ABSOLUTELY* that you yourself *know* that these two packages came out of the Montana mails that reached you last night?"

Well, no, he did not think that that was necessary as there was no one on trial that he knew of just yet, etc. I then tried to impress upon him the importance I attached to being in possession of point blank evidence that the rifling was not done in some way in his office and got him impressed with its importance finally.

You see I had *seen* this "honestest man that God Almighty ever made" (Mr. Field) a day or two before and I positively disliked the shape of his head. He had what I regarded as a very bad, dissipated, treacherous face and the regular little round glassy eye of the snake, and I made up my mind that he was *not* an honest man and I would not be convinced of it if a thousand men swore it, for men always swear to what they either know or do *not* know. While the sons of men may never see a man steal, the Great God of Nature does, and this theft or desire to steal weighs upon the mind of the culprit when alone and in such hours—and they are the greatest number of the wakeful existence of such a person—he ponders over the possibilty of detection, in *fear*; and *that expression* becoming thus habitual to the face for a continued season, *forms new lines on the expression*, which *never lie* to those who look for them.

Men may be mistaken in others; in themselves, never. And the expression of the face of a man left alone will be natural and will be a perfect reflex of whether his mind is at ease and happy or in trouble or pain or whether it is continually inspired by fear. And either expression in the face, phrenologists tell us—and no doubt truly, too—will also change the shape of the cranium in the greater development of the now overworked faculties of the brain.

The face, however, is my main hold. How easily it is for you or I to tell upon the streets an old friend with whose face we are familiar, who has within a fortnight lost a dearly beloved wife or daughter or son. You can instantly "see it in his face." The continued feelings of sorrow have frozen lines in his face.

But to go back. I had seen Field, and I did not like his face at all. Still I knew Judge Black was honest and truthful, and I knew, too, that he spoke truth when he told me that, from the time of my first visit, he had exercised the most extraordinary care and that he would in the future carry the registers down to his house at night and sleep with them under his pillow to satisfy me that it was not done in his office. Understand, I morally believed that the thief was up the road with a brass key, and I believed this now stronger than ever. Still, for all that had as yet occurred it was just *possible* for the thefts to have been done at Corinne, by a very adroit thief who had the absolute confidence of Judge Black.

I NOW meant business and seeing that I could do nothing alone, and must have men of more than ordinary discretion and shrewdness, wanted the very best material I could find. So that morning, April 12, I went on back down to Ogden and taking the Western Union operator so far into my confidence as to ask him to keep still as to my identity and my presence there, I sent the following dispatch: "P.M. Omaha. Send Seybolt immediately with seven hundred dollars currency on my account. Send man to meet Estelle at North Platte. Have Seybolt bring pistols, blankets and two brass keys, prepared for month's work in Montana. Keep still."

I decided not to attempt anything until the 15th (when my men and money would be there), save only to continue my watch of the route going up to Corinne every night and returning every morning; and that for those three days I would go to some private house in Ogden and hire a room and work on my unanswered correspondence. But the continued exposure and fearful excitement and anxiety, taken with the irregularity of eating my meals, which I had to take wherever I could get a chance, was too great a tax upon my physical energies, and that afternoon I had a chill followed by a burning fever. I visited a physician who prescribed perfect quiet for a few days.

Well, thought I, this *is* a fine kettle of fish. "Quiet for a few days!" But I took his medicine and spent a very weary night, not going up to Corinne that night nor even telegraphing Black. Next day and morning I felt wretched, but I hobbled up to the telegraph office and telegraphed Judge Black under the name of "Williams" in the afternoon, if I should go up as I was very sick. Received an answer to come, but the Union Pacific was late several hours, with the C.P. waiting, and I tried hard to stay up but I could not keep my eyes open, and whenever I closed them I could see all manner of images. I was, I felt, suffering from the delirium of a severe fever and I must go to rest.

The Montana mails had been running very irregularly at that time, as I should have stated, not coming in on average or to exceed once in three or four days, on account of the impossibility of getting over the divides. The coaches ran out and into Corinne regularly and carried the mail out regularly, but as I said only once in three or four days did they bring in any through Montana mails, and even then they brought in a mixed mail; that is to say, they did not bring in *all* the mails when they did come. This occurred by the mail of three or four or more coaches lying at some divide, where it would be piled up all in one pile. Then they would carry it by hand and on hand-sleighs three or four miles over these divides, and in taking up a pouch, of course, the first at hand was taken, and when they had a coach load over, that was started off. You could tell nothing at all about what *dates* of pouches would be on the coach at such times.

Now it appears that, on the evening of the 12th, such a mail as this came in to Corinne, and Judge Black, with his own hand and in his own proper person was there, and so was his boy, and as there was "an awful big mail" so was Field. The boy and Field dragged in the mail pouches, some thirty or forty of them, and now the Judge, in view of my instructions, had both his eyes open as soon as he got into the office (after throwing the pouches in from the street). He stood by and picked up the registers as fast as Field unlocked the pouches, and with *his own hand* he took out of a Helena pouch *seventeen registers and every one was rifled* by being cut open and resealed at the end.

This excited the Judge entirely out of his senses. He expected me up that evening. I did not come. He could not understand it and could not stand it. He was entirely beside himself with excitement. So he sent a preemptory telegram to Colonel Wickizer at Salt Lake to report there at once! I had previously ordered him to hold all packages bearing evidence of tampering, as I did not want them to get in the mail until they should be covered with another envelope to keep down excitement amongst the clerks as referred to above. And when I left him on the morning of the 12th, I, of course, expected to be back that evening again, and told the Judge my plans but enjoined the most terrible secrecy.

Colonel Wickizer, not knowing that I was nearer than Omaha, and not knowing what on earth could be wrong, of course, got aboard the cars on the morning of the 13th at Salt Lake and went on up to Ogden by freight train, reaching there about noon. And then there was the devil to pay. "Wick" was equally as excited as Black, and Field, of course, got hold of the fact that it had been discovered that someone was robbing the mails by rifling and that "Special Agent Furay was on his track," and then, after doing precisely every particle of harm to my case that he could do to save his life save to publish in the Corinne papers my presence and identity, and all too in a perfectly innocent way, he went back down by freight to Ogden and thence to Salt Lake that evening.

IN THE MEANTIME I was down at Ogden and while Wickizer was yet there sent the telegram if I should come as I was very sick and knew nothing at all of what had been done until on the 14th when I got there. And when I did hear of it, my face was burning with fever and I never was so chagrined in all my life. I was mad at Wickizer, and no doubt with utter injustice to him. and I was crazy mad with Black and I was mad at myself and that Ogden doctor who prescribed "quiet" on the evening of the 12th and I was just simply swearing mad with everything and everybody, and Judge Black in particular. I can now see that I ought not to have blamed anything but his discretion, as I knew he did what he thought was for the best.

I have heard of men telling physicians that they would not die when symptoms were clearly fatal, and then *live* notwithstanding the "doctors and the symptoms," and in this case I only recall that when Judge Black remarked after I got through my "pet" that I ought to be in bed as I was dangerously sick, my response was, "Bed, the devil! What am I doing in bed now with this work on my hands?"

And I nerved right up, and from that hour I did not allow my sickness to bother me, and like any other reasonable thing when it saw I was not going to stop and "fool with it" any, it left to quarters where it would receive more hospitable entertainment.

The thing that troubled me some was that I feared now that it would be impossible for me to retain my incognito as I had not a particle of faith in Field even though it now seemed absolutely certain that the thief was north of Corinne and armed with a brass and other keys of the Department. I could not see any other way for it to be; but my men will be here tomorrow, thought I, and with them I can do anything, for I had the most abiding faith in each of them.

As I came to look all over the line carefully and with the knowledge my former trip gave me of the details, I concluded he must be at one of three places—Keeney's, Yam Patch, or Watson's P.O., with the probabilities favoring the latter point. So I went to bed, after drinking a cup of tea, the first food I had more than tasted for almost three days; and while I did not sleep well by any means, I withal got up in the morning feeling somewhat refreshed.

I put out for the eastbound C.P. train intending to go down that day to Salt Lake City and procure a whole "decoying outfit" and return with my men and stop off at such points along as we could, one at a place, and "tap the line" for inspection for the purpose of locating the thief. If I could only once *locate him*, my chief obstacle was overcome, as the rest was easy. All I wanted to know was at what station or between what stations the work was being done and I was then happy, although many a worthy officer knows the station and even has the thief himself spotted and is not happy. But in this case our thief was on a line of route 325 miles long, and a stage route, too, and it was really the main point to locate him.

So down to Ogden I went on the 15th and on to Salt Lake and saw Colonel Wickizer and heard what little he knew, and bought a whole parcel of stationery, with a great variety of inks, envelopes, etc. for decoy letters, and from the P.M. at Salt Lake, who knew my mission, all the necessary blanks including a hundred Reg. Package Envelopes. My incognito was so well maintained that when I came to get the package of blanks at the Salt Lake office, I had to sit down and listen to a long lecture in the shape of an instruction from the Asst. P.M., teaching me the proper use of such blanks, supposing, as he afterwards admitted, that "that man Williams was some Mormon postmaster out at some stock ranch who, being on good terms with Wickizer and the P.M., had succeeded in bleeding the Salt Lake office out of more blanks than he'd need in a hundred years and seemed to pay less attention to instructions as to how to use them than any man he ever saw." This was to me one of the most amusing episodes I ever had to occur in all my work, as the poor fellow was so honest about it, and intended so well.

I went on back to Ogden with my "outfit" and learned, to my dismay, that about 150 miles east of Ogden the Union Pacific train was washed out, and that the train was delayed and would not be in that night. So I went on up to Corinne and found everything was regular, and back the next morning to Ogden and learned of still greater damage to the track and that my men were below the break and could not possibly get through short of several days.

I concluded to go on alone and telegraphed them to go to Corinne Postmaster incognito for instructions when they could get through and follow me

*(Continued on page 60)*

**Salt Lake City, Utah, about 1870**

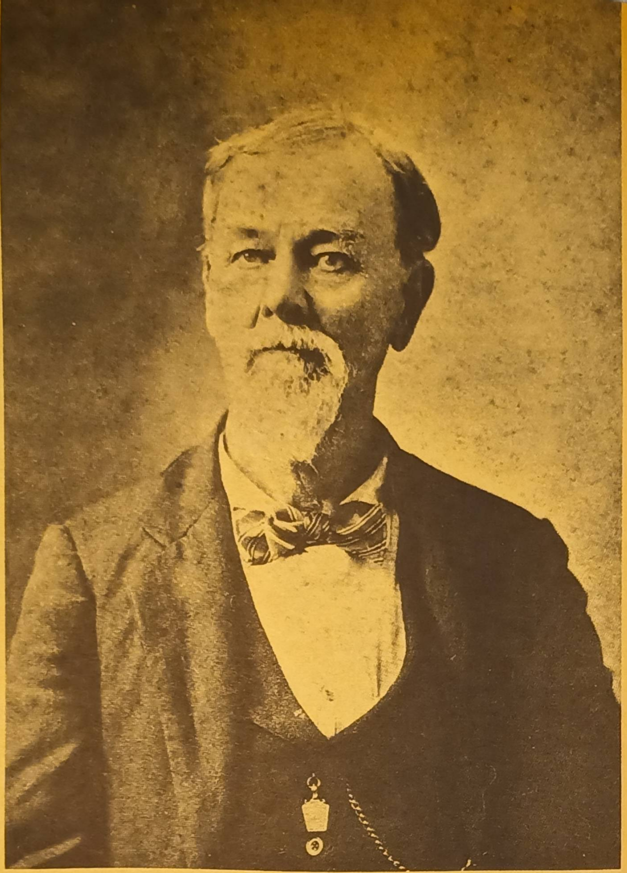
Denver Public Library Western Collection

**Originally published in SOUTHWEST REVIEW, Summer, 1956, Dallas, Texas**

# "HIS LOOKS AND MY WAYS WOULD KILL ANY MAN"

By J. FRANK DOBIE

**This story was once used by Mr. Frank as a special Christmas greeting. He was thinking back on his grandparents—and who can deny that grandparents are as much a part of the season as mistletoe or an orange in the toe of a stocking!**



From the Dobie Collection, The University of Texas

Friendly Dubose, the author's grandfather

LONG BEFORE I was sixteen years old, my parents had determined that I should have a college education. I was indifferent to the idea; at that time, in our environment, college was as remote as the pyramids of Egypt. I had not raised a thirst for knowledge commensurate with the ambitions of my parents for me and their other five children, or with their willingness for self-denial in order to fulfill those ambitions. To enter college I had to know more than I knew, or, at least, to have graduated from a high school. That meant leaving the ranch and Live Oak County. Grandma Dubose, with Grandpa, lived at Alice. In September, 1904, I went to live with them and enroll in the high school.

Forty miles away, Alice was as distant in travel time from our ranch as New York now is from San Antonio. I had been there on several visits with Mama and the children. Papa went once or twice maybe; ranch affairs held him; perhaps he didn't want to go anyhow. It was an all-day drive in the hack. Meeting any other travelers was a rarity; on some trips we saw nobody at all. There were no mile-posts—those indicators of distance erected by a man driving a wagon with a rawhide thong tied around the tire of the front wheel next to his seat. He kept his eye on that wheel, counting the revolutions, and when the number measuring off a mile had been made he called "Whoa", got out, dug a posthole beside the road, took from the wagon bed a short post into which had been chiseled a mile number, and planted it. Speedless travel needed no speedometers.

By the time we reached the Abrán Pérez Ranch, across which we traveled for hours, almost to the San Fernando Creek near Alice, we were in a foreign land. The title to this ranch derived from the king of Spain, and descendants of the original Pérez grantee had succeeded fairly well in remaining his contemporaries. The land was fenced, of course, for its boundaries were the boundaries of other owners, but the only windmill on it was at ranch headquarters. The far-scattered little dirt tanks scraped out to catch rainwater were usually dry when the cattle needed water worst. The road passed by one tank where on one trip, as I remember, sunken-eyed cattle dying of thirst stood around, too far gone to bawl. A cow and a yearling were bogged in the mud remaining in the tank. About were carcasses of dead cattle, from which coyotes suspended their gnawing to trot off under wheeling buzzards.

Once we broke the drive by going by the Harry Reynolds Ranch, on invitation, to stay all night. The Reynolds' forebears had come from England with little or nothing, and by raising sheep had acquired fifty or sixty thousand acres of land. Not a sheep was left in all that country in my time. Mr. Harry Reynolds was an advanced bachelor before he married. He built a good house on his portion of the inheritance, and the day before the wedding, it was told, he poured a little whiskey on the threshold and led his favorite horse across it. The morning we left his ranch he sent a mounted vaquero to escort us and open gates until we reached the public road—just a pair of ruts.

Sometimes in making the trip we would drive seventeen miles to Casa Blanca, called also Wade's Switch, which consisted mainly of a little store, big shipping pens, and a big ranch house. We would leave our team in the horse pasture there and catch the "Sap" (San Antonio and Aransas Pass) train to Alice, terminus of the railroad. Pate McNeill and his wife owned the ranch, she having inherited it. Nearly everybody called her Miss Maggie (Maggie Wade); she and Mama were old friends. Mama would tell her the day we were to return, and when we got off the train a McNeill Mexican would have our team harnessed, ready for us to drive. One time we found Mr. Pate McNeill in bed with a broken leg. He had roped a wild horse from the saddle, and it had jerked his horse down on his leg. No Italian countess or English gallant ever considered Byron's limp more romantic than I considered Mr. Pate McNeill's broken leg.

CASA BLANCA was a romantic place anyhow. Lots had happened there and lots, in the way of riding and cow-working, was still happening. The original Casa Blanca, a Spanish ranch on the Nueces a few miles away, had a buried treasure that I was to put long afterward into *Coronado's Children*, and that treasure-hunters keep on digging for.

When I was nine years old I set out with my father in a buggy before daylight one morning for Beeville to the east. When we got to the Nueces River we found it on a big rise that prevented the ferryboat from crossing. Here Papa learned that Mr. Wade had died and was to be buried that afternoon. We went back to the ranch and he rode on immediately to Wade's Switch, to the southwest, to attend the funeral. Death and funerals were romantic to me—remote and unexperienceable like dancing with the Brownies in front of the fireplace on a winter night after everybody else was asleep, but I knew those fairy folk intimately. I never saw Mr. Wade, so far as I recollect, but he figured in my imagination.

One night, four years before he died, a stranger called to him from the front gallery of his house, and when he opened the door he received a Winchester bullet in his chest. Being shot in the night seemed to me more romantic than having a leg broken while roping a wild horse. I associated Wade's Switch with men out of the past who would never sit at night in a lighted room where they could be seen through a window.

Grandpa Dubose was my mother's step-father. She always called him "Mr. Dubose", as did Grandma also. My mother's father, Rufus Byler, had presumably been murdered for a fine horse and a money belt, which contained little money, the year the Civil War ended. He had just left his family on the Byler plantation in Fayette County and was riding to Rancho Seco on the Nueces to rehabilitate their home before moving them back to it. He was traced only as far as the San Antonio River. Nobody knew what the murderers did with his body. Somebody started the rumor that he had deserted his wife and three children and left the country for South America, but, according to all accounts, he was very fond of them. His brother, Frank Byler, finally rode to Nebraska after two men supposed to have killed him, but either did not find them or found them innocent.

The Byler brothers ran cattle on the open range in Nueces County. One was for buying land; the other said that since the grass was free, buying land it grew on would be a waste of money—even if a man had money. After the disappearance of my grandfather, his brother Frank took charge of the cattle. Grandma moved back to Rancho Seco with her "younguns", and my mother, born the year the war broke out, helped—child as she was—to rear her sister Fannie and brother Frank.

Soon after Grandma married "Mr. Dubose" in 1869, Mama had a decisive and victorious run-in with him over these three children, but in time she and he became respectful—and, to an extent, fond—of each other. He was gone from home a great deal, and she was a second mother to her half-brothers: Ed, Judge, Charlie, and Tom. I have heard her tell how in the Seventies, while Mexican bandits were raiding up into Texas from below the Rio Grande, sometimes killing, Grandma alone with her little ones at night would stay awake near a rifle, though she was almost as afraid of it as of bandits. The Bylers and Duboses, along with numerous other people of the Nueces country, put in claims against the Mexican government for stock stolen by Mexican nationals, and for sixty or seventy years a law firm in Washington specializing in such claims would write now and then soliciting funds for their prosecution. Nothing ever came of them.

I AND MY oncoming brothers and sisters had no notion what the word step-father meant. Grandpa Dubose was just Grandpa to us. He and Grandma were ranching on Barbon Creek, in Nueces County, below Lagarto, when I was born. (*Barbon* is Spanish for big beard. Away back in early days a man who settled up the creek wore an enormous beard and the Mexicans called him *El Barbon*; then the creek took his name.) My solitary recollection of the ranch on the Barbon is of the stir and bustle there. A combined panic and drouth about 1891 broke the family. After selling off everything, they had enough—probably not over two or three thousand dollars—to buy a house and lot in Alice. On the day wagons were loaded with household goods to haul to their new home, Grandpa, as I have heard Grandma tell, said, "Mattie, you have been used to buying what you wanted. Now we can't buy anything except what we have to have." Her worldly wants had always been meager.

Grandpa subscribed to the *Confederate Veteran*, read all the reminiscences and historical sketches that filled its pages, and kept a file of the magazine. I don't recall that he talked much about the Civil War, but he must have contributed to my youthful adoration of General Robert E. Lee and sentimentality over the Lost Cause. The first picture of any kind that I bought, the year I went to college, was a colored print of "Lee and His Generals," and after I went to Austin I used to take off my hat every time I walked past the Confederate monument on the capitol grounds with its "Died for States Rights" inscription defying by half-truth the whole truth of democracy. My salutes in those days spring from sentiment alone. Sometimes now when I see the small Confederate flags that people stick on their automobiles—more through hate than love—I remember how the blood rushed to my head and tears to my eyes when I heard *Dixie* played in a New York theater while I was attending Columbia University.

I recall but one war anecdote told by Grandpa. After an all-day battle in some woods died down at nightfall, he and other exhausted soldiers near him sprawled out on the ground to sleep where they were. It was summertime. Grandpa was thirsty and in darkness he drank from a stagnant pool of water at hand. When daylight came and he stepped to the pool to wash and drink again, he discovered a dead Yankee in the water at the very spot where he had drunk in the night. He gave the impression that the water was more polluted by a dead Yankee that it would have been by a dead Confederate. I was disappointed with life because I had been born too late to help Grandpa fight the Yankees, and too late also to drive up the trail with him and Papa and uncles on both sides of the house.

At one time Grandpa was beef buyer for Martin Culver's hide and tallow factory on the coast. Cattle were so cheap that they were slaughtered for their hides and for the tallow rendered out of the carcasses, the meat being thrown away to feed buzzards and coyotes. Grandpa had in mind the dates of all the drouths and die-ups for the preceding fifty years and told about one, before the country was fenced, that brought mustangs by the thousands from far away to water at the stagnant pools remaining in Agua Dulce Creek.

He drove horses and mares to Kansas, giving away, just before setting out, colts too young to travel. One year, at least, Uncle Frank Byler put horses in the Dubose herd, and stayed in Caldwell for weeks trading them off and becoming *muy amigo* with the Andy Adams who later wrote *The Log of a Cowboy*. Grandpa said that the worst drawback to trail driving was missing out on roasting ears, always traveling north ahead of ripening corn and getting back to Texas by train too late for it. He was a loyal Mason and wore the Masonic emblem on a heavy chain to which a ponderous watch, carried in his vest pocket, was attached. He said that one time in the Indian Territory when a band of Indian warriors threatened to drive off

*(Continued on page 54)*

"Agua, agua, fresca!" (Water, fresh water!)

Harper's New Monthly Magazine, July, 1890

FREDERIC REMINGTON

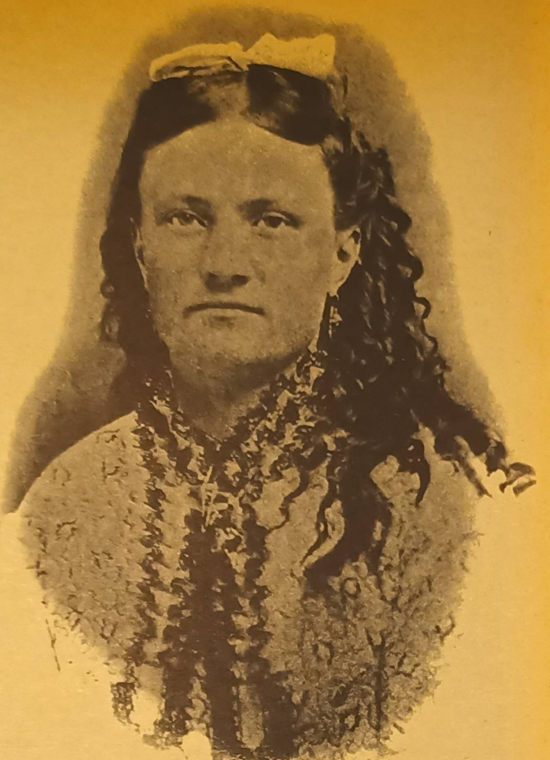
By WILLIAM B. SECREST

# WOMAN of the WEST

**Author's note:**

**The story of Sarah Picknell Reid is both unique and typical of the pioneer spirit that made our country great. Unique because of the tragedy and adventure which might have incapacitated a lesser woman and typical because her story is the story of so many hardy frontier women, who helped their men carve an empire out of the craggy peaks of the American West.**

**The following narrative is based on the original manuscript of Sarah Reid as set down by her in the 1890s while living in Medora, North Dakota. Teddy Roosevelt was a good friend of the Reid family and at his request Sarah wrote her story so the later generations could learn of these early pioneer days. Raymond W. Thorp, the noted western historian, acquired the manuscript from the Reid family some twenty years ago and he in turn passed it on to the author. It is hoped this story will serve as recognition, not only to Sarah Reid, but to all of the unwavering frontier women of the Old West.**



William B. Secrest Collection

**Sarah Picknell Reid. She lived a life more tumultuous than the wildest fiction. Photo taken at North Platte, Nebraska in 1874**

Photos Courtesy Author

"I AM GOING to relate a little of my life and experience. I was borned in the year of 1843, August 11, at Bolney, Sussex County, England." So begins the journal of Sarah Picknell Reid, an immigrant from a far-off land. There were nine children in the Picknell family, of which Sarah was the third oldest. Bolney was a very small hamlet and a brother and sister had left home at an early age, hoping to find more opportunity in the larger cities. Mr. Picknell was a butcher by trade and had been apprenticed to a man named Jenner when he was just a young man. Jenner's son Tom was apprenticing at the same time and he and Mr. Picknell became good friends. When they had learned their trade, Picknell opened his shop in Bolney and Tom Jenner went into business in nearby Cricksfield. It turned out to be a convenient arrangement, as the men could frequently help each other out when a customer wanted a cut of meat the other didn't have. Everything went smoothly and both men did a good business.

For several years things seemed to be working well for the two men, but over a period of time Picknell noticed that Jenner was overcharging him at the end of the month. Picknell warned that he would quit trading with him if it didn't stop, but things drifted from bad to worse. Finally, Jenner was advised that their business contacts were at an end and that he would be paid promptly when he submitted a corrected bill. Time went on but no bill was forthcoming.

Six years later Mrs. Picknell told Sarah and the other children that they were going to America because business was poor and they wanted to get a fresh start in life. Young Sarah was ten at the time, but in later years she vividly recalled the preparations for the journey and on November 15, 1853, the family was ready to depart. As a final gesture, Mr. Picknell sent his son over to see Jenner to get their old bill settled. Three times the boy made the trip to and from Jenner's but no bill was presented and, just before the family left, Picknell threw his books in the fire thinking that he would have no more use for them.

THE TRIP from Bolney to Liverpool was made without incident, although a stop was made at Gifford so Mrs. Picknell could say goodby to her eldest son and daughter. The two children had refused to go with their parents and Mrs. Picknell was very distressed at having to leave part of her family.

At Liverpool the Picknells boarded the ship *Clara Wheeler* bound for New Orleans, and made ready to sail on November 22. The night before they were to depart, a policeman came aboard and asked for J. H. Picknell. Sarah's father was strolling the deck at the time and he stepped forward, asking what he was wanted for.

"Theft," replied the officer, saying he must get off the ship at once. Tom Jenner and the picture of the burning account books flashed through Picknell's mind and he feared the worst.

After refusing to allow Picknell to see his wife, who was below, the officer finally let him write a note and then took him off the ship. Mrs. Picknell was violently upset by this unforeseen tragedy and she determined not to go without her husband.

Before the family could leave the ship, however, the anchor was weighed and the ship set its course through the Irish Channel. Fortunately for the family, a heavy storm forced the ship back to port and Mrs. Picknell was able to see her husband several times before they sailed. She pleaded with him to let the family stay behind with him, but he realistically pointed out that to do so would mean the forfeiture of their fares. The local magistrate had told him that things should be cleared up in a couple weeks and he could then catch the mail packet and overtake his family. Picknell could have paid the money owed since it was not a large sum, but he was a stubborn man and determined to see justice done. Besides, he reasoned, if they stayed they would be without a home and penniless.

**One hears a good deal these days of the self-sufficiency of 20th Century children. Are there any among those you know who could match the resourcefulness of this girl who lived a hundred years ago?**

Mrs. Picknell had been so heartsick at leaving her home, children and friends that her husband had lent the last of his money to a Mr. and Mrs. Starley so they could accompany them on the trip. The Starleys were old friends, the women particularly close, and it eased Mrs. Picknell's mind to know that a dear friend would be along. Reluctantly the Picknell family again sailed out into the Irish Channel, leaving the saddened father behind.

"This time we crossed the channel all right," Sarah was to recall many years later, "but we were all very seasick and Mother had her hands full with six children. Mother, herself, was as sick as she could be, but somehow she kept going until all of us were well and then she began to fail fast."

Grieving over the children and husband she had left behind, deathly ill from the tossing ship and weak from sleepless nights caring for her sick children, Mrs. Picknell collapsed when the ship had been out about ten days. Sarah knew her mother was ill and nervous, but could not know that she had hardly eaten, drunk or slept since they had left port. In her weak condition, the woman's grieving became accentuated until finally her reason slipped away.

One night Sarah heard her mother call. Going to her bunk, she spent most of the hours till dawn soothing her as best she could and tending her young brother James. In the morning, Sarah appealed to the Starleys for help. These two "friends," to whom Mr. Picknell had given the last of his money, didn't seem to think there was anything wrong with Sarah's mother and they neglected her for four days before they called a doctor. That evening Mrs. Picknell died.

"I don't think she had a cup of tea or anything to eat in all those four days," Sarah wrote later, "neither Mr. or Mrs. Starley having given her so much as a cup of nourishment that I know of. She had not eaten enough to keep a mouse alive since we had come aboard ship, and so had literally starved to death."

Mrs. Picknell was sewn into bedclothes and the next morning the six children gathered in the cold, raw dawn to watch as their mother was placed on a plank and lowered into the slate-colored waters. Most of the children were too young even to cry, much less realize the terrifying situation in which they now found themselves.

AT TEN YEARS of age, Sarah was now the head of her family. The Starleys again showed their irresponsibility by ignoring the Picknell children and appropriating all of the family's provisions for their own use. For some reason, only one of the other passengers came to the children's aid; Sarah was probably too young and too frightened to make their plight known. Sarah managed to get enough ship's rations for the children to live on, but five days after her mother's death, the youngest baby boy took sick from lack of proper food. A young woman, a stranger, took the baby, thinking that she could do more for him than Sarah, but despite her ministrations, he died several days later.

Weak from hunger, Sarah and her brothers and sisters found they couldn't even keep the few crumbs of rations on their stomachs any longer. Climbing out of the stuffy, crowded quarters below decks, the children crawled into the large coils of rope around the base of the main ship's mast. Sick and hungry, they clung to each other, the younger ones crying because they had no food and the older children crying from seasickness. It's hard to imagine just why no one took pity on this group of forlorn children until you realize that there must have been a great deal of hardship and privation on these immigrant ships. Most such vessels were overcrowded to begin with and contained mostly a poorer class of people, who were hard put to take care of themselves, much less any parentless waifs. This, coupled with the fact that there were a great many other sick and crying children on board, tended to let the Picknell children get lost in the shuffle.

An old, grey-haired sailor climbed down out of the rigging and noticed the children huddled and crying in the ropes. It was against the rules of the ship for sailors to talk to the passengers, but the

**An early-day covered wagon pictured near Elk Mountain, Wyoming. It was with just such a caravan that young Sarah Picknell trekked from St. Louis to Salt Lake City.**

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

old mariner couldn't help but feel pity at the scene.

"Here now, little ones, why air ye crying?"

" 'Cause we're hungry," blurted out Sarah between sobs.

"But where's yer ma an' pa? Ain't there no one takin' kir of ye?"

Sarah poured out the whole story to the old man as he stood by shaking his grizzled head. When he had calmed the children somewhat, the sailor told them if they would follow his directions he would see to it that they would never go hungry again. He told John, the oldest boy, that if he would come around to his cabin every time the mess call sounded, he would fill up a plate for them. After telling them everything would be all right, the old salt disappeared down a hatch.

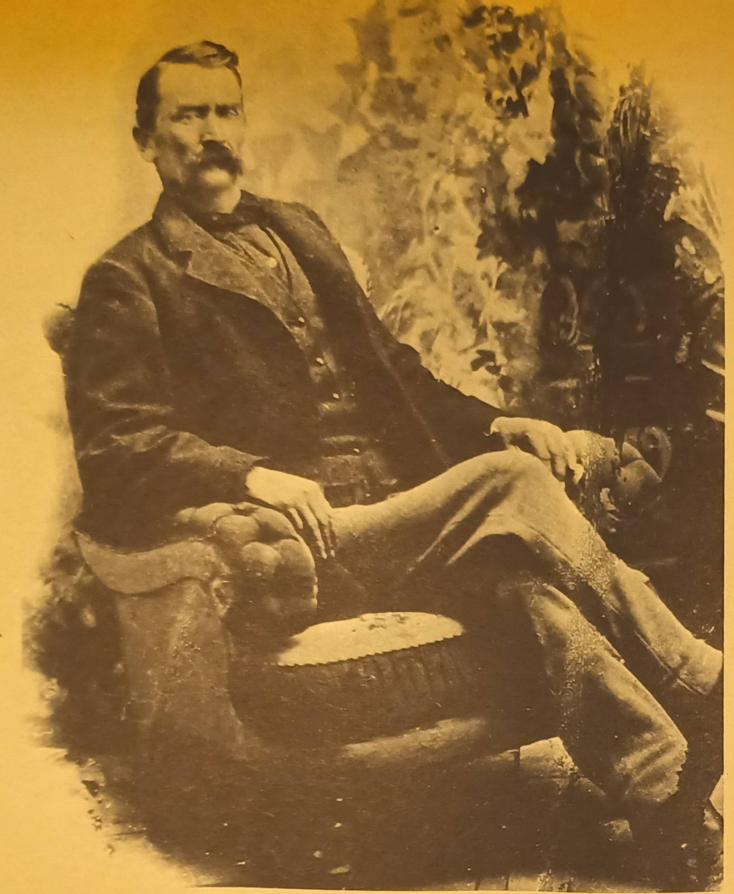
Sarah was elated and immediately went below and brought up a plate and large cup. When she offered the containers to John, however, he refused them saying that he wasn't brought up to be a beggar and didn't intend to start now. Sarah was furious.

"I'm not a beggar either," she protested, "but if you won't go, I'll go get the food myself."

Finally John acquiesced and the young Picknells had their first good meal in weeks. The first time was hard for young John, but the three good meals a day soon erased any misgivings he had felt toward begging. For the rest of the trip they at least had enough to eat.

A young married woman noticed the plight of the children and offered to take care of Katherine, the youngest. She quickly changed her mind, however, when Sarah told her she would have to look after the young girl's hair since they had recently found vermin in it.

"There were some Welsh people in the berth next to us," recalled Sarah many years later, "and we acquired the lice from them. I discovered it one morning when Katherine came to me and asked to have her hair combed. When the Starleys found out, they insisted on cutting off her hair and no amount of begging from us could change their minds. But we took better care of ourselves after that and got along nicely for the rest of the trip."



William B. Secrest Collection

William A. Reid, the intrepid stage driver and wagonmaster. Photo taken at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, in 1873

THE LONG, heartbreaking weeks aboard ship were finally terminated when the *Clara Wheeler* sailed into port at New Orleans. How happy and excited the Picknell children might have been if their parents had been at their sides telling them of the bright new future awaiting them. As they were herded off the gangplank, Sarah and her little group stood forlornly in the midst of the bustling activity of the waterfront dock. Their father had purchased passage in advance on a riverboat from New Orleans to St. Louis and this was the only security they had. Hesitantly, they followed the Starleys aboard this new, smoke-belching vessel and settled down for the last leg of the long journey.

There was no kindly old sailor to feed them now and their food problems began anew. As if to compound their troubles, the weather grew colder as the steamboat steadily chugged its way northward up the Mississippi. The children were ill-prepared for the chilly winds that greeted them, since the Starleys had run true to form and appropriated Mrs. Picknell's bedding.

"The boys had a feather bed," recalled Sarah, "and us girls had one, but we didn't have sense enough to all sleep together, using the extra bed to cover us. As it was, we almost froze to death."

The children were quartered on deck and together they built some sort of framework on which they could sleep and keep out of the way. There were a great many mules on board and the children had to be very careful they didn't fall among the crowded animals.

Tragedy now struck at the Starley family. Their young daughter, after being ill for some time, died about 6 o'clock one morning. Later in the day, the boat stopped to put in a new supply of wood and the child was buried on the riverbank. It was a shattering blow to Mrs. Starley, the shock being so great that she too died within twenty-four hours.

The trip took about ten days and the riverboat tied up at St. Louis on January 3, 1854. It was bitterly cold and the Picknell children were half frozen and starved. As the unloading of the boat commenced, Mr. Starley carried young Katherine out to the landing and set her down on a group of boxes, ostensibly to get her out of the way. Sarah protested vigorously, saying that the child would freeze to death if left out on the dock, but Starley ignored the children and went back to work.

The captain of the riverboat noticed Starley take Katherine out on the dock and Sarah's subsequent vigil. From the deck of the boat he shouted down to the children and asked to whom Katherine belonged. Sarah replied that the girl was her sister and they had no parents to take care of them. The captain then angrily told Starley to bring the child aboard ship before she perished in the cold. When Sarah and her sister were aboard again, the captain asked them if there were any more of the family aboard, to which Sarah replied there were three others. He shook his head sadly and told the children to go to his cabin and stay until someone came for them.

"We gratefully accepted his invitation," Sarah was to write later, "thankful to find so comfortable a place to stay. God knows what would have become of us that day in all the hustle and bustle of unloading freight and the cold."

In the afternoon, a woman by the name of Gooding came and announced that she would take care of the widows and orphans. After getting a cab, Mrs. Gooding deposited the Picknell children at her home to await the securing of foster parents for them. Numb from the continued batterings of fate, the children waited now for the inevitable separation of what was left of their little family.

The next day Sarah left to live at the home of a Mr. Evans. The following day a cousin of Evans, a Mr. Dinwoodey, took

Fanny Picknell, and a man named Gordon took the other three children, John, Thomas and Katherine. The latter two children were very sick at this time and, despite everything Mrs. Gordon could do for them, both died soon after adoption. Sarah never knew where they were buried.

MR. PICKNELL had written a number of letters to his wife in care of the Mormon Church of St. Louis and they were kept for him pending his arrival. When he landed on the St. Louis dock, he hurried to the church to find out where he could reach his family. He must have been supremely excited as he sprinted up the church steps toward a reunion with his loved ones. Picknell had little in the way of material wealth, but with his family around him again he felt sure that the promise of this new world would be theirs. Inside he paced anxiously while he waited to be called to the Mormon official's office. There, a grim-faced Mormon elder motioned him to a chair.

Picknell emerged from the church office a sobbing and broken man. Over and over again he must have thought how he had abandoned his family for the sake of a few dollars, even though the bill had been unjust. His whole family might be alive and together today if only he hadn't been so stubborn. The Mormon official could only stand in his office doorway and slowly shake his head.

When he finally pulled himself together, Picknell shuffled out into the street wiping his tear-streaked face. He quickened his pace as he recalled that the elder had told him his son John was ill at the Gordon's and he should go to him as soon as possible.

"Father took John to the hospital," Sarah recorded, "but he only lived an hour. He took him there on a Tuesday and when he came back to visit him the following Friday, he was dead and buried. Now all he had left of his family was Fanny and myself and he was so prostrated with grief that he couldn't work for some time."

Picknell wanted to get a house and keep his two daughters with him, but Mr. Evans talked him out of it. He reasoned that since Picknell was planning to go to Salt Lake City in the spring as a teamster, it would be wise for him to leave the girls where they were and send for them when he had established a home for them at Salt Lake. Both Evans and Mr. Dinwoodey planned to go to Salt Lake the next year and they would take the two Picknell girls with them at that time. This seemed to make good sense, and in a few weeks the two girls waved goodbye to their father as he set out on his journey.

Sarah and Fanny worked hard in their respective "homes" and the year passed quickly for them. Mrs. Evans was a dressmaker and her husband ran a small dry goods store. When Sarah had finished her household chores she either helped sew or worked in the shop with Mr. Evans. The two girls seldom saw each other, but when they did get a chance to visit they excitedly talked over the preparations being made for the trek westward.

ONE SUNDAY morning the Evans had gone to church and Sarah was busily engaged in working around the house. Becoming chilly, she put some wood chips in the fireplace and proceeded to make a fire when suddenly, with a flash, the chimney itself burst into flames. Sarah was not aware of this danger as, in England, chimney sweeps were employed to clean out the chimneys and such accidents rarely occurred. She ran to a neighbor's home and asked him to try to put out the fire while she hurried to the church and brought Evans home. The fire was quickly put out and Sarah explained just what had happened while she helped Evans clean up the mess. Meanwhile it had started to rain and Sarah was sent with an umbrella to meet Mrs. Evans, who, when the young girl explained what had happened, hurried home to survey the damage. When Sarah arrived a few minutes later, the woman accused her of trying to burn them out and gave the girl a terrible beating.

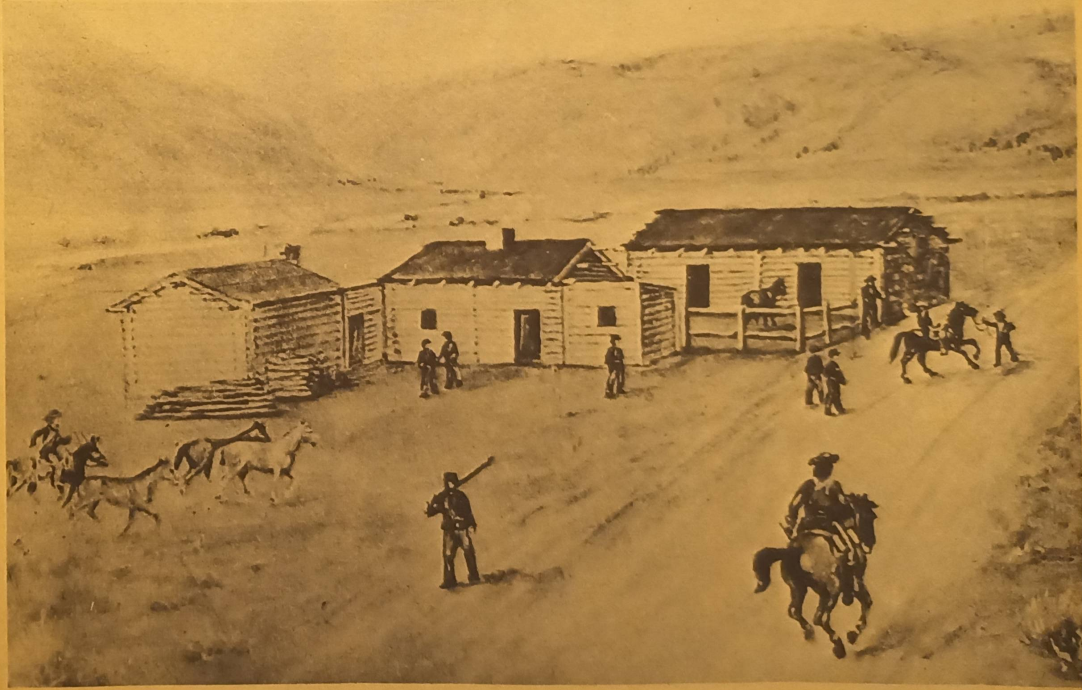
Sarah never learned whether it was the fire or by preconceived plan, but she was now informed by Mrs. Evans that they weren't going to take her and Fanny to Salt Lake City with them. Despite the pleadings of the two sisters, they were left alone in the city.

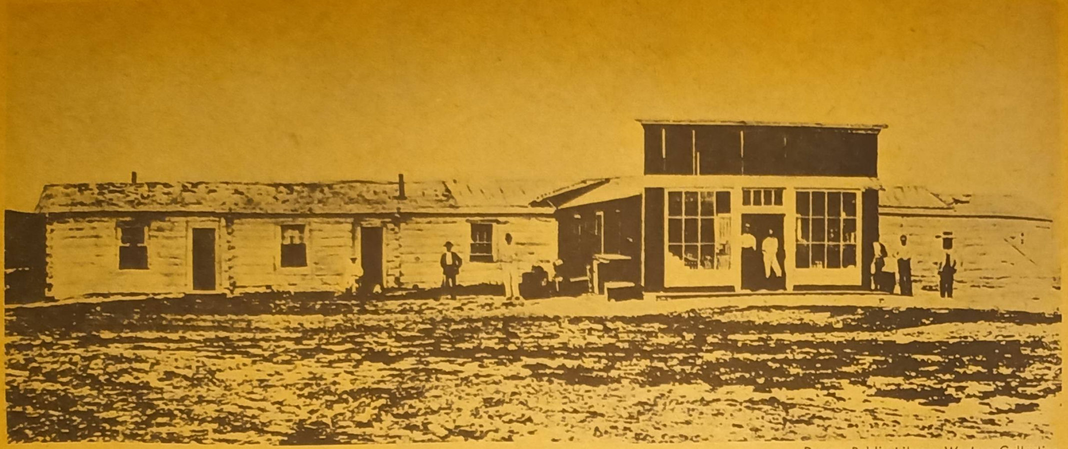
Fanny went to live with a family named Creggs and Sarah agreed to stay with a Mrs. Edwards, who had often spoken to her about leaving the Evans and living with her. Despite her promises of kindness, Mrs. Edwards proved to be a brutal taskmaster, who worked Sarah mercilessly from dawn to dusk.

"Mrs. Edwards expected as much from me as she would a grown woman," Sarah wrote. "I was only twelve years old, but I had to work hard all day and then sew until all hours of the night. My day started at four A.M., when I got up and bathed and dressed the three Edwards children. I was allowed just fifteen minutes to do this task and if it wasn't done

Rocky Ridge stage station in Wyoming. Here is where young Sarah Reid went to live with her new husband in 1860.

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department





Denver Public Library Western Collection

**Fort McPherson, Nebraska, in 1873. This was the home of Sarah and Bill Reid in the early 1870s. George and Wallace Reid were both born at this famous frontier post.**

in the allotted time, I was beaten.

"Mrs. Edwards herself couldn't do this, much less a child of twelve, but nevertheless I was beaten regularly every morning. I was usually so tired in the mornings that I was beaten several times before I even got up, as it seemed I could stand the whippings better than the lack of sleep. I stood up pretty well for a time but after a month or so I got so tired and worn out I could not sit down to a meal without going to sleep. Finally I reached the point where I thought it would be better to die than to go on working for Mrs. Edwards."

Life became a blurred hell of work for young Sarah as the cruel woman followed her about the house with a strap, ready to whip her should she fall asleep at her work. One morning after a particularly vicious beating, Sarah's sobbing turned into bitter anger. When she left the house to take the children for their morning walk, her young mind was scheming to thwart Mrs. Edwards in any way she could.

It was about five o'clock in the morning and as Sarah walked the children up Washington Avenue she was suddenly struck with an idea. She was exhausted, as usual, and when she saw the big lumber yard on the corner of 9th Street she quickly herded the children over to a pile of lumber and all of them crawled inside. Sarah fell asleep almost immediately and the children contented themselves playing in the hollow stack of drying lumber. It was eleven o'clock when Sarah awoke and although she knew she was in for a good beating now, she felt that the six hours of sleep were well worth it.

"I took the children out and went home," related Sarah, "but both Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were out looking for us and there was no one home. In a few minutes Mrs. Edwards returned and demanded to know where I had been so long. I told her where we had been and she told me she would teach me to go out and sleep. She took her strap from her apron and laid it on my back pretty lively and then asked me if I would ever do it again. I told her yes—that if she wouldn't let me sleep in the house, I must sleep somewhere else.

"She started beating me again, determined to make me promise I wouldn't do it again, but I would not do so. I told her to beat away until I fainted and then I would have a good sleep again. This infuriated her and she laid into me with a fury until her husband came in and stopped her. Mr. Edwards told her the police would interfere if she kept up this beating. He then asked me where I had been and I told him. I said I could not stand to stay awake any longer, but he told me I must not do it again as they had been frightened almost to death about me and the children."

IT WAS shortly after this incident that the Edwards' youngest child took sick and Sarah was sent after a woman doctor by the name of Vincent. Dr. Vincent tended the baby and then came into the kitchen where Sarah was working. The doctor couldn't help but notice that the young girl was in a nervous state of mind and completely worn out.

"Why, child, you're sick."

"Yes," Sarah replied, "I'm sick of living. I'm so tired that it's impossible to work and I just don't want to live any longer."

After hearing of Sarah's hard life under Mrs. Edwards, Dr. Vincent asked her if she would like to come and live with her.

"I need a little girl to keep house for me when I am called away and I promise that you will have all the sleep you want. Let me talk to Mrs. Edwards and if she's agreeable, you can come and stay with me as soon as the baby is better."

Mrs. Edwards was perfectly willing to let Sarah go, saying that she was good for nothing but sleep anyway. The baby grew worse in a few days and died and Sarah moved in with Dr. Vincent and her young son.

The first year and a half with Dr. Vincent seemed like paradise to young Sarah. She was at last able to sleep as much as her health and comfort demanded, and her ability to work seemed to please the doctor very much. Then. for some personal reason, Dr. Vincent began to drink and things began to change. She became disagreeable and cross when drinking and although she was still pleasant at other times, gradually her practice began to dissipate and things went from bad to worse.

In April of 1859, Sarah was contacted by a Mr. Elderidge who had just arrived in St. Louis from Salt Lake City. Elderidge had a letter and money from Picknell, who wanted his two daughters to take the first wagontrain west and join him. Mr. Elderidge was to make all the arrangements and Sarah was anxious to leave as soon as possible but when she told her sister the good news, Fanny had different ideas. She was settled and happy now in St. Louis and decided to stay behind. As it turned out, Fanny married Will Krumweide in 1864, gave birth to a son the same year and died two hours later, leaving Sarah the only surviving child of the Picknell marriage.

Sarah said goodbye to Fanny and Dr. Vincent and left St. Louis on the first steamboat headed upriver. Elderidge accompanied her to Florence City, where the wagontrains were outfitting for the Pikes Peak country, Salt Lake City and California. Scattered around the outskirts of the city were hundreds of wagons, oxen and people, all preparing for the great trek west. It was a moving and exciting picture for the sixteen-year-old Sarah, and probably for the first time she felt the epic grandeur and freedom of her adopted country.

At first Elderidge proposed that he sign Sarah up with a handcart company, but the young girl demurred. She had known nothing but drudgery for the past few years and pulling a handcart across half a continent would take more pioneer spirit than she felt she would muster. They talked to more of the wagontrain captains and finally signed up with a party headed by a Mr. Brown. Sarah was to ride in a wagon with a Widow Smith and her two sons. Elderidge bought her provisions and Sarah was to cook for herself and ride in the wagon when the roads were good. In a few days the Brown wagontrain yoked up and Sarah waved goodbye to Mr. Elderidge and Missouri. She was headed west at last.

IT WAS estimated that the trip to Salt Lake City would take about three months and Sarah quickly settled down to the wagontrain routine. The captain roused the camp at four in the morning and by five-thirty breakfast was over and the train was ready to move. On an average the wagons made about twelve or fifteen miles in the morning and then camped for an hour at noon. About the same distance was covered in the afternoon, although sometimes they would have to travel farther to find water for the camp.

Early in the trip, Sarah discovered that the widow Smith was so disagreeable it was more pleasant to walk than to ride in her wagon. It was hard at first, but there were some fifteen or twenty women and girls walking and Sarah formed a close friendship with a Miss Annie Hill. The two new friends noted that many of the walking women were barefoot, but since they both wore shoes they ranged over the countryside picking wildflowers and marveling at the great, wide country that surrounded them. Herds of buffalo blackened the plains at times and the girls raced back to the train when the animals got too close. They made up games and told stories and the only time the walking became tiresome was in wet and stormy weather. The endless miles rolled behind them and each day Salt Lake City was just a little closer.

There were many Indian villages along the way and some of the women hid in the wagons at first, but soon learned the red men were more interested in trading than acquiring scalps. The girls were back in the wagons again when they learned the Indians were also interested in trading for white squaws.

The sixty wagons in the train were divided into groups of ten with a captain in charge of each group. Since the first ten wagons would be camped, have their teams turned out and their meal partly prepared at night before the last ten wagons would rumble in, the order was changed each day, the last ten taking the lead the following day. The women and girls who walked would stay out in front of the teams so as to avoid the clouds of dust churned up by the wagon wheels.

One day Sarah was quite ill and felt that she just couldn't walk another step. Since her wagon was in the last ten that day, she told her friend Annie she was going to wait for Mrs. Smith beside the trail. Annie wanted to wait with her, but Sarah told her there was no use in her getting behind and having to walk in the dust all day.

Presently the Smith wagon came creaking along and Sarah got up and walked alongside.

"Mrs. Smith, I feel awful sick today. Would it be all right if I rode in the wagon a spell?" Sarah was confident of an affirmative answer since she had hardly ridden at all on the whole journey to date.

"Ain't nothin' wrong with you," replied the widow as she hit the off-wheel oxen with her stick. The wagon kept moving.

"But I'm sick," pleaded Sarah, "I can't walk anymore." She found a foothold on the wagon and started to climb in, but Widow Smith shoved her off. Fighting back the tears of nausea and self-pity, she tried to climb up again, but was again repelled and finally sat down in the dust as the Smith wagon creaked slowly on its way.

All of the frustration and despair of her St. Louis days welled up again to combine with this latest injustice. "But I paid to ride in the wagon," she cried over and over to herself and the tears streaked her dust-laden face. She staggered off the trail into the sagebrush and threw herself down, sobbing and crying until she fell asleep.

HOOFBEATS awakened her and she sat up at once, trying to clear her mind. It was night and she was terrified even before she realized that no wagons could be seen or heard. Even the hoofbeats were gone now. She put her head to the ground and could plainly hear them again. Then they seemed to be coming closer. She was so frightened she could hardly move and all she could think of was wild animals and Indians.

Sarah crouched behind some brush until she thought she heard voices. She was afraid even to hope she had heard right, but her straining ears soon caught definite words of conversation and she knew it must be someone out looking for her. Springing from her place of concealment, she ran over to her wagontrain captain and another man. They talked excitedly for a minute and Sarah learned that the other man had seen her leave the train and lie down in the brush.

"What are you doing out here?" demanded the captain. "Why aren't you with the wagons?" He was plainly disturbed over this infraction of the rules.

William B. Secrest Collection

**William James Reid, oldest of the Reid children, born at Salt Lake City in 1862**

Sarah told them the story of what happened and after muttering to themselves, they placed her on an extra horse they had brought along. It was six miles to the circle of camped wagons and during the ride Sarah couldn't help but think of the desperate situation she had been in. If the men hadn't arrived when they had, she could easily have wandered off and become lost, perhaps to die on the limitless plains.

When they rode into camp, Sarah had a tearful reunion with her friend Annie and learned that it was she who had perhaps saved her life. Noticing her friend's absence from camp that evening, Annie had inquired of Mrs. Smith as to the whereabouts of her friend. The widow had growled that she didn't know anything about Sarah. When Annie asked if she were in the wagon, the widow snapped that she didn't know, but her twelve-year-old-son poked his head out of the canvas and said Sarah had been left back on the road.

Panic-stricken, Annie ran to her sister's wagon and told her story. Her brother-in-law then went to the captain and the two of them, after making inquiries, found a man who had seen Sarah leave the train and fall down in the brush. When he offered to lead them back to the spot, Sarah was discovered.

The wagontrain captain walked quickly over to the Smith wagon, his face reflecting the struggle with his emotions.

"Are you the Widow Smith?" Before she could answer he spat out, "Did you refuse a ride to this here girl and leave her back on the trail?"

"Wal-l-l, I . . ." drawled the widow, but again she was drowned out by the captain.

"You shut yore mouth and listen to me. This here girl paid her way to ride with you whenever she wants an' if I ever hear of yore refusing her agin', I'll tie you to a tree an' leave you out here." He stalked angrily over to his own wagon and didn't see the Widow Smith back out of her campfire's glare to escape the angry looks of her neighbors.

THE ENDLESS days wore on, a hazy horizon constantly coaxing the pioneers as their wagons followed the sun. It was hard for Sarah to keep up with either time or dates as she pushed one foot after the other, day after day. She gave up any hope of riding in the Smith wagon now as the widow was more disagreeable than ever. At the start of the journey, the widow had suggested they pool their provisions and cook together. Sarah had agreed and it was one of her chores to gather the wood and buffalo chips for the fire, while Mrs. Smith did the cooking. When it was too late, she noticed that the widow had traded Sarah's own provisions until there was nothing but flour and corn meal left in the larder.

Buffaloes were scarce now, but once in a while one of the men would kill a few of the animals and there would be meat all around. Sarah missed her tea greatly and would gather and dry leaves of wild roses as a substitute.

There were several army wagons in the train, carrying munitions, and Sarah cast furtive glances at the sun-bronzed young men of the cavalry escort. During good weather, dances were often held at night and she danced gaily with the young soldiers, forgetting the foot-weary miles of the day's travel. On Sundays the train would camp for half the day and bake bread, do the washing and hold church services.

They were nearing their destination now and Salt Lake City was just over the next hill, or the next, or the next. Sarah was getting tired. It was a bone-weary exhaustion that only one who had walked all the way from Missouri to Utah would know, but the thought of the journey's end and the reunion with her father drew the numbness from her limbs. When they entered Immigrant Canyon, they found wild currant bushes growing in profusion and everyone in the train feasted on the first ripe fruit they had seen. The next day they were in the City of the Saints.

"I thought I had never seen a sight so grand," wrote Sarah, "as the city down in the valley with its shade trees lining the streets and a stream of clear water coming into town from the mountains to the north. The Great Salt Lake was in the background and it was really a beautiful sight to us poor, weary souls."

The wagontrain set up camp on the outskirts of town and Sarah asked one of the men going into the city to contact her father. A short time later a sixteen-year-old girl appeared in the camp asking for Miss Picknell and Sarah introduced herself to her step-sister. The two girls had a lot to talk about on the way back to town and Sarah learned for the first time of her father's remarriage two years after he had left her.

The meeting of Sarah and her father was as sad as it was joyful and they realized full well the price they had paid for their dream of America. But they were together again and that was all that mattered for now.

"Father seemed very much pleased to see me and have me home again," wrote Sarah. "He would have taken Mrs. Smith and her family in, too, if she had treated me kindly while I was with her."

Sarah stayed close to her father's house for a few weeks, resting and getting acquainted with her new family, but she could not stay inactive for long. She took a position with a milliner in the city. Just how Sarah met Bill Reid is not related in her reminiscences, but she undoubtedly met him in Salt Lake City and they were married on November 17, 1860.

WILLIAM A. REID was born in 1837 in Louisville, Kentucky. He had come out west sometime in the 1850s, sailing around the Horn to California, and when Sarah met him he was driving stage between Rocky Ridge, Wyoming, and Salt Lake City. He made his round trip once every three weeks. Sarah rode to her new home at Rocky Ridge in a stagecoach driven by her new husband and, although she knew that life at a stage station would be hard, she also knew she now had someone with whom to share any hardship that lay ahead.

Sarah adjusted quickly to her new life. She missed her husband greatly when he was gone on his stage runs, but there was plenty of work to keep her mind occupied. The Reids boarded with the Silver family, and Sarah spent as much time as she could at the stage station helping out with the chores. The station itself was a typical, crude cabin and it was here she entertained Pony Bob Haslam and Jack Keetley, the Pony Express riders; Bill Trotter, the stage division agent at Red Butte; and Slade, the notorious division agent from Horseshoe Station to Three Crossings on the Sweetwater.

In September of 1861, the Arapaho Indians raided the nearby Shoshone village and made off with all their horses. They drove their stolen stock past the Rocky Ridge station and, noticing the stage horses were turned out to graze, added them to their procession. Sarah noted in her manuscript that they also took three mules used for hauling wood and the herder narrowly missed losing his scalp by being at the house getting a drink.

Chief Washakie and his braves came walking into the station later when Reid was home. The Shoshone chief told Reid what had happened and asked him to come along and help them recover their horses. Bill readily agreed, since he had the stage stock to recover anyway. The only horse at the station was a blooded mare that Reid had recently traded from some immigrants, but it was sore-footed and in poor shape for traveling. Realizing that a man on horseback could greatly facilitate the search, however, Reid bound the mare's hoofs in gunny sacks, and the party started off after their quarry.

Reid rode ahead of the Shoshone party and trailed the Arapahoes through two buttes about ten miles from the station. As he came around a large outcropping of rocks, he suddenly came upon the Indians 100 yards away changing horses. An Arapaho saw Bill at the same time and quickly let fly with an arrow. Reid leaned sideways, but the arrow ripped through his side, causing a minor flesh wound. The Indians mounted up and headed towards the Wind River Mountains.

Bill shoved his handkerchief into his shirt and rode back to the Shoshones. He and the Indians tracked the Arapahoes steadily and the evening of the second day they came upon the enemy camp. They surveyed the lay of the land and decided to wait until morning, then set fire to the dry grass and brush that grew over the area. The Shoshones surrounded the camp and waited till dawn and the showdown. At the first ray of light, fires were set simultaneously around the area and the Arapahoes sprang from their beds to find themselves hemmed in by a wall of fire. They grabbed their weapons and put up a game fight, but all were killed in the ensuing battle.

The Shoshones and Reid got all their animals back plus about 200 of the enemy's ponies. The station's wood mules had been killed, however, as the Indians had discovered that they would kick anyone who tried to drive them on horseback. To celebrate the recapture of their horse herd, the Shoshones held a big war dance and then headed back to their village.

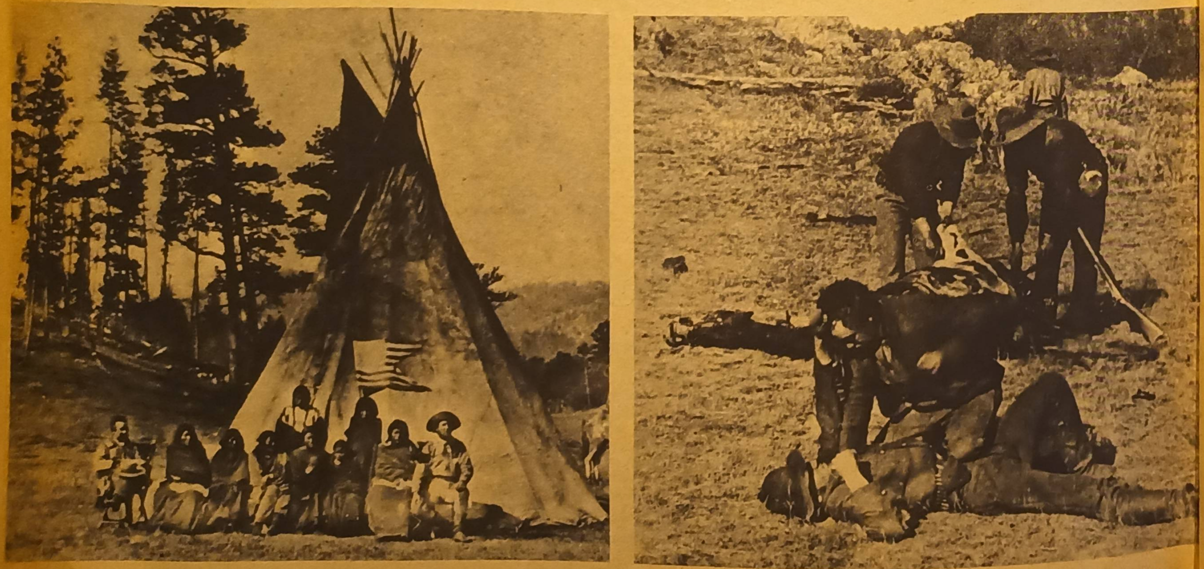
Bill Reid strode through the stage station door two days after the fight as Sarah was seated doing some mending. He told her the story of the whole affair and then tossed an object in her lap. It was the ear of the Indian who had shot him.

WITH HIS promotion to division superintendent from Pacific Springs to Platte Bridge, near Julesburg, Reid bought a new station and decided to take in a partner to help out. His name was John Herd, "a Yankee mischief maker, close fisted and always finding fault," as Sarah put it.

Herd left one August to go back east and get married and Sarah, in an effort to get along with him, decided to fix the station up for the new bride. There was no lumber to be had for floors so she sewed grain sacks together to carpet the kitchen and dining rooms. Old packing boxes were transformed into cupboards, while newspapers served duty as wallpaper. A kitchen table was made by inserting long sticks into holes bored into the wall. Boards were laid on these sticks and fastened to form a serviceable, if not elegant, counter. The beds in the two bedrooms were made in the same manner as the kitchen table and when Sarah added some ruffles for them and made them up, the rooms were quite cozy with the big rock fireplaces and buffalo robes on the floor.

**Left below, Sioux prisoners captured at the Battle of Slim Buttes, 1876. Bill Reid was in this fight and saw the scout, Buffalo Chips White, killed. At right, General Crook's forces ran short of food during the 1876 campaign against the Sioux and were forced to eat their own horses. Bill Reid saw many scenes such as these soldiers fighting over horse meat. Photo by Morrow, 1876**

Courtesy W. H. Over Museum



Herd and his new bride returned and the two couples got along fine for awhile, but soon Herd returned to his old ways. He finally became so mean and disagreeable that Reid told him one would have to buy the other out. Bill accordingly bought out Herd and although the newlyweds left a lot of debts behind them, Sarah was relieved to see them go.

The Reids sold this new station shortly after and Sarah moved back to Rocky Ridge, where she boarded with a family named Sullivan. Bill was gone much of the time, supervising his division, and as if the separations weren't enough, by April of 1862 there were scattered reports of Indian troubles. East of Fort Bridger sixty head of stock were reported stolen and some of the stations were burned between the fort and the North Platte River with an accompanying loss of men, stock and coaches. Rocky Ridge itself was raided by the Indians and some of the stage stock were stolen.

When Bill got in from checking the eastern half of his division, Sarah was very much relieved, but her anxiety was short-lived. Word was waiting for him that he was to go back to the end of his division and pick up all mail that had accumulated due to the irregularity of the stages. The hostlers hitched fresh horses to his coach and Reid took all the guns and ammunition that could be spared from the station.

"I have a hunch there's goin' to be trouble on this run," he told Sarah, "but there's no use thinkin' about it 'cause I got to go anyhow. They say 'ol Washakie is leadin' these raiding parties, but you an' I know better. If the truth was known, I'd say there was whiskey or some renegades behind this. These Injuns has always been friendly till now."

Bill took off with several passengers and some stage company men. They made it to the end of the line without any trouble and after loading two stages with the accumulated mail, they started out again. The passes had four to six feet of snow, but the two coaches made good time. There were nine men in the coaches—three passengers and the rest stage company personnel. Traveling along the Sweetwater River, a few miles west of Devil's Gate, the party was ambushed by about 150 Indians hiding in a group of sand hills. It was near eight o'clock on the morning of April 17, 1862.

The two coaches swung off to a slight elevation on the left side of the road and halted next to each other, some ten feet apart. As the men leaped from the coaches they were showered with a hail of bullets and arrows. James Brown was shot in the face, the bullet lodging behind the jugular vein, and Phil Rogers received two arrows in the right shoulder. The two men were quickly pulled between the stages and, under Reid's direction, the coaches were turned on their sides. The horses were badly frightened and shot up and Reid directed the men holding them to turn them loose, hoping the Indians would be satisfied with acquiring the animals. They watched as six Indians drove them up a canyon, but the attack continued unabated.

Everything in the two coaches was dragged out and stacked between the vehicles as a breastworks, including the many sacks of mail. One of the passengers, a Mr. Boardman, wrote later that "the bullets pattered like hail upon the sacks that protected us. We returned the fire with the rifle and our revolvers whenever we got sight of any of the foe, reserving most of our revolver shots for their charges."

"Watch him! He may try to pull something on you!"

THE MEN were poorly armed and had only the one rifle and some navy revolvers, but they used them to the greatest advantage, saving their shots until they had a good target. The Indian snipers hidden in the sand hills kept up a vigorous fire and one by one they picked off the beleaguered defenders. Lem Flowers, another division agent, was shot in the hip and James Anderson took an arrow in his left leg. About eleven o'clock, Reid noticed an Indian crawling up to the breastworks and raised up to give his pistol to a man who was in a better position to shoot. As he exposed himself, one of the snipers shot him in the back and he slumped to the ground with a groan.

The Indians kept up a desultory fire all day, twice charging the nine defenders, but they were beaten off. About five o'clock in the evening the Indians began riding away and the relieved stage party took stock of its situation. Five of the group were seriously wounded and they were about seven miles from the next stage station at Three Crossings. They had no horses so they made a litter out of the running gear of one of the coaches and, putting three of the most seriously wounded on this, they began their march.

They had no sooner left the coaches than the Indians returned and circled around them, shouting and whooping, but not coming within shooting range. After a few minutes of this the savages again rode away and the party resumed walking, discarding the running gear and helping the wounded as best they could.

It was a painful and exhausting march for the wounded men, but they finally reached the Three Crossings station where they were welcomed by the station keeper, his wife and several stage employees. They tended the men's wounds as best they could, and dinner was just over when the Indians came riding up to the station. The men chipped out the plastering between the logs and viewed the visitors. The stable was under the same roof as the house and they watched as the Indians tried to harness the horses. When they were hopelessly tangled up, a Frenchman renegade who was with them showed them how to do it and they rode off taking all the horses and harness with them. A pair of oxen and a milch cow were taken also. Again they were left without horses, twelve miles from the next station and in hostile territory.

About noon the next day the oxen and the cow returned, but the latter was sadly mutilated. The Indians had cut strips across the cow's sides and the hide hung like ribbons to the ground. The beleaguered group rested for three days and then yoked up the oxen to a stage and started west for the next station.

Reid had been due back in Rocky Ridge on the 17th, the day of the fight, and Sarah was terribly worried. She was boarding about a mile from the station and finally decided that she had to go over and see if there was any news. Reid had begged her not to leave the Sullivan home as Indians had frequently been seen lurking in the vicinity, but she took her big Newfoundland dog with her and went over to the station on the 18th and 19th. On the way she saw tracks but no Indians. At the station, the western coach was waiting, but there was no news of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Silver, some nearby settler friends, begged Sarah not to go over to the station again, but she couldn't stand the waiting and walked over again on April 20th. By now, she was frantic and, after again receiving no news, she turned to one of the stage drivers.

"George, will you go out and see if you can find Mr. Reid's coaches?"

"I cain't do it, Miz Reid," replied the driver, looking up from his whittling. "I got no orders to go any further than my run."

"But Mr. Reid is three days overdue and I've got to know if something's happened," pleaded Sarah. "Please, won't you go?"

"I just cain't, Miz Reid, my orders . . ."

Sarah was mad now—mad and determined. "If you won't go, I'll go myself. Will you get a team ready for me?"

Mr. Silver happened to be at the station and he talked the driver into going with him, making Sarah promise to stay with his wife. Within twenty minutes the two men were rumbling east on their Concord coach.

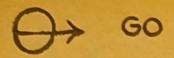
AT WARM SPRINGS, Silver and the driver found all the stock missing but at the next station everything seemed to be all right and they stopped to rest the team. Just as they had finished eating, they spotted the Reid party coming in from the east and they hurried to help bring in the wounded. The battered group told them the next station east had been raided and cleaned out but no lives lost.

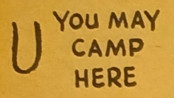
The wounded men weren't able to travel any farther and it was decided to rest up and leave in the morning. Just after midnight, Silver headed back to Rocky Ridge with some dispatches and the news for Sarah.

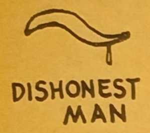
"Mr. Silver would not tell me that my husband was wounded," Sarah was to recall later. "He said Mr. Reid stayed with Lem Flowers, who was hurt, but I thought it very strange that he didn't bring the dispatches himself."

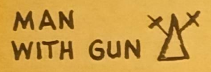
Sarah watched and waited anxiously at the station. The next morning she saw the teams slowly making their way down the road. She knew something was wrong when she saw her husband sitting in the back of the coach. Bill Reid always sat on the driver's box. She

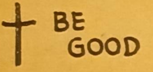
*(Continued on page 69)*

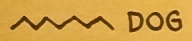












By LEONARD F. DOBBS

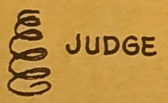
Photos Courtesy Author

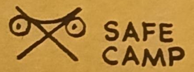
# HOBO DELINQUENT

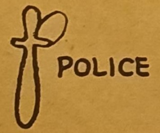
Leonard F. Dobbs in dress uniform as he appeared at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri in 1907

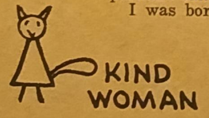
Adventurers pose on hill back of the Mission at Cordova, Alaska, 1911. Dobbs is seated second from left.

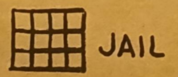
Hobo travel signs and symbols were usually written with chalk, pencil or soft coal on fences, walls of depots, or other similar buildings. The combination of these signs would tell a newcomer to an area just what to expect. Signs shown here are part of an extensive collection compiled by Perry G. Powers, P. O. Box 151, Sunnyvale, California.

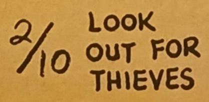












**Wanderlust—incurable—and to a boy with empty pockets, dangerous. "Anyplace is better than here," promises the train whistle; "Don't wait until tomorrow," urges the rising sun . . .**

WHEN I was a kid in Arkansas, there was no compulsory school law, and I was born with itchy feet. I wanted to travel, travel, travel, and when the cops would look me over when we met on the street, there was nothing they could do about it, since we delinquents, as they call them today, had not destroyed any school property or burned any other property to the ground.

Most people can understand that it is certainly hard to be born into this old world poor. Our little family of four was supported solely by our mother who used to go to wealthy people's homes and wash clothes all day long for fifty cents. Those same people were plenty able to pay her at least a dollar or more. But somehow she seemed able to feed us, and at Christmas time we were happy to get an apple, orange, or a stick of old-fashioned peppermint candy.

I was born September 11, 1888. I remember one Christmas we lived upstairs over a Gypsy family by the name of Mitchel. When the wagon delivering Christmas packages to the poor stopped at our place, my mother hesitated about receiving something for nothing, until Mrs. Mitchel showed on the scene and started to raise the devil with the driver who was in the act of driving away without leaving us any presents or food. One could hardly understand the old lady, as she spoke very broken English, but she sure made that driver understand. So for once we had enough food to last for a few days, and all of us had toys, something we had never had before in our young lives. Mr. Mitchel had a wagon and team and used to peddle dry goods, shoes and whatnots across the Arkansas River in the Indian Territory.

A few days after the holidays were over, we awoke one morning to see two covered wagons standing in front of our house. We loaded our scant belongings and made ready to leave for my Uncle Rile's place in the Boston Mountains to start a new life.

Well do I remember when we arrived at Seligman, Missouri! The branch railroad of the Frisce ran only as far as Eureka Springs, Arkansas, at that time. We had young mules pulling the covered wagons, and camped one night beside what they called in those days the "Public Road," which ran parallel to the tracks.

When we bedded down for the night, the mules were tied to the feed box at the rear of the wagons. That night was tough for everyone on the two-wagon train. When we were about to go to sleep, my mother happened to hear the train whistle a few miles away, and started to call to the drivers to get those mules untied and take them into the woods far enough that they couldn't see the train. Sure enough, she was correct, for the drivers had to wrap the halter ropes around the trunks of the trees to keep them from getting away.

I cannot recall all of the camping sites along the way, but I do remember one other incident that took place. The boys had a big campfire going, as it was very cold with lots of snow on the ground. Mother and my sisters, Sally and Maude, were getting the beds ready for the bitter night we were to face when a lady and her husband came down from their house a short distance up the road. Nothing would do but for Mother to bring all of us kids and stay with them. They were sure it would be too cold in that old wagon, and especially for me, who was the baby of the family. Some people were very kind.

WE LIVED near Uncle Rile for a while in a one-room log cabin but it was not too long before we moved into Eros, a small village boasting a general store, blacksmith shop, church, and a schoolhouse which also served as a courthouse and a place of entertainment.

Mother eventually was appointed postmaster and she also sold a few groceries, such as coffee, flour and corn meal, but all those things were traded for eggs.

It was clever how the people kept those eggs from spoiling until time to ship them to Springfield, Missouri. In the fall, farmers would load the eggs into Springfield wagons with the sideboards attached. Thick layers of cottonseed and straw were alternated with layers of eggs until the wagons were loaded. There would sometimes be two or three mule-drawn wagons headed for Springfield where the eggs would be traded for such things as sugar, salt, flour, coffee and, sometimes, plows. In fact, most everything necessary to hold the farmers over until the next fall would be paid for in eggs.

You should have heard some of those stories those teamsters could tell when they would return from one of their trips, especially if one of the teams ran away.

"Oh, boy!" I used to sit and think, "What a hero that guy is!" He had been all the way to Springfield, Missouri, which was some one hundred miles or more.

I BELIEVE I would have been better off if I had stayed in those Boston Mountains and not found out about our so-called civilization. Those people were honest, hard-working and happy. But something happened—none of us kids ever did know what, unless it was too much relations or kinfolks. Anyhow, Mother became dissatisfied and we moved back to Van Buren, where, to the best of my knowledge, the only job we ever had was picking cotton. I clearly remember my mother and sisters bragging on me when I weighed out five pounds.

After that we moved onto a small farm owned by the Western Coal and Mining Company at Jenny Lind, Arkansas. The superintendent of the company could not read or write his name. He would sign all of his official business papers with an "HX." His wife did all the bookkeeping and had a good business head.

This company farm we had, I can well recall was nothing but a rock pile, and it was almost impossible to raise a crop. One morning we saw a bunch of men and teams with plows coming into the field, and they plowed until the whole field was finished. I am only trying to point out what wonderful people our neighbors were. They knew my mother was a widow with a bunch of kids to raise and that was their way of helping us.

I used to go to a neighbor's place so I could play with their ducks, geese, peacocks, and guineas. The Johnsons were old people and would let me do almost anything I wanted. Everybody called them Uncle Fred and Aunt Julie.

One evening, when I was returning home from their place, my sister Maude came running down the road and told me to hurry and see my brother Pierce before he took a bath. He had just gotten home from the coal mines and was as black as tar. That was my first experience with a coal company and one I

Garrison Avenue, Fort Smith, Arkansas during cotton season about 1902

P. FRIZZE
COTTON FACTO

have never forgotten to this day.

The company issued a card something like a meal ticket, and when Mother would go to the company store to buy, the clerk would take the card and punch out the price of the groceries. If my memory serves me correctly, my mother could only draw one ten-dollar credit card a month on my brother's labor. As slate picker, he earned the enormous salary of seventy-five cents for ten or twelve hours' work.

Shortly after we moved to Ft. Smith and I started to go to the old Peabody School, I began to see the different ways of life. I was a *big city boy* now and thought I had plenty of knowledge. We kids started to pull little stunts like swiping apples, candy, and I believe the same knicknacks that some kids take today if they are poor.

I didn't go to the Peabody School very long before we moved onto a farm in what was then called Home Addition. The farm was known as Ward's Stock Yards, and was used for a number of years as fattening pens for cattle.

Mother didn't seem to like the farm too well, and we soon moved into town where she got a small lodging house to run. She was getting twenty-five cents per night for a room, and it kept her busy washing bed linens and working from daylight until dark. Pierce would donate a few dollars to help out, as he had grown up enough to become a bartender.

I was getting a little smarter, so I thought, as I was beginning to get into trouble with the law, and was worrying my poor mother. I had been transferred to the Bell Point School, but the transfer was about all there was to it, as I was running around with a pretty tough bunch of kids, and was always playing hookey from school, and my mother could not do a thing with me.

One day I was sitting in Hartsfield's Restaurant, which had a partition between the Colored and Whites, but had white waiters on both sides to serve the customers. Suddenly, the waiter on the Colored side, where I was sitting at a table near the window, began shooting at a Negro boy named Lem Wallace. The first bullet hit me.

The waiter never did hit Lem, as he outran those bullets and went flying out the back door, and I went flying out the front door. I lived only a few doors down the street and I ran upstairs crying for Mother.

Well, I was squawking something awful when she came out of the kitchen and asked, "Well, what is the matter this time?"

"Oh, I've been shot!" I told her.

She said to go lie on the bed, and she would see what she could do about it. Then came the big stampede of people from the restaurant—cops, a doctor, and the waiter who did all that shooting. The waiter was from Paris, Texas, and he offered to pay the doctor bill, so Mother told him that would be okay, and the officers let him go. Well, that monkey is still going, I suppose, as three days later he quit his job and Mother had to pay the doctor bill.

CAP AND LEE WILLIAMS started a pony express about that time and they had a pacing horse named Old Pike, their only horse at the beginning. They moved to a wagon yard a few doors up from Towson Avenue on Garrison Avenue, and I think darned near all the kids in Ft. Smith worked for them at one time or another. We kids used to get a big kick when we would have to go to

Portrait of author's sister Maude was taken in 1912.

Mazard Prairie on Sundays to bring in horses.

One day I heard Cap and Lee talking about making a delivery of four horses to Sallisaw, Indian territory, and Cap looked at me and told his partner, "Well, I think we had better send the 'Old Man' on the job; his face looks as though it has worn out a dozen bodies."

So the next day I started for Sallisaw with the four horses tied to my saddle horse, and boy was I the big shot! The only trouble I had was crossing the Arkansas River bridge, same as Gould bridge, as the guard would not let me cross until a train came across bound for Ft. Smith, and he held me up for an hour or more. Gould bridge was both a Missouri Pacific railroad bridge and a wagon bridge.

The old fort wall was still around the U.S. jail where Judge Parker sentenced so many to hang—mostly by George Maledon and my Uncle George Lawson. He was not really my uncle, but my mother and George Lawson's wife were good friends, and I was told to call him Uncle George. The Lawsons lived inside the old fort walls.

Joe, Ellis, Bob, Sogy and three or four others were my special friends, but I believe Ellis and I were the meanest of the bunch. We would go on one of our hobo trips when the other kids were afraid of getting too far from the dining table.

I met Ellis on the street one day and he showed me a .38 revolver and asked me if I would go to California with him. Of course, I told him yes and that I knew where I could also get a gun. So I went to my brother's room while he was working and stole his pistol. I think it was a .32. Anyhow, Ellis and I took off for Van Buren where we could catch a freight and head west.

There was a heavy grade as soon as the train pulled out of the railroad yards at Ft. Smith and the engineers would make a run for it.

The hogger (engineer) was sure giving this train the gun to make the grade. Ellis and I were standing on a flat car of lumber when Big Goldie, as he was known because of a gold tooth which he loved to display with a broad grin, showed on the scene. If we had known he was on the train, we would have waited for a different one, for he sure had a reputation for being tough.

He began yelling for us to get off, and when I told him the train was going too fast, he yelled back, "Get the hell off! You got on this train, and you can get off!" Then he began stepping on our fingers and grabbed our hats and threw them away. Well, that's when Ellis went into action. He whipped out his pistol and told Goldie to get off and get those hats or he would shoot the gold tooth out the back of his head.

Well, that big guy got off the train and got off fast, and we were left to ourselves until we got to the crossing the other side of the Arkansas River at Van Buren, where the hoboes had a nice jungle. They could wait for a train going north to St. Louis, south to Texas, east to Little Rock, or west and all points as far as they wished to go.

That was the first time I ever saw Ellis in action, and he was so angry I believe he would have killed Goldie. Anyhow, that big bully had to walk back to town, and all we lost on the deal was our hats, but he lost his train.

It was probably a year or two after that episode that I was sitting in a restaurant down in the railroad yards, where the incoming and outgoing train crews used to eat, and in walked Goldie and sat down about two or three stools down the counter from me. All of a sudden, he let out a whoop and started to laugh, and told the bunch of rail crews, "There is that little s-o-b that caused me to lose my train!"

I swore it wasn't me, it was the guy who happened to catch the same car with me, and that I didn't even know him. All of the men started to laugh, and came over to me and felt my muscles, and told Goldie he had "better watch his step, as that little punk may still have a pistol."

Then one of the bunch bought me a piece of apricot pie, and Goldie said, "Never mind, I'm paying for that young outlaw's pie."

He did—and, remember, pies cost five cents for a large cut in those days!

ELLIS AND I went to Wagoner, Indian Territory, and caught the Katy to McAlester, I.T., where we figured we had better get a job. First, we had to find a hiding place for our artillery, so we went to an old outhouse by the depot.

Ellis and I started snapping our pistols after we took the shells out. Then the door opened and in walked a big cop, and he told us to give him our guns, which we did. He looked both guns over and said he should throw us both in the klink, but as we seemed to be pretty nice kids, he would give us a break. He liked Ellis' pistol, for it was almost new, and remarked if Ellis wanted to give him the pistol he would let us go.

But Ellis liked the gun also, and made the cop a deal. He said he was going to California and he would like to have a pistol along for protection.

The cop then said, "Here, take mine and forget all about it," which was the way Ellis had figured.

I got a job washing dishes in the Valley Hotel, but Ellis took off, and I have never seen him since. He wrote to some of the gang years later, so I heard, and I would like to know what became of him, just for curiosity.

I stayed on my crockery bathing job until I got my first week's pay, which was the large sum of $1.50. Then I wandered all over the Territory working at odd jobs, or doing anything to earn a dime or quarter or a meal, sleeping in boxcars or in the jungle.

Like all kids, I soon became homesick and started drifting back toward Ft. Smith and more bad environment.

Back home I stole a carpenter's plane and a saw, and tried to sell them in a second-hand store. I was arrested on the spot by a big German policeman named Uncle Dad Schwepsky. When he would arrest a man he would tell him, "Be a goot man, I am taking mit you the yale hoouse," and believe me, that is exactly what he meant, as he had a hand the size of a small ham. He also had a long broad beard, and sometimes one of the drunks, or would-be tough guys, would get him by those long whiskers. "Old Dad," as he was known, would let go with those hams and the guy would really go to the "yale hoose."

When they took the mule cars off Garrison Avenue and put the electric cars on, we kids would have a ball stealing a ride. The motorman was also the conductor and sometimes he would run back with his switch bar and pretend he was trying to knock us off by swinging and shouting, and we would jump off and run and hide until another car came along.

There were double tracks along Garrison with large steel poles to hold the trolley wires, and as the police department had no call boxes, officers would walk their prisoners to the city jail. If a citizen wanted a policeman he would run to one of those trolley poles and start pounding on it.

I HAD BEEN off on another jaunt and got an urge to see the folks. I was walking, trying to make it back to Monett, Missouri, from Springfield, Missouri, on an old rocky dirt road which ran parallel with the railroad. I thought I would be able to catch a train on a grade sooner or later. As I was walking along I noticed a horse tethered out and grazing beside the road, and decided it would be a good idea to ride for awhile.

I threw a half-hitch on the horses' nose and away we went. The old horse turned out to be an easy-gaited and gentle animal, so I came to the conclusion that I might just as well ride him on to Monett.

I turned the horse loose just outside of town, and walked the rest of the way. Wandering around town, I noticed a lady putting some strawberry tickets in a cup on the porch. I stole the tickets and had them in my pocket, but had almost forgotten about stealing the horse. Pretty soon, a policeman walked up to me, smiled, and asked me where I was going and where I came from. He seemed like a real nice guy, which I think he was.

Then he began searching me and—to make a long story short—he had two charges against me: stealing a horse, and burglary because I went on the lady's porch and took the berry tickets worth two cents each when cashed by the farm where she worked.

After a couple of days they transferred me to Cassville, the county seat at that time. I remember the deputy sheriff taking me in a two-horse buggy, and we got caught in a hard rain. At times he would have to leave the road and cut through the woods when the water would be too deep in the main road.

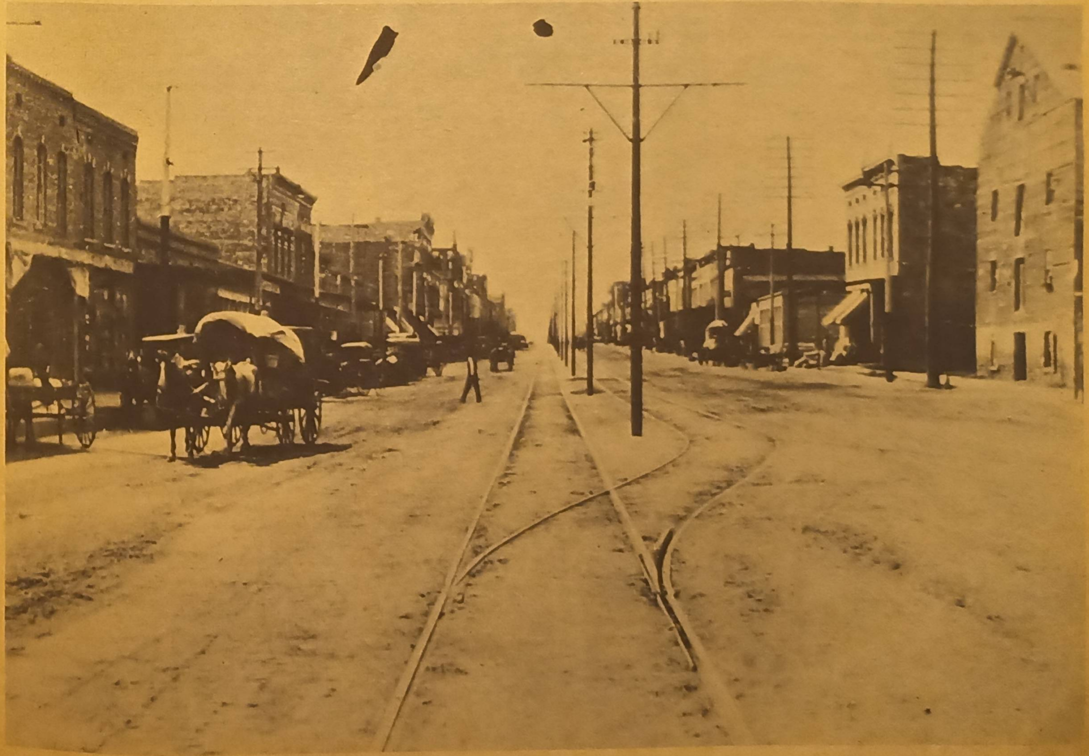
I was booked into the county jail, and taken to the second floor where they had a large steel cage. The old-timers began kidding me. They started calling me the "Kid Outlaw," and wanted to know why a big guy with so much experience didn't tackle a bank. After a few days on half starvation rations, twice a day, and listening to those guys talk about the sheriff, I was ready to leave.

One day they let me out to wash my clothes. It was the rule to let one man out at a time in what they called the run-around, to do his washing and take a bath in the same tub. After the guard had gone down to the office, one of the old-timers told me to look around and try to find a loose board.

The cage sat in the center of the room, almost, but on the north side it was only about three feet from the wall and I told the guys the boards there didn't look any too strong. One of them, who had been charged with stealing a span of horses and a surrey, gave me an old pocket knife. He told me to cut the boards on one end, then pry the ends up and break them against the floor of the cage.

Well, after sawing through them with that old dull knife, they all started telling me to get out of there and not come back. They started to raise a big noise, pounding on an old wash basin and singing as loud as possible.

I broke the cement on the ceiling below and dropped down into the tool room. The guard had three or four trusties working on the lawn and they had left the room door open. When the guys found out I was dropping into the tool room they began telling me they wanted to get out also, and if I was any good I would get them a crowbar.



Garrison Avenue, Fort Smith, Arkansas, about 1902. At extreme right is hide house built before the Civil War.

That is exactly what I did, but when I tried to hand the bar through to them, we found the large end wouldn't go through the bars, so they told me to get going. There was only one way and that was to make a bee line down the sidewalk that led straight to the street.

I hadn't gone far before I saw the crew fixing the lawn by the gate I had to pass through. Boy, was I scared. I went within three or four feet of the guard, but he didn't recognize me. I headed for open country.

IT COULDN'T have been more than two hours at the most when I heard the posse coming, then I was really scared; I got over in a blackberry patch and laid on the ground under the vines. When I saw that the sheriff had his bloodhounds, I thought the jig was up. But undoubtedly those dogs were trained for squirrels or 'possums, as the dogs, men and the whole caboodle passed within twenty or thirty feet of me.

I lay there until dark, then I started to walk toward Seligman, where I knew I could catch a train going either direction.

It happened that I caught a freight into Monett and walked from there to Pierce City, which I believe was five miles. From there I went to Neodesha, Kansas, where I ran onto another young fellow much older than myself. I told him I was headed for California. He said fine; we could double up as he was going to Portland, Oregon.

We got into Wichita early the next morning and my new partner took me in to have breakfast with him. Then is when I told him about breaking jail, and he said that he had enough money to feed us until we got to California but he wanted it understood that he was a railroader, and brother, he really meant it. Kansas was a dry state but we walked into a bar across from the depot and he bought us a couple of beers.

When we walked out, a cop stopped us and asked us where we were going, what do you do for a living, etc. The kid with me told him we were going west, but the cop said we had the choice of going to jail or going to work at the harvest fields (the wheat harvest was in full swing at that time). Naturally we told the officer we would be tickled to death for a job in the fields.

The cop told us to go to a feed store across the tracks, and the proprietor would have a list of farmers who would hire us. So we walked fast like we were in a hurry to get that job, but while we were on our way a passenger train pulled in, headed for Newton. My new pal told me to take the rear trucks and he would take the front. I had never ridden the trucks, and he told me to watch him and I could do as he did. Nothing to it, he said!

We made it okay to Lamar, Colorado, and there we went our separate ways. I worked awhile putting up alfalfa hay, and the farm family I worked for treated me like their own son. I had a nice room all to myself and when they would tell me what they wanted done, they would always wind up by telling me to take my time and not try to kill myself.

On Saturday we all went into a small town, although I cannot recall the name, and while they were doing their shopping, I went out to see the sights.

Then, for some unknown reason, my feet got itchy and much as I loved those people, I had to get going. I caught the car into Denver, and my hobo spirit was once more working. I think it must have been homesickness because I headed back to Van Buren where my sister Sally had a farm about three miles from town. Of course, I headed for her place.

That night around 10 p.m. there was a knock at the door and in walked a deputy sheriff called Log Town Bill, and another lawman to arrest me for breaking jail in Cassville, Missouri. I recall that when the lawman with Log Town Bill started to put the cuffs on me, the deputy told him to put those things back in his pocket, that he didn't want to put them on me before my sister.

So they put me in the clink in Van Buren, and wired the sheriff at Cassville that they had his young outlaw in jail.

IN A COUPLE of days here came the sheriff to pick me up and take me back to his bastille in Missouri. All the way back he quoted the Bible and said he was going to have a quick trial for me. It would be up to the judge to either give me a jail term or send me to the reform school at Boonville, Missouri. He told me what a wonderful place the school was, and if I would obey the officials and pray, I would be a different boy when I came out.

A few days later I had my trial, and the judge gave me a nice talk and plenty of advice. He said if I hadn't broken jail it would have been much easier on me, but as things stood, he had no other choice than to send me to Boonville until I was twenty-one years of age. Then he bade me goodbye and that was that!

On the way we had to stop in Monette and pick up another kid. And "kid" he was, not more than ten or twelve years old. The sheriff handcuffed us together and when we pulled out of the station he was going to handcuff us to our seats until the conductor came along and told him it was against the rules of the company to allow prisoners to be cuffed to their seats. So the sheriff took a seat across from us where he could keep an eye on his two desperadoes.

From the day we drove under the archway going into the school, I was making plans to get out. It was line up and march to the rest room, line up and march to the mess hall—where we were not allowed to talk during meals. We had to learn to give signs for whatever we wanted, such as salt, sugar, bread or pepper. It was strictly against the rules to say a word. After the chaplain blessed us all (including the food which certainly needed blessing at times), we would finish eating.

Classes were held every morning for three hours; after lunch we would dig ditches, work in the greenhouse, or at anything that was to be done.

One afternoon, when we were all down at the restroom, I thought of an old trick I had heard about somewhere. I got a small piece of soap and ate it, and about the time our leader yelled, "Let's hit it!" (meaning go to work), I began to feel sick, and no joking, I was sick.

While we were marching back to the greenhouse, I began to vomit, and it was a good thing I did, as I know the doctor would have known what was wrong. I was rather pale when he examined me, and he placed me in a ward with five other kids who were under observation for a few days. The boy in charge of the ward took my clothes which consisted of heavy shoes, overalls, and a shirt that buttoned down the back. He locked them in a closet with the other kids' clothes.

The closet door was one that had pins going through the hinges, and I saw at once those hinge pins woudn't be hard to get out. After a couple of days, and throwing a few feelers, I found there were two other kids thinking along the same lines, so two of us got together and started to make our getaway plans. There was one little boy the others were somewhat leery of, as his father was a detective in Kansas City. They told me not to let him know a thing about the plans we were cooking up.

One Sunday the father came to visit his son, whom we all knew as Little Jimmy, and he brought a few little presents. He was jolly and talked to all of us. After he left, Little Jimmy asked me if I wanted a cigarette so we went into the next room where we could blow the smoke out the window. But even after that, I was still afraid Jimmy would talk if he found out what was being planned.

The kid I trusted most was from Memphis, Tennessee. One evening the other boy who was going with us and the kid from Memphis got into an argument about some little petty thing like kids do, and the first boy yelled out that he was going to tell the doctor we were going to run away. Then we really found out about Little Jimmy. He raised up in bed and told that boy if he squealed on us, he would tell the doctor that the first kid was also planning to go with us. That shut his mouth. I think it was like Jimmy told him, he didn't intend to go, anyway.

There was one boy in the hospital who had a broken foot, and used crutches. He had expressed himself several times about wanting to go, but he couldn't because of the injury.

The doctor was a fine fellow. He would come into the ward and crack jokes and tell us there was not a thing wrong with us that couldn't be cured, but he wasn't ready to cure us until next day, or maybe next week. All of the boys thought he was the finest officer of the whole lot, and I believe he was, as he would look the boys over in the morning and again in the afternoon.

THE FINAL DAY came for the kid from Memphis and me to make our preparations for the big chance, and we knew if we got caught, we would be put on "restrictions." I never did learn what they meant by the word, and I never waited to find out.

After supper we went in and removed the door, and put it back without the hinges, just in case the doctor should come into the ward. There was a large heavy screen over the windows and we borrowed the crippled boy's crutch and managed to loosen four or five staples. Then we got our clothes and put them into a bundle, tied our shoelaces together, and as the Memphis kid would shove out from the bottom of the screen, I would shove up on the crutch until we had an opening large enough to crawl through. Our sheets had been tied to the radiator.

I went out first. Unbeknownst to us, the doctor's office was on the second floor, and we had to pass his window with his light burning bright as day. I made it and whispered to the other boy to toss the clothes down. The light in the doctor's office blinded me and when he tossed those heavy shoes out, I missed them. They hit the cement walk like a bomb. I thought sure some of the guards would hear us. When the kid got down, we grabbed our junk and ran across to the cemetery and sat on a slab of one of the graves and put our clothes on over our nightgowns, and took off for town.

We went through alleys to stay out of sight of the police. At the railroad yards, while looking for an empty boxcar to hide in, we ran into a switchman. He told us he knew who we were, and told us also that everybody in the country knew those reform school uniforms. He advised us to start walking before daylight, as there were no freight trains made up. He thought it best to start walking at once toward Kansas City and to stay clear of the farmers, as they sure wanted that $25 reward.

Charity Evelyn Dobbs, the author's mother

The switchman shook hands with us and wished us luck, and told us the trains would take coal and water about twelve miles up the road and we could catch a train from there to Kansas City. We were pretty well on our way by daylight. We walked the railroad tracks and when we saw a wagon approaching along the road, we would hide in the weeds until it was safe to start walking again. I will never forget the wild turkeys that squawked at us from the islands along the Misouri River as we passed; it seemed there were thousands of them.

We were so tired and hungry we could hardly drag when we finally reached the coaling station. It was late and we went to sleep at once beside an old section house where they kept the handcars. I don't know how long we slept, but I do remember it was awfully cold that night.

The kid woke me up about daylight when he heard a train whistle. I tried to get up but my legs were so stiff I couldn't make it. My pal had to rub my legs to get the circulation going before I could walk. While the engine was taking on coal and water, I was able to hobble over to the train where we found the end door open on a boxcar loaded with shelled corn.

We tried to get down into the corn to get warm, but the farther down we dug, the colder we got. If you have never had the experience of trying to deal with shelled corn, try it. It is a wonderful way to damn near freeze.

WE WERE really in bad shape when we got to the railroad yards in Kansas City. I was trying to spot the Katy yards, as that was the road I wanted to take back to Arkansas and Ft. Smith. Finally a man pointed out the white tops of the stock cars across a field and I knew at once that was the Katy. My partner said he was going to hit the houses in the neighborhood and see if he could get something to eat.

I tried to tell him he would surely be caught, as everybody knew those reform school uniforms which buttoned down the back and the jackets would not hide that Missouri trademark, but he thought otherwise. The last I saw of him he was headed for a handout.

I started across the field and found to my delight that they had just finished digging sweet potatoes. Did I ever eat raw sweet potatoes! I filled my shirt, even tied my pants legs and filled them with the luxuries.

A switchman showed me to a train ready to go and told me where to find an empty boxcar, about four or five cars from the engine. Bless all the switchmen I have met! Although he pulled a nice trick on me, I still think a lot of that guy.

I think it was Ft. Scott, Kansas, where the train crew stopped to eat. Here came a big brakeman and jumped into the car and grabbed me, told me to come with him, and not to give him any trouble. He took me down to the engine and told me to get up in the cab and be quick about it. There he told the engineer and fireman he pulled me out of a boxcar, and he thought I was a runaway from the Boonville Reformatory; he told them if I had run away, I was worth $25 reward.

Of course, I was scared half to death. After the engineer, fireman, and brakeman talked of splitting the reward money three ways, the engineer said, "We will talk it over in the restaurant while we eat."

As a matter of fact, the whole train crew knew about what was going on. There were several switchmen and other people in the restaurant at the time, and some wanted to let me go, but the waiter said, "Hell, no, we can't afford to have a desperate guy like him running around. Why not get the reward, and send him back to the school?"

Finally, after everyone had ordered and I was sitting there on a stool at the counter, and no one had asked me if I was hungry, the waiter gave me a cup of coffee and told me he should not even do that, but as the boss wasn't there he would take a chance. Then someone asked me if I would like pie with it, and I said I would, please.

Shortly here came the waiter with a big steak, and everybody started to laugh, and told me not to be afraid of anyone turning me in. The brakeman said if he had had his just dues, he would be in that joint, too, and everybody said they thought maybe that most all had done something at some time that was against the law. Anyhow, they had a lot of fun at my expense.

I WASN'T in Ft. Smith but a day or two until I was picked up and held three or four days, but I suppose the officials at Boonville were glad to get rid of me, as I was a native of Arkansas and they didn't care to pay the expense of bringing me back to Missouri. Anyhow, they turned me out of the jail and onto the streets where I had lived most of my life.

My mother never did say so, but I think she thought it best to get me away from my old environment. We moved to Wagoner, Indian Territory, where she took in sewing and I got a job as dishwasher in a small cafe. It wasn't any time before I found out the boss was bootlegging and was doing a nice business.

He showed me his plant and explained who to sell to, so I was right back in the same old groove, only worse. It was not long until I was going to Ft. Smith and buying twenty-five pints of *good* whiskey for five dollars, and taking it to Wagoner and selling it for a dollar a pint. Doesn't sound reasonable, feasible, or possible these days, but nevertheless, it is true.

The hay haulers used to give me or John a signal for the whiskey if they passed us on the street. If they took the lines of the team in two fingers that meant two pints, if they held the lines in one hand closed, and no fingers, that meant only one pint. I would go to the wagon yard where we kept the whiskey hidden under the feed boxes in the stalls. We would try and pick a horse that would be pretty skittish about strangers; it helped keep a person that was nosey out of that stall, for fear of being kicked by the horse.

After I picked up the bottle, or bottles, I would take the whiskey to the railroad car where the teamster would be loading the baled hay, slip the bottle under the cushion of the seat, and go about my business. The driver would go to the restaurant and leave the money. If he failed to do so, John, who was a pretty tough guy, would use some kind of an excuse when he met him to start an argument about something, just anything, and beat the hell out of the guy. There wouldn't be a word said about the whiskey.

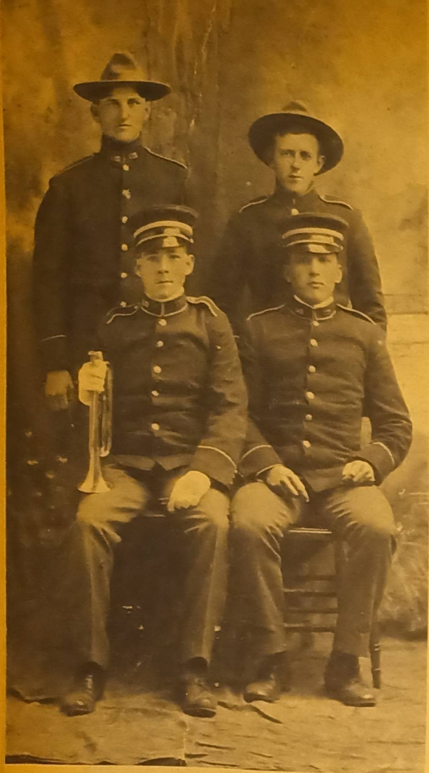
But as a usual thing, the teamsters or other customers would cause little trouble. They thought John was making a pay-off to the chief of police, which he was, so there would be no use to squawk. One day I was standing in front of the pool hall, and the chief of police walked up beside me and whispered that I had better get out of town, as the U. S. marshals were coming in from Muskogee, and he didn't want to see a kid my age get into a jam.

Mother was then working in Haskell, I.T., keeping house and taking care of a lady who was bedridden. I joined her and got a job in a livery barn cleaning the stall, cuffing horses, and doing everything in general. I was always happy when a drummer (salesman) would come to town and the boss would send me on a trip, driving him to take orders for his firm. I especially liked to go to the little town of Coweta, as that gave me a chance to stay overnight and see the sights.

I knew my team would have the best of treatment and care, as it seemed to be an unwritten law among the livery stable men to take the very best care possible when a livery rig came from another town. And did those drummers want us to pound those poor horses! They were always in a hurry to make the next town or country store, take their orders and get back—most generally to headquarters in Kansas City or St. Louis. It was always "Go faster! Pound them on the tail!" or "Let me have the lines and I'll drive!"

But that part was out with me, even if they threatened to report me to my boss when we arrived back in Haskell. I received the enormous wages of $2.50 per week, and believe me I certainly earned it.

IN THE MEANTIME I was thinking of joining the Army. I told mother of my intentions, and she told me in her sweet way she would rather have me stay in Haskell with her. As I was only seven-



Dobbs, holding bugle, was photographed with Infantry buddies at Angel Island in 1907.

teen at the time, she was required to sign papers giving permission before I could sign up. Mother refused to cooperate, but being the smart kid I thought I was, I told her if she did not sign, I would run away and go to Kansas City and enlist in the Navy. I did not realize my mother needed, more than anything else in the world, just to have me stay there, but she finally gave in to my stubbornness and signed the papers.

I joined up in Muskogee, I.T., was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for training, and on February 5, 1907, was sworn in as a member of the Fifth Cavalry.

After awhile I managed to get transferred to the Infantry (being determined to see some foreign service) and became a bugler. Eventually I wound up in St. Michael, Alaska. Now you can imagine a kid, and especially one like me with itchy feet, wanting to stay in a place like St. Michael. So another bugler, in another company, and I began to figure how to go over the hill and not get shot.

It so happened the old German supply sergeant was building himself a fine rowboat. Red and I talked it over and thought it a wonderful idea to wait for the sergeant to finish building the skiff. In the meantime we got busy buying supplies for our journey, wherever it might be, and, as we had heard of Fairbanks and the big gold strikes, we came to the conclusion that we might as well go there and become rich miners.

Finally the big day arrived, and under cover of darkness, Red and I got the boat loaded. Some of our best pals were down on the beach by the N. C. Company trading post to see us off. We were both taking our pistols and had them in our gum boots. One of our pals was a sergeant who gave us a little advice, "Don't let them catch you!"

As we pulled out into the bay, it was anything but pleasant. Red had been at the fort almost two years and knew a lot more about things than I did so he said he thought it best to pull to the other side of the slough. It was a short-cut into the Bering Sea. We rowed most of the night and the next morning we ran across an old man with a lifeboat and his winter's grubstake. He told us he was stuck in the slough and unable to move until he could get a tail wind, as he had his scow loaded and had her covered over the top and had only a sail.

Then the old man asked us if we were going over the hill, as he could see we were wearing Army boots and he happened to see my pistol in my boot top. We told him we were only on a fishing trip, but when he saw the two gunny sacks filled with canned goods he knew darn well what we were up to. He proposed that when we got a tail wind to take us out into the Bering Sea, we could tie our skiff onto the stern of his rig and we would make the mouth of the Yukon in no time at all, as it was only seventy-five miles. To complete the deal I would have to give him my .38 Army special. Red and I talked it over and thought it would be safe, as Red still had his pistol.

Late the next evening we got the wind we were hoping for. We hoisted the sail but made only a few miles when a crosswind hit us and we had to tie up to the beach. There was a large Eskimo Village a few miles up the slough. We built a fire, and, as it is an Eskimo custom to go to a fire if they can see the smoke, the next morning an old Eskimo came into our camp to trade.

Red spoke the language fairly well, and the old man with us could speak almost like an Eskimo himself. Pretty soon the old man crawled up into the bow of his boat and came up with a quart of lemon extract. He poured quite a jolt and handed it to the Eskimo, and after a few more swigs from the bottle, a deal was on for sure. The Eskimo began to talk more than usual and make signs for us to follow him with our rowboat.

I began to have a screwy idea that all was not well. The old man gave Red a full bottle of lemon extract and we followed the Eskimo and his kayak to the village. We also had with us a five-gallon oil can and a five-gallon demijohn for fresh water. The first place we went was the waterhole the Eskimo directed us to and we had to fill our containers with an old rusty can. We come up with a can of water filled with what appeared to me to be hundreds of tiny little bugs. Believe me, it didn't look very appetizing. The Eskimo insisted, however, that it was good water. We finished filling our containers but left them on the beach instead of putting them in the boat.

Then we went with the Eskimo to his igloo to trade for mukluks and parkas, but the first thing he did was to have his son, who was about eighteen years old and husky as a Missouri mule, bring out an old single-barreled shotgun, and demand that we fix it.

The barrel was split and he kept saying, "You, white man, you fix 'em."

Red, speaking Eskimo and English and trying to make him understand through signs, said it was impossible to "fix 'em." Red tried to tell him the gun would have to have a new barrel, but the Eskimo got sore and kept repeating, "You, white man, you fix 'em!"

THE RAFTERS were loaded with parkas and mukluks. Red picked out a couple of pairs of each and the Eskimo gave them to us. Red then filled the two wooden bowls about half full of extract and gave one to the son, who wasn't looking too pleased with what was taking place. To be truthful about it, I was a little frightened, especially when the old Eskimo and his son kept being hostile.

Red, who had more guts than brains or heart, motioned to the old buck to get his wife away from the door and, pulling his pistol, told him in plain words that the trade had been made. Then, waving his gun, Red told him he was a man killer. The old Eskimo grabbed the woman by the hair and dragged her across the igloo.

Red said to come on and get the hell out of there, to which I readily agreed. We ran to the boat and put the water on board. I took the oars and pulled as hard as I could while he sat in the stern waving his pistol and yelling, "Me man killer!" I was scared to death he might have to prove it.

We didn't know it at the time, but the whole tribe was drunk on sourdough hooch. They had it running down their chins and all down the front of their clothes. There was a lot of jabbering and yelling, but they believed Red to be exactly what he claimed to be, a man killer.

After we got back to camp, Red and the old fellow we had taken up with explained what it was all about. They claimed the Eskimos in that village were not afraid of rifles or shotguns but were frightened to death of a pistol. Sometimes the U. S. marshals would be called in to settle trouble or arrest one of the natives, maybe for murder. They had a healthy regard for pistols and the "man killers." Whether or not this is true, I cannot say.

Early the next morning about two or three o'clock we got a breeze that would take us out into the Bering Sea. We were happy, especially me, as I had seen enough and had had enough excitement to last me for awhile. We sailed, sailed and sailed; it began to get dark and we were getting colder by the minute. Red and I came to the conclusion we must be heading for the middle of the sea instead of following the coast.

The old man kept telling us it was not time to change course but, after a time, he began to see it our way as much as he hated to admit it. We sure did learn one thing, though, from that old prospector. When we had gotten so cold we could hardly stand it, he told me to crawl under the housing and get us three large onions. After I returned with them, he said to eat them like apples, getting as much juice as possible. That old man was right, for when we ate those onions we could feel our blood start to circulate and we began to warm up.

At last we were able to pull in to the beach where we anchored the sailboat with four or five sacks of sand. We only took enough grub ashore for one meal of spuds, bacon, coffee. There happened to be a twenty-five pound sack of corn meal handy, and we ate all it was possible for three starved men to hold. Then we sat around and talked.

I really got disgusted with the old man's bragging about how he gypped the natives he had dealings with at different times. Red and I knew he had only been using us, sizing us up as a couple of dumb kids who didn't know what it was all about. We also realized he wouldn't have cared if we had got into a jam with the Eskimos or if Red had shot one of them.

IT'S A STRANGE thing about the Bering Sea; it will be calm and nice as a pond one minute and the next minute will be rough and dangerous. As we were listening to the old man lying and popping off, we noticed the little cove where we had the sailboat anchored, begin to get a little rough. It was already too choppy to get our small boat into the water so we thought it best to wait until things calmed down a bit.

We finally got to sleep and awoke feeling a bit better, but the old sea was still doing its stuff. There was enough coffee for breakfast and we boiled some cornmeal mush. That day happened to be my birthday; I was a big man now—eighteen years old.

On the third day in the early afternoon, when rations were really getting scarce, old Bering started to calm enough to risk launching our boat. The old man got on the stern seat and Red was at the oars; I shoved her off and jumped in just as the breaker was right. We rowed out to the sailboat which had dragged her sandbag anchors all of three or four hundred feet. No sooner had we got underway and had a fair tailwind than the old man began harping for us to cut our boat loose so we could make faster time. I took my knife and cut the line and that guy sure was right, for that scow of his seemed to leap ahead like a jackrabbit.

It was after dark when we pulled into an Eskimo village. The natives were all there to show us every courtesy possible. The old man made some excuse about thinking it was best for him to go on up the river; I think he had had enough of us. He figured he had used us to his own advantage and it would be better to leave us with the Eskimos for the winter. That was the last we ever saw of him.

We unloaded our blanket rolls, and a native took us to an igloo where we spent the night. Breakfast was surely different from any we had ever experienced. They gave us a conglomeration of some kind of fish, and sat around laughing and watching our reaction to their hospitality. Red and I learned later that they had some things on their menu which were not bad at all, and the people themselves were nice and ready to help us all they could.

While we were at Point Romanzof we could see steamboats passing, heading for the Yukon, so naturally we hated to be stuck with those Eskimos for the winter. When we asked them if there would be another steamer up the river, one old fellow thought for a moment and said he was almost certain there would be one more boat but he did not know when. That sure sounded good to us and we began to scan the horizon back St. Michael way. After several days of waiting, one night the Eskimos said they had seen a steamer at a distance.

Sure enough it was a steamboat, and while she was passing into the mouth of the river, she missed the narrow and proper channel and got stuck high and dry. The Eskimos helped us get our blankets and other gear together and rowed us out to the good ship *Tanna*. We had very little money and knew our only chance would be to work our way. The kind Eskimos waited to see whether or not we would make it, while we climbed aboard.

One of the crew told us to go up to the pilot house and see the captain. We were both jittery and Red said he thought it best for me to do the talking. When we entered the pilot house, the captain got up, extended his hand like a real sourdough and said, "I am Captain Langly. What can I do for you?"

I asked him if there would be any chance of our working our way up the river with him. When he said he didn't think so as he had a full crew, Red and I stood there and I was almost ready to let the tears pour, and the same with Red. Then that grand old captain asked us if we had our own blankets, and I told him we did, and he told us to throw them aboard, and report to the mate.

When we said goodbye and shook hands with those wonderful Eskimos, I knew I would never forget them. I believe they were aware all along that we were Army deserters.

THE NEXT morning we were pretty well on our way when the whistle blew for the wood pile. The mate had said to fall out and fall out fast when the steamer blew for a wood pile. We had been sleeping next to the stern wheel and could hear that wheel throwing logs and what have you against the housing.

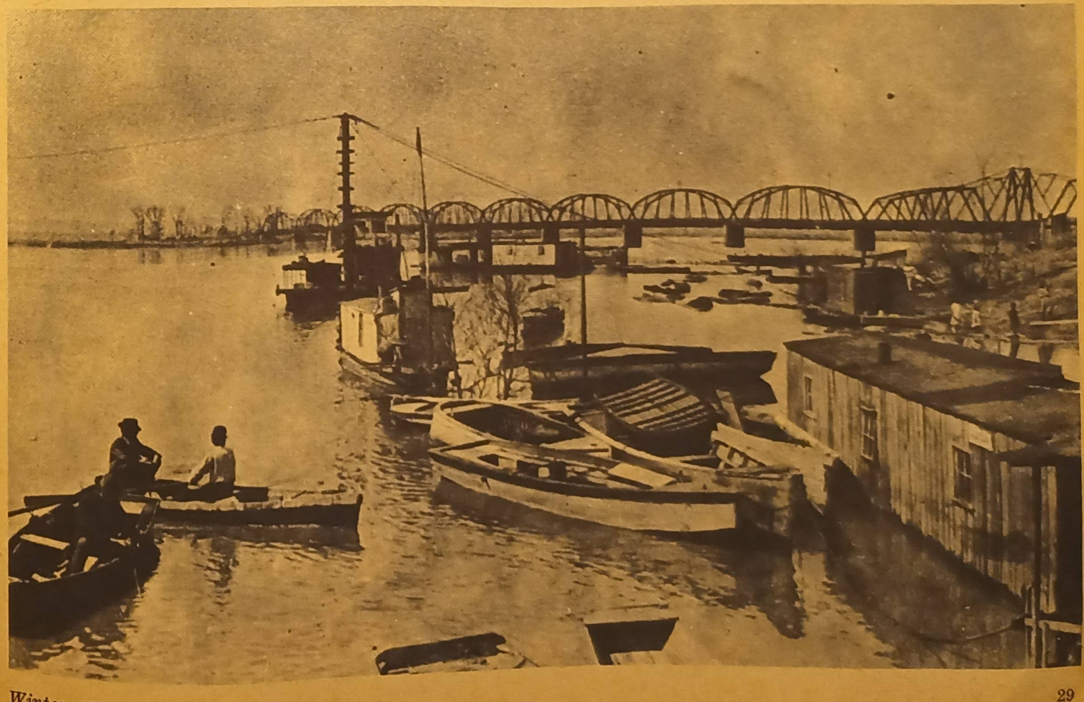
With the Eskimo crew, we carried wood as fast as we could. It was foggy and damp and impossible to see very far, but as I passed Red going up the gangplank with a load of wood, he asked me, "Do you see what I see?"

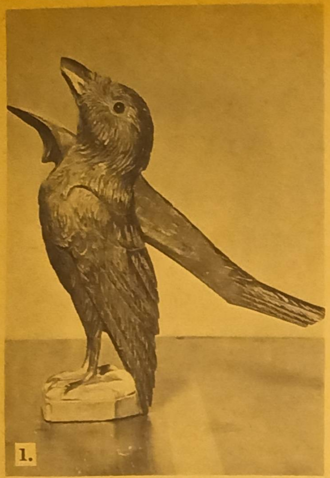
I looked where he pointed with his thumb to the other side of the boat, and I did see what he saw, and both of us almost collapsed with fright. It was a rowboat with four soldiers and a little red-headed corporal from Red's company. The corporal was standing up in the stern of the boat balancing himself with his rifle and sizing up the crew. When he decided they were all Eskimos, the boat proceeded down the river.

Red and I were still thanking God, and trying to figure out what had caused

(Continued on page 66)

Gould Bridge over Arkansas River at Fort Smith about 1891

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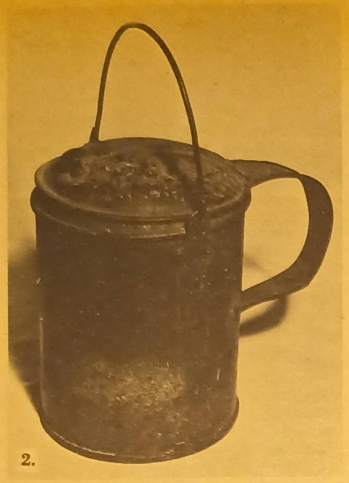
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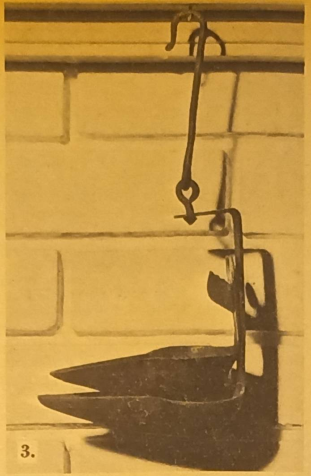
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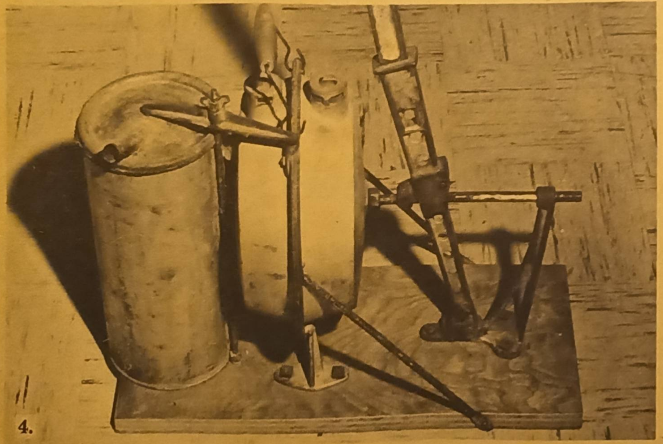
# So You Think You Know The West?

By JOHN R. CLAWSON

CHANGING TIMES are often only a reflection of new ways man has found to do the same old things. Thus it is with tools, utensils and workaday devices. All of them are adapted instruments which can make man's work go faster, or his life seem more bearable. Not only does man require food, shelter and clothing—he also requires medicines, weapons for protection and, because of his deep-seated curiosity, he appears to have always had a desire to learn. There have also been continuous patterns of games and artistic and religious expression. Times change. The needs of man seldom do.

Here are pictures of artifacts which reflect life as it was lived in the Old West. Each device was used in some way to aid the needs of man—and most old-timers could recognize each of them instantly. While they might pause in a mixture of marveling confusion over our flame-bursting cigarette lighters, or be astounded by the discovery that a little button on our walls can flick on light at night, they wouldn't be surprised by any of these objects. Look at these pictures and try to identify them by deciding what they are or what they were used for.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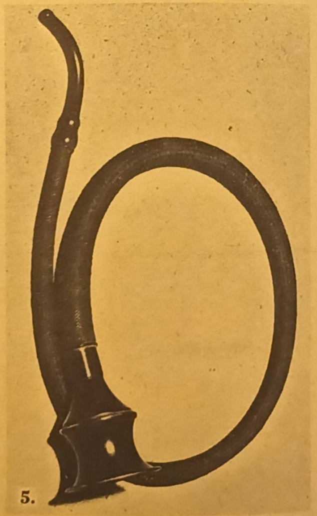
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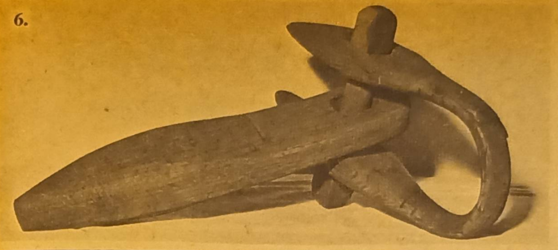
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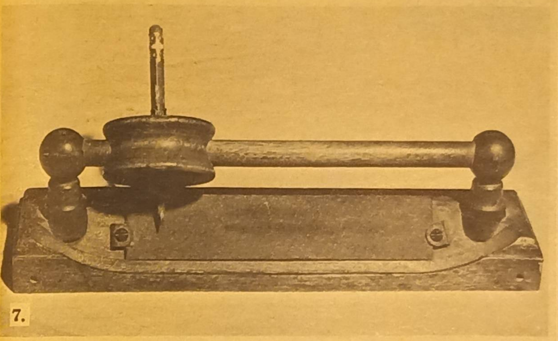
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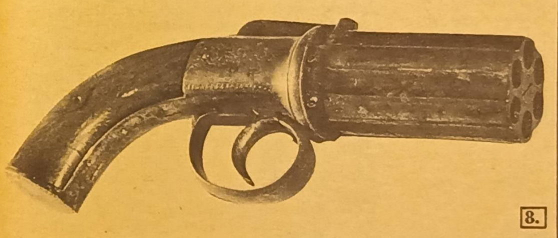
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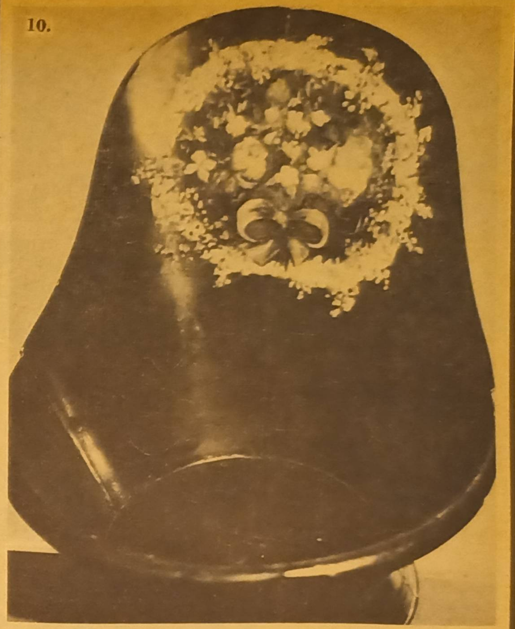
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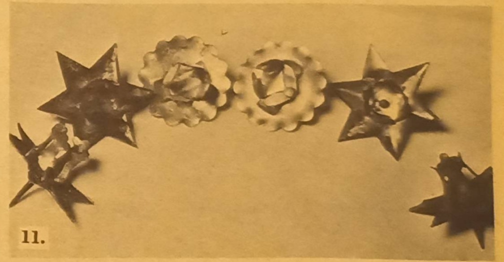
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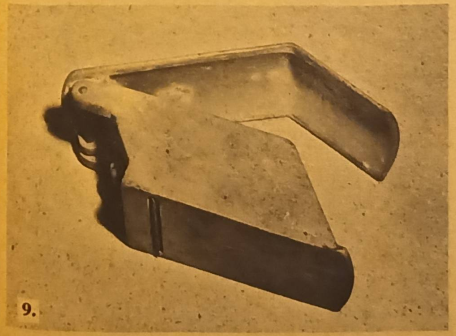
**ARE YOU STUMPED?**
**Turn to page 77 for help**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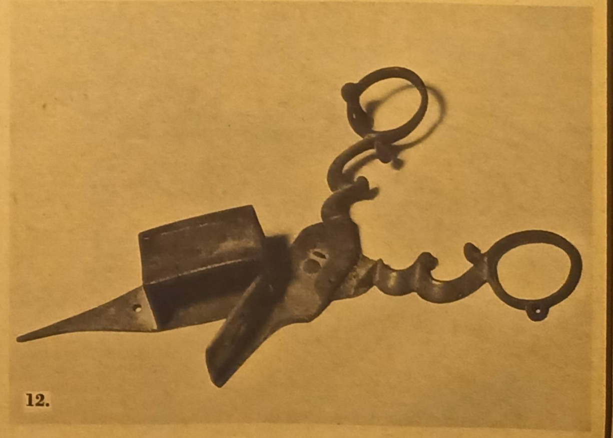
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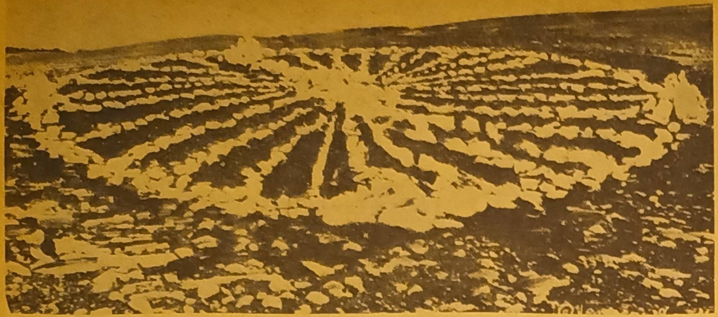
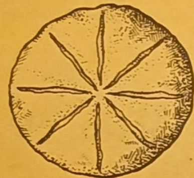


## Century-Old Mystery of the Big Horns

# The MEDICINE WHEEL



Story and Illustrations Courtesy
Lovell (Wyoming) Chamber of Commerce

THE Medicine Wheel, one of Wyoming's foremost landmarks, is located in the Big Horn Mountains on Wyoming Highway 14 Alternate between Lovell and Sheridan.

Thought to have been built by a prehistoric race, the gigantic wheel is made of limestone slabs and boulders, measures 245 feet in circumference and lies at an altitude of 9,956 feet above sea level.

Indians have no legends or traditions to explain its origin. The pattern and orientation imply that the builders were sun-worshippers. The hub consists of a circular stone.

The wheel rests on a high, barren mesa commanding a magnificent view of distant mountain peaks and the Big Horn Basin. The isolated spot is devoid of trees, shrubbery, water or shelter.

S. C. Simms of the Field Columbian Museum was told of the existence of the wheel in August, 1902, and wrote as follows of his attempts to locate it, his visit to the spot, and his conclusion regarding it:

"Although I made many inquiries of the old men of the Crow Tribe regarding the Medicine Wheel and its significance, I found not one who had ever visited it. A few of them had heard of it through their fathers but could tell me nothing whatever of it excepting that 'it was made by people who had no iron.'

"At different times I chanced to meet with two Sioux Indians who were visiting the Crows and they also were asked about the wheel. After inspecting the diagram of it, which I had hastily drawn in order to make clearer the questions asked of them through an able interpreter, each of the two Sioux drew a diametrical line through the wheel and pointing to one half said 'Arapaho' and then pointing to the other half said 'Cheyenne.' Each one declared that he had not seen the wheel or known of its location, but had heard of it some time ago.

"The information obtained up to this time being too meager to warrant an attempt on my part to locate the so-called wheel or even Medicine Mountain, I had almost concluded to abandon hope of seeing the mountain on this visit when I was approached by a white man, known to the Indians and whites of the reservation as 'Silvertip,' who had spent much of his life prospecting in the Crow country (in fact he had been adopted when a boy by a Crow chief named Sorrelhorse), and who informed me that he was thoroughly familiar with the surrounding country and he could tell me approximately where the wheel was situated. I therefore engaged him to conduct me to it. We left the Crow Agency accompanied by men named Green and Reynolds and arrived at the base of Medicine Mountain after sunset the following Friday.

"The ascent of the mountain was laborious and difficult. After a climb of about five miles we came upon an old well-worn trail on the north side of the mountain. Unlike the south side of the height, which is almost perpendicular, the north side is a steep incline. The summit of the mountain is not extensive in area and it is irregular in shape. Within the narrow limits of this eastern end we found the Medicine Wheel as it had been described.

"The peculiar structure consists of a large number of limestone slabs and boulders of various sizes. Directly in the center, or at what may be termed the hub, stands a circular structure about three feet in height, of the same kind of stone, radiating from which are 28 lines of stone leading to a well-formed perimeter. Around the outer edge of this circular rim of the wheel, at irregular distances, are the remains of seven smaller stone structures, all of which come in contact with the perimeter except the most southerly one which stands several feet away, although it is met by an extension of one of the spokes beyond the rim of the wheel. Each of these smaller stone structures is circular at the base with the exception of the eastern-most which is squarish and unlike the other, and has a covering of stone slabs and an opening on the outer side through which entrance may be gained by crawling."

SOME scientists who have visited the wheel are of the opinion that it is in some way related to the worship of the Aztecs, or a people akin to this Mexican tribe who at some past time inhabited this mountain region. Others think that it dates back to a much earlier period, or as the Indians say, "to the time when people had no iron." The Aztecs carried certain arts and manufacturing to a high degree of perfection. They were especially skilled in making pottery and everywhere they lived in New Mexico and Arizona, left pottery and other specimens of their handiwork among their ruined structures. However, nothing of this sort is to be found at the Medicine Wheel.

The ancient Indians are said to have met at this shrine under truce and it is not unlikely that present-day tribes used it as a place of communion with the Great Spirit and as a place where they obtained their strong "medicine." Several Crow Indian legends exist regarding the shrine. One refers to the famous Crow chief during the period of Lewis and Clark, Red Plume, who obtained his inspiration and received his medicine and the token which resulted in his name at the Medicine Wheel.

As a young man, Red Plume visited the wheel in the hope of receiving strong medicine which would make of him a great warrior and chief. Without food, water, or clothing, he remained four days and nights awaiting recognition from the spirits. On the fourth night he was approached by three little men and one woman who inhabited the underground passage to the wheel and he was conducted by them to the underground chamber. He remained with them for three days and nights and was instructed in the arts of warfare and in leading his people. He was told that the Red Eagle would be his powerful medicine, and would guide him and be his protector through life. He was told to wear always upon his person as an emblem of his medicine the soft little feather which grows upon the back above the tail of the eagle. This little plume gave him his name.

Another Crow legend is to the effect that when the Crows first occupied the Big Horn region they sent their young men out to explore the newly occupied territory. Two Indians went along the mountain divide, and one of them, Kills-With-His-Brother, came upon the Medicine Wheel and immediately recognized it as the work of the Great Spirit. Since that time it has been revered by the Crows and is asserted to have since been used as a place of communion with the Great Spirit and the spirits of their departed.

The few scientific men who have investigated the structure seem to have offered no explanation or possible solution of its origin. Of the old-timers in the surrounding country who visited the spot in the early days, George Griffin of Sheridan is said to have seen the wheel in 1887 and reported that the central hut at that time was large enough to admit at least one man. When he visited the wheel later in 1894, the hut had been damaged and knocked down. It is said that at one time some pieces of wood were found. It is unfortunate that they were not saved, as it might have been possible to ascertain the approximate age of the wood and valuable information might have been obtained.

W. A. Allen, in a pamphlet, "The Sheep Eaters," says the Medicine Wheel was built by the Sheep Eater Indians, (a tribe now extinct) as a sort of shrine. There is no proof offered, however. Nothing but supposition can suggest the origin of the wheel. But knowing as a fact that it was there before the Crows, Shoshones, Blackfeet and Arapahoes ever came to this country, it cannot seem illogical to suppose that a race of people antedating those tribes constructed the wheel.

Perhaps the break in the rim meant that if it had been some shrine of worship, it was oriented, as not only the chief ancient temples of Egypt and Babylonia, but also Stonehenge, the most famous megalithic rim in the world, and the prehistoric stone circles of Europe are oriented. According to Sir Norman Lockyer, noted student of orientation, great annual festivals were observed when the first rays of the rising sun would strike through the opening and the central hub might have meant development of astronomical ideas and the rudiments of the reckoning of time. Along this line it is notable that an 1895 edition of *Field and Stream* (probably the earliest mention of the wheel in print) stated the wheel shows a marked resemblance to the calendar stone of Mexico, believed to be the work of ancient inhabitants of that country.

Some of the ruins in New Mexico that are acknowledged to be prehistoric show a marked resemblance to the Medicine Wheel formation. There are stone circles with numerous small huts around the rim and one central larger hut, a shrine of worship, in the center.

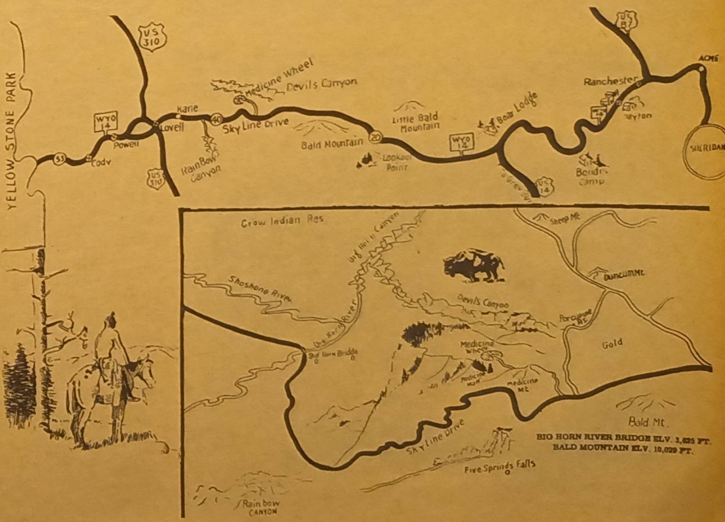
IN assuming a race of people antedating our American Indians was responsible for the Medicine Wheel, it is interesting to delve a bit into ancient history and see whether or not we might find grounds for such an assumption. As nearly as some modern historians can estimate, sometime between 12,000 and 1,000 B. C., Neolithic "culture" was undoubtedly spreading around the world, advancing over land and drifting aimlessly across wide expanses of water. That earliest civilization was probably coming across the island stepping stones to America long after it had passed on to other developments in its land of origin. Landing at about what is now Central America in favorable climatic conditions it undoubtedly set about establishing its own civilization. It is known that men were using boats at that time and being by nature daring and inquisitive, they probably started out onto the great ocean. Drifting over warm seas in their crude canoes, having rain water supplied by the many showers and eating raw fish, they probably had no more difficulty than the natives of the Pacific islands now have in traversing great distances between islands in their crude outrigger canoes. H. G. Wells states: "It is to be noted as evidence of the canoe origin of America's culture that elephant-headed figures are found in Central American drawings."

The second or Siberian route to America probably came centuries later when Neolithic man came from Asia to this continent by way of the Bering Strait. It is surmised by some that there was land where the strait is now, and travel was simple and natural in the steady push of warring tribes escaping from their enemies. Even if the strait had been as it is now, it probably would not have been very difficult for those adventurous people to make the crossing, undoubtedly being urged on by the sight of a dim, distant land across the water. A great proportion of these people would naturally proceed southward because of more favorable climatic conditions, more fertile country and a profusion of wild game. According to N. W. Wood, authority on Indian history, the customs, appearance and legend of our American Indians all seem to give support to the theory that they are descendants of this Asiatic people coming from the north.

At some time finally, the southward drift of American Indians must have met the northbound, older civilization. The canoe borne group must have spread out carrying on their customs, worship, mound building and stone work. They have left an indelible mark in Central America and on up north into New Mexico and the Mississippi Valley.

To quote from Baldwin, the fact that the settlement and works of these people "extended through Texas and across the Rio Grande indicates very plainly their connection with the people of Mexico . . . the connection of settlements by way of Texas appears to have been unbroken from Mexico to Ohio." Why should we suppose they did not find this remarkable country a paradise abounding in game, and settle for a time in such a spot at the top of the Big Horns with a great expanse of their world at their feet, and herds and possible enemies visible for hundreds of miles? Their further advance was probably stopped by the invading force of the Mongoloid barbarians from the north, who through the years had finally pushed their way south to meet and conquer the former civilization and send the people who escaped death back to the southern country from whence they came.

Time that has obliterated the origin of the mysterious Medicine Wheel will undoubtedly provide a solution of the mystery.

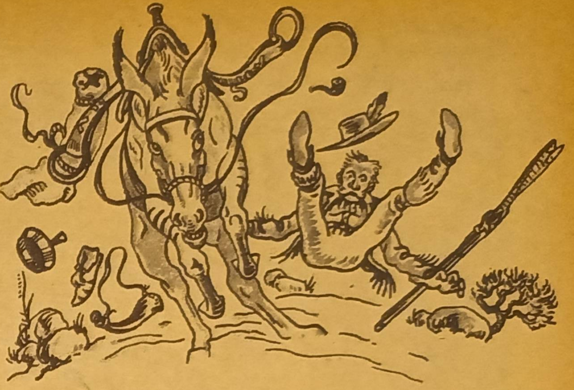


BIG HORN RIVER BRIDGE ELV. 3,625 FT.
BALD MOUNTAIN ELV. 10,029 FT.

**Afoot, and astride a mule, Major John Owen traveled more than 23,000 miles to establish and maintain one of the first trading posts in the great Northwest**

# The Oregon Country via Mule Deck

By MABEL C. OLSON


Owen was always having trouble with that stubborn mule. Drawing by Bill Leftwich.

IN over 23,000 miles of travel over the old Oregon Country, most of it on foot or "on the hurricane deck of a mule," to use the speech of his day, Major John Owen probably wore out more moccasins and saddle leather than any other man in the 1850s and 1860s. He made these journeys, 34 in all, to trade with the Indians, and to supply Fort Owen, the trading post he built in 1850, near the site of Stevensville, Montana. The country he learned to know the hard way is bounded on the east by Fort Benton, then in Nebraska Territory, on the west by the Pacific, on the north by the Canadian line, and on the south by the Great Salt Lake.

On foot, by mule, ox, bull boat, steamer, and railroad; over silver-clad mountains, swollen streams, fuelless plains; among Indians daubed in full war-paint; dealing with interference from well-meaning Jesuits and not-so-well-inclined renegade whites: such was his life. But so comradely was his disposition, and so keen his interest in his fellows, be they white or red, that he easily set aside his cares. At the turn of a nearly disastrous trip from Fort Benton in October of 1856, he wrote: "After supper the pipe and long camp yarns comparing present hardships to trips made long ago. The voyageur with a full pipe and a full stomach is always happy."

Owen's "full pipe" may be used as a symbol of his attitude toward the Indians, and of their acceptance of him as a friend. "Filling a pipe which we were going to smoke," he wrote in another part of his journals. This was a single pipe, shared with his Indian guide and hunter.

In order to deal intelligently with his Flathead neighbors when he first came among them he wrote the earliest known study of their language. On official visits and in more difficult negotiations, he used an interpreter. But in his every day dealings, he spoke their tongue.

Fort Owen, 300 to 400 miles from the nearest white settlement, was the meeting place for all manner of travelers: Indian chiefs, mountain men, horse traders on the Emigrant Road, miners from the gold fields to the east, members of Lieutenant John Mullan's road-building expedition and of Governor Isaac Stevens' exploring party. Lieutenant Grover and Dr. George Suckley, army surgeon, attached to Stevens' company, wrote in glowing terms of his hospitality and marveled over his place as a benevolent king in the wilderness.

At first, Owen put up three buildings, from the largest of which floated a flag. He built outer walls of high timber palisades. This was to safeguard the fort from raiding Blackfeet Indians, after they broke into the corral, stole horses, and killed John F. Dodson. The final adobe form of the fort Owen completed in 1860. The adobe wall, around 10 inches thick and lined with hewed lath and plaster, extended about a foot above the buildings, and had a top surface that was smooth and level enough to permit a man to run on it.

In those days buffalo were common. They covered the plains in countless thousands.

SURROUNDING the fort was a Flathead village of 16 wooden houses. These Flatheads were always friendly with the whites, even during the general uprising in 1858. They were valuable to Owen as guides, stock tenders, and packers. Often several lodges of them traveled with him on part of his trips, to their mutual benefit, since the early stages of their journeys from the fort were through country infested with Blackfeet horse thieves. Owen, in turn, often tided the tribe through severe winters following poor buffalo hunts.

Governor Stevens, meeting the Indians in Council Grove, some 30 miles northwest of Fort Owen, visited Owen. Lieutenant Mullan camped about 10 miles south of the fort at Cantonment Stevens, and had many pleasant dealings with the major. The post was the hub of a large territory depending upon him in both social and business ways.

His accounts of his travels, saved in 23 journals, read like a boy's dream of adventure. They help us live for the moment in days filled by stirring happenings. Perhaps most exciting was his first long trip, of around 600 miles, to Fort Walla Walla.

He left the fort April 12, 1851, accompanied by his usual packers. Along the way the party picked up five lodges of Indians. His troubles began early: an ox was killed by a wolf on the night of the 15th. However, the party could not complain as to the state of their larder, for Lamoose, the Flathead hunter, brought in antelope, duck, trout, mountain sheep, and sage hens' eggs. Such game was abundant in Beaverhead Valley, and the travelers took advantage of it by drying much of their kill for use in the sterner stretches of the trail, where they would find no food.

This early in the year, he encountered both snow and rain, slowing his pace and forcing him to make long stops to dry out the lodges. A good day's travel covered 25 miles; but when the party met snow that iced their saddles and jaded the horses and mules, eight miles was the limit.

ALONG the Beaverhead, however, they hit good going. Owen, in advance of his party that morning, cupped his hand over his eyes against the bright sun and halted his mount, the better to watch a rider dashing pell-mell toward him. It was Lamoose.

Owen was hard-put to understand the rapid Selish words. "Two buffalo on ridge to left!" cried Lamoose. "I waited for band of horses to come up, so I could catch my buffalo horse and go in pursuit."

Two miles of fast riding brought them where they could see the buffalo with a glass. Owen had his buffalo horse saddled, so he could join in the hunt. Palchana, an Indian boy with a pack horse, led this buffalo horse. Owen gave orders to the guide to take the party on and camp in the first good place, then rode with Lamoose and Edwards, another Indian.

Lamoose led at full speed. They climbed a small slope, when Lamoose dismounted and fired. He gave the word to advance and run. At first, Owen held off from the hunt, watching the Indians, as they rode fearlessly and gracefully. Then the buffalo took a turn and, as they passed them, he discharged his Colt at the nearest, a three-year-old bull, but with no apparent effect. His horse, used to the chase, ran beautifully alongside the bull, whose tongue was out full length. Owen fired three more shots, so close that every ball entered the animal.

The buffalo still showed life. Two of Owen's caps would not explode. He called Edwards to give him the other of his pair of Colts. When the Indian handed the gun to him, Owen fired three more loads into the body, immediately behind the foreshoulder. In a few moments the buffalo came to a dead halt, made a few staggering bounds toward Owen and Edwards, and fell dead. The cow, in spite of determined chase by Lamoose and Palchana on fresh horses, out-distanced them.

THIS first journey seemed planned for the hunter. Their next adventure took place on the 28th of April, just as the party came within sight of the Snake River, and was, as before, announced by Lamoose: "Whip your horses and go fast! Grizzly bear!"

The grizzly heard or scented them, and stood in upright position. While she was erect, Lamoose took deliberate aim and fired. She jumped high off the ground and fell.

But she heaved up again, and ran off. She led them on a long chase through dense thickets, into underbrush which kept them from getting a sight on her. It took both Palchana's arrows and bullets to bring her down. The Indians also killed one of the three cubs; they found its meat poor eating and left it. But they had the bear skin as a trophy of the hunt.

The party's advance was hampered by many streams. Some of these were so deep and treacherous that they could not trust to leading the pack mules across. Instead, they unpacked the animals and mounted them, with the load on the riders' backs.

As Owen fared deeper into the mountains, he was anxious to kill elk, anticipating the need of a skin or two to fashion a boat to cross the Snake River. They did not sight any, however. On May 1, after following the river many miles in vain search of a fording place, they unpacked for crossing. They converted the lodges into boats. The bales, saddles, guns, and other goods they placed inside, with the children on top of the load. The Indian women clung to the lodges and swam after. Three horses drew the lodges across, with riders who took the cord fastened to their lodges in their teeth. The lodge poles made frames for the boats. Over these frames, the Indians stretched the skins of elk or buffalo, making the boats water-proof. These were small bull boats.

The crossing took two hours, and was satisfactory, with nothing wet. The next day they reached Cantonment Loring, six miles from Fort Hall, and found it nearly abandoned. It was there that Owen said farewell to army life in 1849, before establishing his fort. From that point they continued uneventfully to Fort Walla Walla.

Although Owen made repeated trips to The Dalles, Fort Walla Walla, and Portland, he was often lost. This is not surprising, for the Bitter Root Mountains have some of the most densely forested stretches in the country, and are still little known.

IN the fall of 1852, he was on the way to The Dalles accompanied by Nancy, his Snake Indian wife, Mrs. William Harris, another Snake, the latter's two small children, an Indian boy whose name was not given, and Robinson Crusoe, also an Indian. They had a pack train of nine animals, which they had difficulty driving through the timber.

Members of the party became separated. Owen went supperless that night, except for some dry meat he had with him; the women, at the rear, had the food, kettles, and bedding. He made a bed of *peshamoes*, as they called saddle blankets of buffalo skins. In the morning his boy found the women, who had fallen behind and could not see the trail.

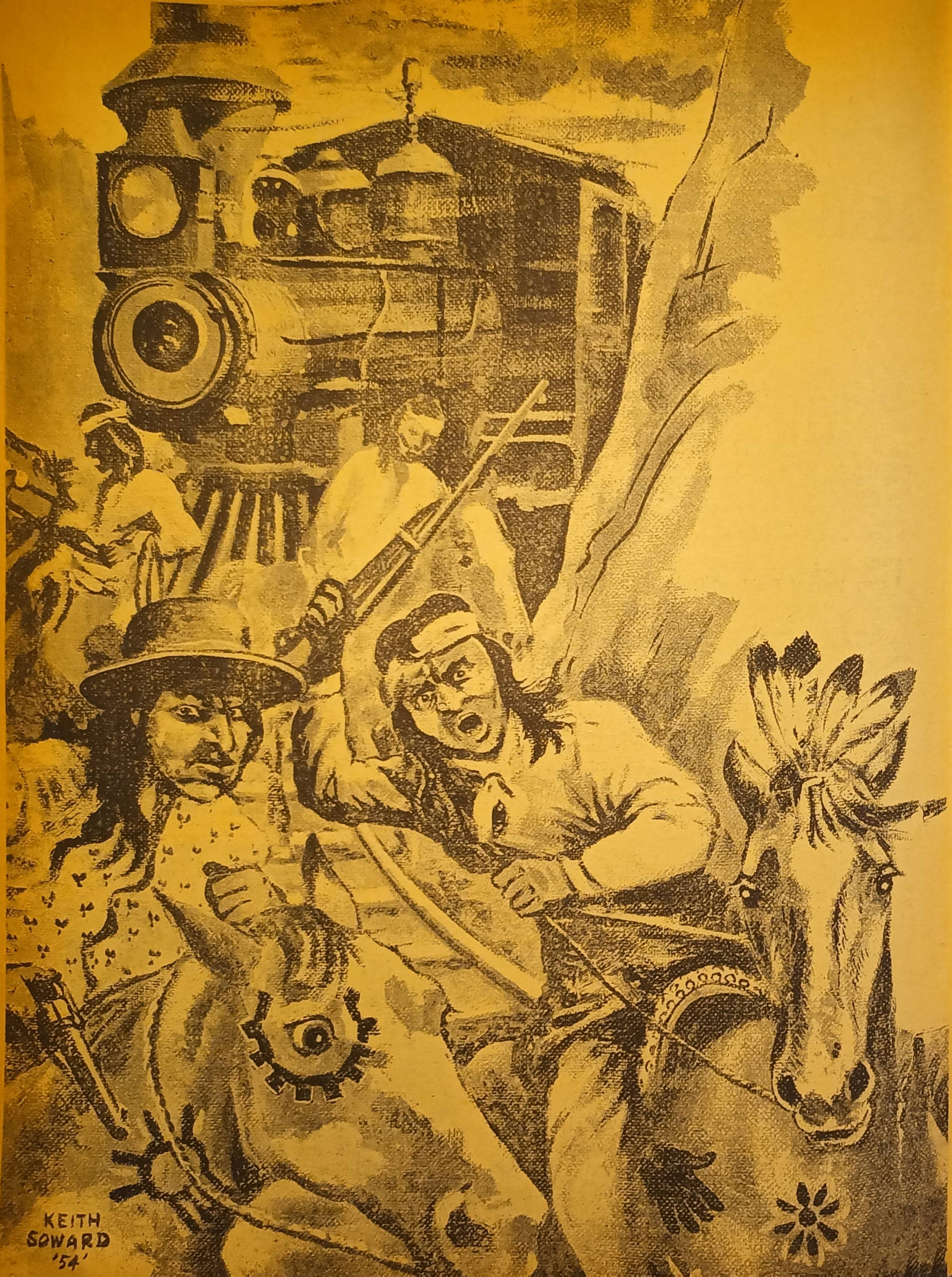
On his return from another trip to The Dalles in 1854, Owen had trouble with a stubborn mule, cached his pack, and set out on foot, only to become lost. His tobacco, fire steel and flint were with Nancy. He wandered for some time before he met Batiste, a Nez Perce whom he hired as a guide. Batiste found both Nancy and the cache, and led the party to the Clearwater River and ground familiar to Owen, who plied him with parting gifts.

At home or on the trail, Owen kept interested watch over the Indians: their buffalo treks twice a year to the Missouri; their making of fruit cakes; their horse races. He saw their interested and amused reception of their first white woman, Minnie, wife of Henry Miller from Salt Lake City. He enjoyed frequent visits from Victor, chief of the Flathead nation, and from Moiese, sub-chief. He interfered when horse traders thought to best the gullible natives. During Stevens' Indian council at Fort Benton in 1855 held for various tribes, Owen acted unofficially for the Flatheads. As a happy outcome of this council, the following year Owens exchanged pipes with Blackfeet chiefs, who came with three lodges of their tribe, the first peaceable Blackfeet seen in the valley.

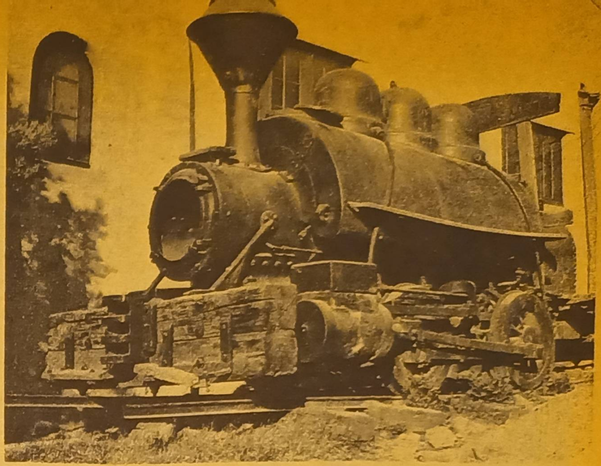
BECAUSE of his place with the Indians, he was chosen sub-agent in charge of the government's dealings with the Flatheads, serving between 1856 and 1862. His efforts to improve the Indians' conditions met with many irritations.

(Continued on page 52)

During his slow, quiet travel through the wilderness, Owen saw wildlife drama witnessed by few men of his day.



# WAR PAINT FOR LITTLE EMMA



Little Emma, first mining locomotive of the Arizona Territory, as she is today—on a section of her original track, in front of the Arizona Museum, Phoenix. Throttled by Henry Arbuckle, the pint-sized engine, with 12 loaded ore cars, rammed into an Apache raiding party and saved the town of Clifton, Arizona—the only recorded account of a mining train to defeat a band of Indians!

By REX STANLEY

Illustrated by Keith Soward

IT WAS in a Fourth of July crap game, in 1882, in the gold-crazy town of Pueblo, Colorado, that engineer Henry Arbuckle first met "Little Emma"—a runty, narrow-gauge locomotive.

Big, broad-shouldered Arbuckle had bet $1,500 and a fancy watch against the rusty little mining engine, rolled a natural, and won four and a half tons of apparently worthless iron. But Arbuckle, from the coal fields of West Virginia, knew locomotives and how much "Little Emma" might mean in the right camp.

The West was tough and deadly, but fortunes were being found in the hard, unknown ground of new frontiers. And down in the Arizona Territory, men were digging rich copper ore by the mountain-load. Arbuckle took the little locomotive apart, bundled her thousands of pieces into a long mule packtrain, then herded them 800 miles over rough trails to Clifton, Arizona.

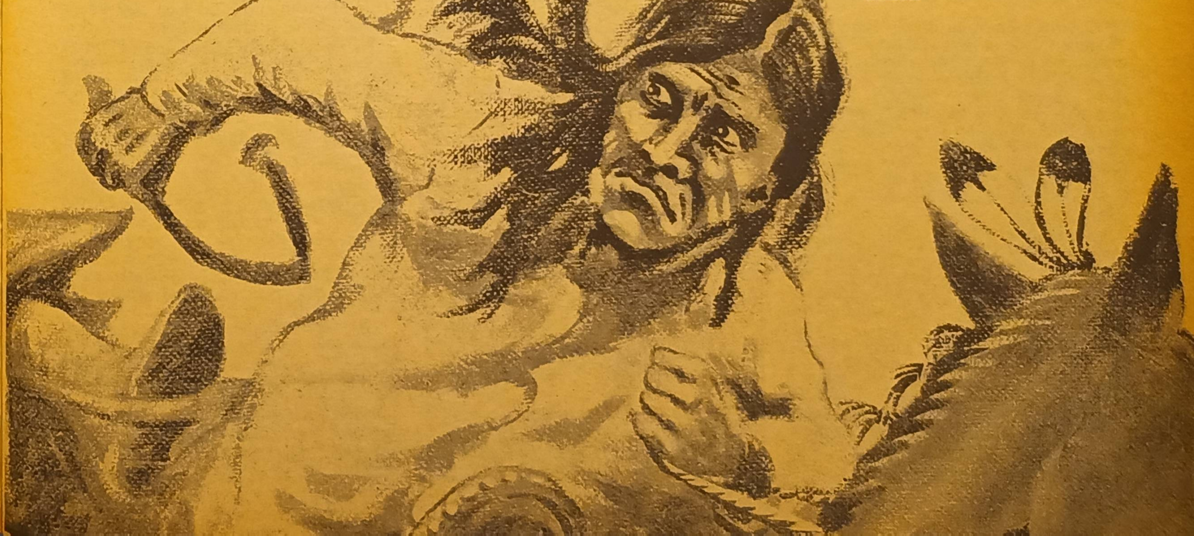
There, in the heart of the cut-throat Apache country, the engineer reassembled Little Emma, and began hauling ore for the Lezensky copper mines. It was Arizona's first mining railroad, and destined to roll up some roaring history.

It started when word went through town that the superintendent had left his safe and comfortable office in New York, and would arrive in Clifton for an inspection of the company's mine and smelters. The furnace foreman announced the coming tour and added a blast of orders for his crews.

"Even though tomorrow is Sunday, we're going to be workin' when he gets here!" This was pounded into the foreman's rough pine desk. Then, he turned to Arbuckle.

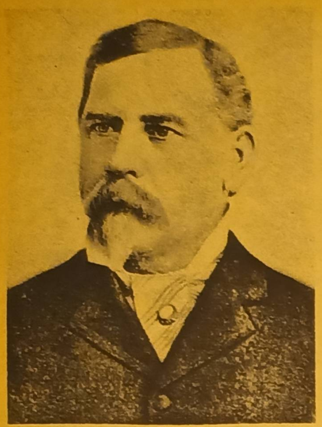
*(Continued on page 38)*

The engine and twelve loaded ore cars hit the Indian war party, smashing through the mass of yelling humanity and fear-crazed horses.



## War Paint for Little Emma

(Continued from page 37)



Engineer Henry Arbuckle, who piloted Little Emma's charge into the Apache horde.

"Clean that damned ore train, Arbuckle. I want those cars and that peanut-roaster engine as bright as 'dobe dollars in the morning!" The foreman paused, then added: "Make it look good, and maybe he won't scrap that rusty junkpile!"

Arbuckle bristled, but kept his hands in his pockets. Sure, Little Emma was small—a boiler about 15 feet long and maybe five around. But four times a day the little locomotive pulled 12 loaded ore cars from the mountain-side mines to the smelters on the desert. As long as she kept the furnaces working on ore, size didn't really matter. But now, the foreman was planning to enlarge his smelters, perhaps to fire more ore than Little Emma could deliver. Tomorrow's visit by the "Super" would make the decision: probably for a bigger locomotive.

Arbuckle left the foreman's shack and walked to the narrow-gauge tracks where his ore train was waiting. He called to his Mexican fireman. "Find some rags, Pancho. If she's going to glory, let's make her glitter for the last trip!"

THE next morning, Little Emma glistened like a river-placered nugget. Black smoke from her roaring firebox billowed in sharp contrast over her shiny copper boiler. Arbuckle climbed into the cab, and his stoker scrambled up behind him. As her throttle went forward, Little Emma's pint-size pistons squeaked and wheezed, then responded to the push of power. Slowly, the miniature ore train rattled from the desert smelter yards.

Ahead, the thin rails were two steel snakes twisting up the mountainside, seven miles to the mines. The first two miles, before the tracks zigzagged upward, were a straight grade, ending in a long gorge which was called "The Cut."

When the long uphill climb was finished, the little engine braked to a screeching halt under the ore hoppers on the mountain's crest. As tons of rock poured into the cars, the hoistman bent close to Arbuckle's ear and shouted. "Seen a bunch of 'Paches down in The Cut yesterday. Looked like they was scoutin' Clifton." He dropped his hand to the six-gun on his hip. "If I was herdin' that ore-skinner, I'd carry a .45-iron!"

It was good advice. Apaches, under Geronimo, were raising hell with all white settlers. The bloody hit-and-ride raids, burned out mining towns, were frequent in the Territory. But Arbuckle figured himself an engineer, not an Indian fighter.

When the cars were filled, he pulled back the throttle. Little Emma strained against the load and the train picked up speed. The hoistman yelled, "Watch out for them Injuns," and the cars clattered away, down the twisting tracks.

Half an hour later, the train coasted across a level, rocky shelf, hung high on the cliffside. The rails were almost a mile above the desert floor, and Arbuckle and Pancho could see far across the shimmering sands. The fireman suddenly shouted and pointed down at the dark maw of the distant Cut. Arbuckle followed Pancho's excited finger. There was no mistaking the long column of mounted figures moving through the desert. Stabs of sunlight winked from lances and rifle barrels. It was a big Apache war party, hell-bent to cut some scalps.

Arbuckle braked Little Emma and her cars to a slower pace, and studied the Indian warriors. They were entering The Cut, and once within the high, concealing walls, the Apaches could sneak to the outskirts of Clifton, then hit with deadly surprise.

The engineer's jaw tightened. A mile below him was a massacre in the making. From his high perch, he was powerless—apparently—to warn anyone, to do anything. Little Emma's cheerful track music mixed in dischord with Arbuckle's thoughts of chilling Apache war whoops soon to come. Then, a picture of the narrow Cut and its confining cliffs flashed into his mind. If Little Emma and her loaded ore cars could . . .

Arbuckle whirled to his fireman. "Feed that box, Pancho! If she's going to hell, it won't be on a scrap pile. Keep her crammed with wood. We'll take her down fighting!"

Little Emma pulled against the ore-heavy cars. Thin steel sang under her wheels as her pistons hit a quickening tempo. The ore train left the level stretch and swung into the first curve. From there the tracks looped sharply downward in a succession of tight turns. Gravity added to Little Emma's power, and the train hurtled downtrack, rocking drunkenly and spewing chunks of ore as its cars squealed around hairpin bends. Soon, the Apaches would reach the middle of The Cut. Little Emma and her roaring load would have to catch them there.

"I'd shave off that beard, stranger. In these parts people like to know if you're smilin' when you talk!"

ARIZONA'S first mining train set a new rail record for 1884, as it swept into the gorge. Flat on the wind behind Little Emma lay a long, black plume of smoke starred with angry sparks. More smoke ribboned from red-hot wheel bearings on every car. The Cut opened and swallowed the ore-loaded juggernaut.

Arbuckle lashed the throttle wide open with his belt. Then, suddenly, the mounted Apaches were dead ahead of Little Emma and her roaring cars. The Indians had seen the train and were milling in confusion to find a way of escape. But the sides of The Cut were sheer and pushed up hundreds of feet. The Apache warriors were hopelessly trapped.

The engine and twelve loaded ore cars, ramrodded by Little Emma's screaming pistons, hit the Indian war party. Horses reared and threw their painted riders under the smoking wheels. Indians flattened themselves against the gorge walls, but were crushed by the swaying cars. The huge battering-ram of ore-carriers charged on, smashing through the churning mass. Cries of men and horses hung in the air. Then it was quiet. The battle was done.

A few Apaches managed to squeeze by the ore train, shrieking in agony as Little Emma's steamy boiler seared their naked bodies, then fled toward the mountains. Uncertain of their victory, Arbuckle and Pancho kept rolling on into Clifton.

When Little Emma chugged into the smelter yards, the foreman was waiting. Beside him stood a fat Easterner, quite obviously the superintendent. In grim disgust, they watched the near-empty, dirty ore train pull to a stop: The foreman's face was the color of molten slag. As Arbuckle stepped down, a big hand grabbed him.

"Look at that damned engine!" Arbuckle twisted in the foreman's grips on his shirt front and looked.

Little Emma's burnished beauty was gone. The boiler was streaked in a crazy pattern of colors. A vivid red smear crossed the engine cab. There was a brilliant blob on the stack. The tiny engine was a wild mixture of dirt and color.

The foreman's fist was cocked and aimed at Arbuckle's nose, when the superintendent pushed Pancho forward. "This Mexican must be loco. He keeps talking about an Indian fight."

The foreman only glared and tightened his grip on Arbuckle. The "super" waved him back. "Wait a minute. Let's see if your engineer has an explanation for this."

When Arbuckle finished, the foreman's mouth hung open like an empty ore furnace. ". . . and as near as I can figure, the 'Paches left the paint on the engine when they squeezed by her." Slowly, the "super's" face creased with a wide grin.

"Mr. Arbuckle," he said loudly, "it's plain we owe our lives to you and your little engine." A thunder of cheers came up from the crowd gathered around the tiny locomotive.

"We had planned to—ah, retire your engine and get a bigger one," he continued. "But I think we can make her do the job with larger cars." He turned to the pint-size locomotive.

"She's won a real victory today. She deserves those colors. We'll leave 'em on, and call 'em warpaint . . . for Little Emma!"

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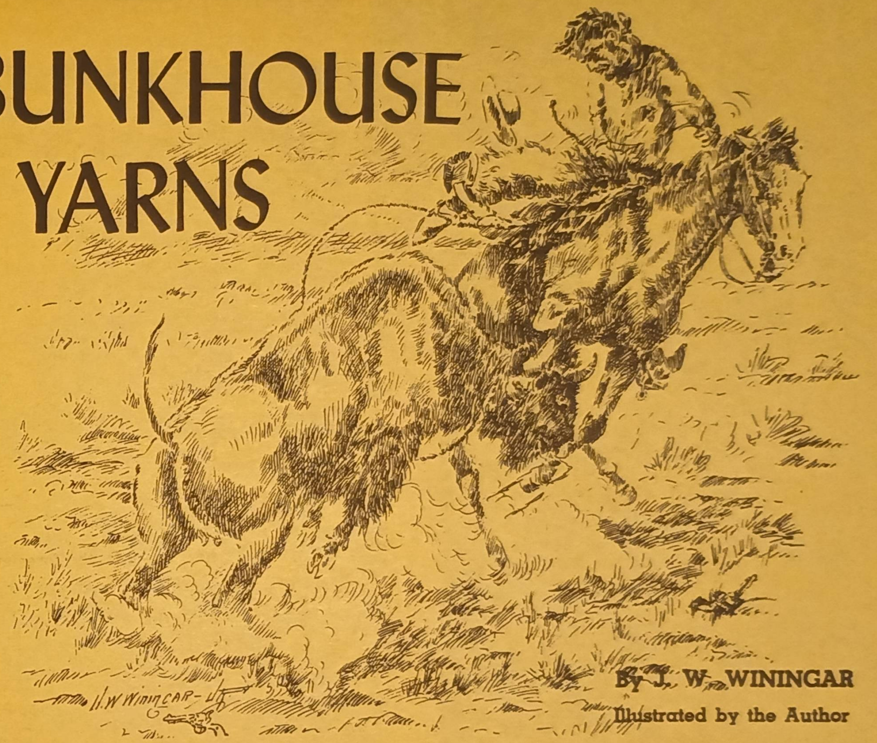
**Many were true, some were legends, and a goodly number were just plain out tall tales—nevertheless, an important part of a cowboy's way of life were his**

# BUNKHOUSE YARNS



By J. W. WININGAR

Illustrated by the Author

IT'S a cold winter night. Some of us cowpunchers is setting around the big pot-bellied stove in the bunkhouse of the old 41 Ranch. We're swapping some yarns.

"Speaking of good ropers," Hugh Drake says. "I'm reminded of a feller I used to know. Johnny Greub was his name. Lived down on Crazy Woman Creek. Reckon some of you boys knowed him. He gets crippled up some years back and never was able to do any riding after that; but when he was younger, he could purty near put his loop any place he took a notion.

"One time Johnny ropes a buffalo, just to see if his new rawhide lariat will hold. It does.

"Johnny's riding for an outfit that operates along the Powder River at the time. It's in the early eighties, and there's still a few buffalo running in them parts. He's coming up over a little rise of ground and spots two old shaggy cows at a water hole. By staying down in the bottom of a draw he can get pretty close. He's itching to try out that new rawhide. When he gets as near as he can without them seeing him, he builds him a loop and comes up on 'em sudden.

"Anybody who's seen buffalo knows they can run. The minute these old cows lay eyes on Johnny, they're for changing their range. They stick their tails straight up and head for new grazing grounds.

"But Johnny's riding a good hoss. He finally gets up in roping distance and drops a loop over a cow's head. Flipping his slack around her hips, Johnny takes his hoss off to the left.

"But do you reckon he busted her? Don't ever think it. She spins in that rope like a top and lands back on her feet. Before she can get her mind to working, Johnny gives her another jolt. She don't go down this time either, and now she's on the warpath, and Johnny can't get far enough away from her again to try for a third throwing.

"In the course of the battle, the rope gets under Johnny's six-shooter, jerking it out of the holster. Now, he's really up against it. He tries to get the rope loose from his saddle horn, but she's drawed tight. And now that cow is making passes at his hoss.

"Next thing Johnny knows, this cow's got her head under his hoss and is lifting Johnny, hoss and all, clear of the ground.

"It's then that Johnny starts fishing for his pocket knife. When she finally comes out from under his hoss, Johnny cut the rope and is damn glad to get rid of the whole outfit. Only, of course, he's mighty sorry to lose that new rawhide lariat, now that he knows it'll hold.

THIS experience don't break Johnny from roping, though. It's along sometime the next fall when he ropes this lion.

Johnny is down south of the Powder, on Wall Creek, this time. He comes up on this lion that's eating on a colt. The draw they're in is a brushy one, and Mr. Cat slips away, aiming to hide. Johnny smokes him out of the sage with a couple of shots from his six-shooter. Mr. Cat heads for distant parts, but can't run very fast, being loaded with meat. T'ain't long till Johnny's rode up and got action with his rope. He drops his twine over Mr. Cat's head.

"Did any of you fellers ever rope a lion? I never did, and from what Johnny tells me, I won't. The minute his rope tightens, Mr. Cat starts to yowl and spit, and Johnny's horse falls to pieces. Every time the hoss hits the end of his rope, Mr. Cat sails thru the air, but always lands on his feet.

(Continued on page 58)

**When Dallas Stoudenmire signed on as marshal of a town, the lawless element had to do one of three things—leave, get shot, or gun down the marshal. Gunning down Stoudenmire proved to be quite a job—as many a cross in Southwest boothills will testify**

# TWO-GUN MARSHAL

By EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

Drawing by B. D. Titsworth

Dallas Stoudenmire, City Marshal of El Paso, Texas in 1881

Rose Photo Collection
University of Oklahoma Library

WHEN Dallas Stoudenmire walked into the saloon, silence dropped like a blanket. The drinkers along the bar stopped talking with the bartenders and with each other. Openly or furtively, according to their consciences, they looked at the huge, blonde six-footer, with his small, deep-set steel-hard blue eyes, and the chin that was like a roughhewn oak block under a drooping yellow mustache. All of El Paso knew Stoudenmire; had known of his coming almost as quickly as Mayor Magoffin and the city fathers had decided to find a new marshal, a heavy-handed marshal—one who had filed off his front sight and thrown his spurs away.

So they watched curiously while Stoudenmire walked down the saloon on his first official round of the town. But if the huge, grim-faced marshal noticed the curiosity he roused among men of the hardest town of the Southwest in that year of '81, he gave no sign of it. He walked deliberately to where Bill Johnson, marshal pro tem, was sitting with booted legs upon a table, a bottle and glass close to his hand, humming dismally.

"I'm Dallas Stoudenmire. Just reported to the mayor. Told him I was ready to take hold. He said you had the calaboose keys. Told him I'd get them from you."

Johnson lifted bleary eyes to the big man, who stood with head a little to one side, squinting against the smoke of his cigar, looking down at him, very much like a waiting bulldog.

"Never knew an outsider was going to kick my feet out from under me," Johnson grumbled. "They made me marshal when Campbell quit the job. It ain't fair, the way they're treating me — — —"

"Tell the mayor about it. I'm just the marshal. I come to get the keys. Hand em over!"

"Well, I don't know about that" — — — Johnson's tone was like a querulous old woman's whine — — — "and it looks to me like — — —"

Stoudenmire dropped a big hand to Johnson's shoulder. He picked him bodily up from the chair. He shook him until the ex-marshal's head snapped back and forth and his teeth chattered. He took the keys from Johnson's pocket and put him down in the chair again. His expression never changed. When he turned away, it was as if he didn't know that Johnson wore a Colt. But halfway to the door, he turned.

"That resigns you, too," he said evenly. "Same as Campbell."

"Y'know — — —" It was a burly railroad man, leaning with both elbows behind him on the bar, shaking his head slowly. "Y'know, I believe that feller's the new marshal — — — like he says."

THE new, the American-style, El Paso had been "born" in 1881. When in that year four railroads shoved toward the Pass City, all the West seemed to realize that this sleepy 'dobe hamlet on the shallow Rio Grande, was destined for great things.

"Bankers and merchants, capitalists and real estate dealers, cattlemen, miners, railroad men, gamblers, saloon-keepers, jackals of the sporting life—they flocked into El Paso. They came horseback, afoot, in stages, in prairie schooners and buggies and spring wagons!" says Captain Jim Gillett reminiscently. "El Paso Street, the town's only business thoroughfare, was like the midway at a world's fair. Every other place of business, it seemed, was a saloon. Gaming went on in almost every one of the saloons. Men lined up three and four deep around the roulette and faro tables. It was the roughest, wildest town in the West, at about that time!"

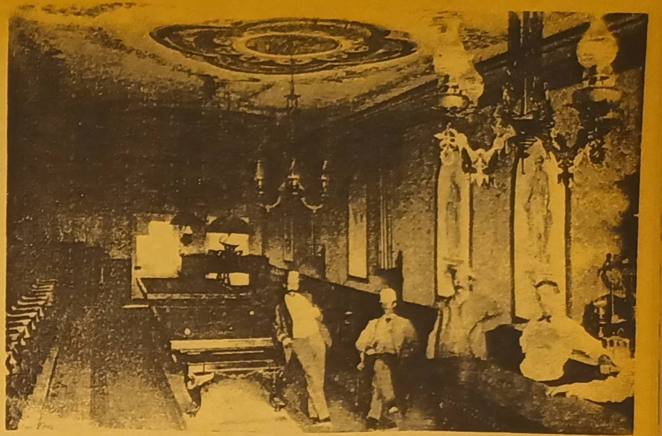
With the boom, the dusty civic machinery was oiled up. The aldermen appointed George Campbell marshal, or chief of police. They gave him Bill Johnson, outstanding drunkard of the community, for his deputy. Campbell was a close friend of such saloon-keeper-gamblers as the Manning Brothers, Jim, Frank and Dr. G. F. He found himself handicapped in making arrests, by this thickness with the sporting crowd. The upshot was a row with the city council. Campbell wanted more money and the council fired him.

Bill Johnson was appointed marshal. But Campbell's friends wanted him in the office of chief of police. They decided to stage a shooting-up of the town which would show the authorities and the town's respectables that only Campbell was capable of policing El Paso. Well, they shot her up as perhaps no town in the West was ever shot up. Windows were smashed and doors and walls were bullet-riddled. Townsmen galloped for shelter. The next dawn showed a badly skinned, thoroughly alarmed, community. The schemers grinned contentedly.

But the trouble was, they had done their job too well! Mayor Magoffin sent down the Valley to Ysleta. C Company of the Texas Rangers was there. Magoffin asked for rangers. Captain Baylor sent up Corporal Jim Fitch and five privates.

Fresh from fighting Apaches, trailing murderers and horse thieves. softening bad men, Fitch and his detachment looked upon this job of policing El Paso as sort of vacation. Texas is one place where a home-raised prophet is with honor—if he prophesy with the tongue of a Texas ranger! These bronzed and level-eyed young men merely walked El Paso streets looking thoughtfully at events and men. The result was a terrific quiet.

But ranger intervention was only temporary. Mayor Magoffin about this moment received a letter from one Dallas Stoudenmire, temporarily resident in New Mexico. He heard that El Paso needed a marshal, Stoudenmire wrote. By an odd coincidence, a marshal, himself, needed El Paso. Magoffin invited him to come on.


Senate Saloon, El Paso, Texas, 1881. Reading from left to right: Harry Mathews; Deputy Marshal J. B. Gillett; Geo. Speck, proprietor, and two bartenders.

WHEN the stage rolled down what is now Overland Street and dropped huge Stoudenmire and his smaller brother-in-law, "Doc" Cummins, the town looked very curiously at them both. It was then only a matter of minutes until Stoudenmire had met Magoffin and the city council and walked to find Johnson.

A brief history of the new marshal appeared in the next day's papers.

Born in Abafoil, Mason County, Alabama, he had served during the Civil War with the 57th Cavalry and 33rd Alabama Regiment. Wounded four times. Surrendered with Joe E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. Moved to Colorado County, Texas. Served in Captain Waller's B Company of the Texas Rangers.

El Paso found the new marshal's record not half so impressive as the bulk, the bulldog presence, of the man himself. He moved around, getting acquainted with town and townsmen. Doc Cummins opened up the Globe Restaurant, finest place of its kind in the Southwest. Stoudenmire grasped the details of his job very swiftly. In one sense, the geographical, there wasn't a lot to know about El Paso at that time. San Antonio Street, running east and west, was the staff of a T; El Paso Street, running north and south, was the top bar of the T.

But the people offered problems galore! They were in layers, so to say. First, the native Mexican population; next, the first American settlers of pre-Civil War day; then the vast majority of the population, brought in on the wave of the boom.

The Mannings were perhaps the most influential men in town. They operated two places—a saloon on the site of the present Hotel Paso del Norte, and the Coliseum Variety Theatre farther south on the same side of El Paso Street.

Jack Doyle had another variety theatre, but it was considerably smaller than the Coliseum. Men and women both "made the town" by night. The "voice of El Paso" could be heard for a half-mile in any direction, a blending into one indescribable mutter of the voices of hundreds and hundreds of people, the scuff of their moving feet, the tinny clamor of dance hall and variety theatre pianos, for swift high note to this undertone the shrill yell of a cowboy, or the staccato rap-rap-rap of pistol shots.

STOUDENMIRE had been behind the badge but a little while when a detachment of rangers went up the Rio Grande twelve miles, to a point near Canutillo. Word had come to Captain Baylor that the bodies of two Mexican youths lay there in the brush. The rangers found the corpses and brought them back to El Paso. Preparations were made for an inquest in an empty 'dobe store on El Paso Street, near the southwest corner of San Francisco Street.

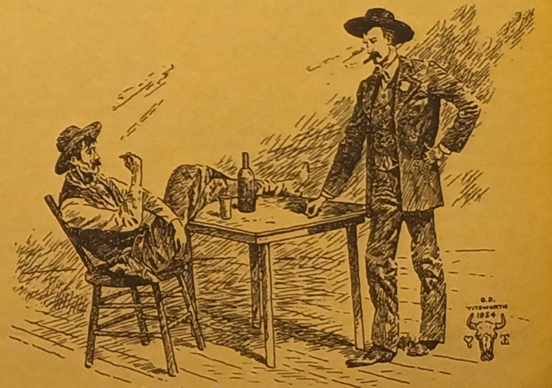
Rumor had it that these were Mexicans of Chihuahua across the Rio Grande; that they had followed straying cattle's tracks to the Texas side and, in the thick tornillo brush near the little ranch of the Manning Brothers up there, had been murdered. Some suspicion began to attach to Johnnie Hale, the Mannings' foreman. The rangers' investigation had led them to suspect Hale and one Len Peterson of the double murder.

That inquest was a free show for El Paso. The 'dobe store was packed with townsmen. The parents of the dead youths were there, with friends. Ex-marshals George Campbell and Bill Johnson were spectators. Marshal Stoudenmire and the rangers attended in their official capacity. Johnnie Hale had been summoned and as employee of the Manning brothers, he had naturally a great many friends, who came to bear him company.

Gus Krempkau from San Antonio, former ranger from Baylor's C Company, now deputy sheriff of a neighboring county, was chosen as interpreter. The inquest dragged along until noon. Johnnie Hale's scowl and pursed mouth showed increasing lack of pleasure in listening to the trend of the testimony. Noon-recess was announced. Actors and audience in the play filed into the street. The rangers had to cook their dinner. They hurried off toward their quarters. But around the door of the inquest room a crowd lingered. Almost every one knew every one else—first essential to thorough enjoyment of any trial or inquest!

Gus Krempkau, coming late out of the door, moving toward his dinner, was confronted by Johnnie Hale.

(*Continued on page 42*)



"I'm Dallas Stoudenmire. Just reported to the Mayor. Told him I would get the calaboose keys from you."

## Two-Gun Marshal

*(Continued from page 41)*

"You've been twisting that testimony around, damn your Dutch soul!" Hale snarled at Krempkau.

"I've been interpreting just what the Mexican witnesses testified," Krempkau shrugged, quietly enough.

Hale's anger was fanned by the ex-ranger's very quietness. Suddenly, in the middle of his tirade, Hale's hand whipped to his Colt butt. Out snapped the six-shooter. There was the—to El Paso—familiar roar of a pistol shot. Stoudenmire, thirty or forty yards away, whirled at the bellow of the shot.

There stood Johnnie Hale over Krempkau's body. Hale's Colt vaguely menaced the air before him. Up from the muzzle drifted a thin, bluish wreath of smoke.

Stoudenmire went into action precisely like a spring released. Back under the skirt of his coat his big hands flashed. Out of the leather-lined hip-pockets, which he preferred to holsters, flashed the twin Colts which El Paso had never seen in action. He ran back toward the murder scene.

Johnnie Hale showed, right here, lack of caliber. If he intended to resist arrest, flashing speed was his only chance. If he intended to surrender, his play was to drop that Colt and whip his hands upward. He did neither. Vaguely, he moved the six-shooter. Stoudenmire, on the run, opened fire.

His first shot missed Hale narrowly. An over-curious Mexican standing there, eating peanuts and gaping, dropped dead. But the second bullet sent Hale crashing down to join Krempkau.

Now, ex-marshal George Campbell also showed extreme lack of judgment. He whipped out his pistol, with what notion nobody will ever know. He began to back away, gunmuzzle weaving to and fro. He said, half-absently, aloud, "This is not my fight."

Stoudenmire knew the friendliness existing between Campbell and the Mannings; between Campbell and Johnnie Hale. There was Campbell, who certainly had no kindly feeling toward him, with a pistol drawn. Stoudenmire turned the merest trifle and thumbed back the big hammer of a .45. With the roar of his third shot, down went Campbell—and you could call that one "suicide"!

In hardly five full seconds, four men had died there. Even in old El Paso, that was worth talking about for a day or two, over the drinks at the Acme, the Senate, or the Coliseum.

THE city fathers, in the main, nodded their heads in quiet satisfaction. Not because occasion had risen in which the marshal must kill two gunmen, but because their judgment of him had proved correct; because he had shown the town's shady element that he could and would handle the roughest characters.

But there were some who, while admitting that the town had a liberal number of hard cases who understood force alone, would not admit that Stoudenmire had been justified in shooting. Just what he should have done they didn't trouble to specify. They rested on the assertion that there was some other way.

Chief of these dissenters was one of the oddest characters in El Paso, or in any other western town of the day—the professional politician, W. W. Mills, who admitted that he was "the county's Republican Party." In all those times, Mills held some sort of political job and was always looking for one a little better. He was a man of violent antipathies, of education, of amazing ability to believe that whatever he thought right could not possibly be anything but right. And he wanted, just then, to be marshal. But if that proved impossible, the next best thing in his opinion would be the ousting of Stoudenmire. In this, he had the vigorous support of such sports as the Mannings.

Mills, almost needless to state, had no intention whatever of facing Stoudenmire. Besides, that is never the method of the politician. But Mannings, Jim and Frank, were intensely bitter about the double killing of their two friends. None can prove their connection with any of the schemes by which Stoudenmire's assassination was attempted. But certainly they talked loudest; and certainly they were regarded as leaders of the anti-Stoudenmire clique.

In the most egotistical little book in all this world, his reminiscences, Mills remarked that he now found a way to let the council rid itself of Stoudenmire—a riddance which, because he desired it, must of course be desired by every one! He appeared before mayor and council with a telegram from the United States marshal in New Mexico, stating that Stoudenmire had accepted appointment as his deputy. This, Mills informed the council, was equivalent to Stoudenmire's resignation.

The council declared the office of city marshal vacant. With smooth speed that smacks of the cut-and-dried, Alderman Hague nominated Mills. But Stoudenmire then stated that he was resigning as deputy U. S. marshal. He was renominated as city marshal. The nominations came to a vote. Mills waited and, to his intense amazement, when the vote stood four and four, Mayor Magoffin quickly cast the deciding vote in Stoudenmire's favor.

There can be little doubt that this politics had effect upon Stoudenmire's enemies of the sporting crowd. It made plain that, if Stoudenmire were downed, not too much study would be made of the manner of his killing. Not with so many politicians anxious for his removal. The sporting crowd looked around for a tool. They found him very quickly.

He was sitting as Stoudenmire had found him—Bill Johnson, the leading drunkard, the, in a modern term, moron. He looked up to find himself the center of an admiring, but a sorrowful crowd. They were buying drinks, too! They loaded him and as he drank, they told him that Stoudenmire had frightfully affronted him. Stoudenmire had no right to shake him as if he were a cur dog; to make him an outcast in the community's eyes! The only way he could square himself was by killing Stoudenmire.

Johnson nodded boozily. Then he would kill Stoudenmire. His new friends planned the manner of it.

IN THE '20s, the run of the town was from Neal Nuland's Acme Saloon on San Antonio Street near the present Mesa Avenue, west to El Paso Street, thence south for hardly more than three blocks. A sort of L-shaped midway. At the time of Bill Johnson, there was a pile of brick at the corner of San Antonio and El Paso Streets. Behind this heap of brick one night the plotters posted Bill Johnson with a double-barreled shotgun.

Stoudenmire came down San Antonio from the Acme. Across El Paso Street from the brick-pile was a building with a long gallery over the sidewalk. The roof of this gallery was supported by great 'dobe pillars. Behind these pillars the stalwarts of the sporting crowd posted themselves, in case of any slip-up at Johnson's position.

Stoudenmire walked straight toward the ambuscade. At twenty-five feet Johnson stood up and let drive at the huge figure with both barrels of the shotgun. Amazingly drunk he must have been; for he missed. Stoudenmire spun upon his heel and out flashed the twin silver-plated .45s. With the bellow of them, right-hand, left-hand, Johnson dropped, literally shot to pieces.

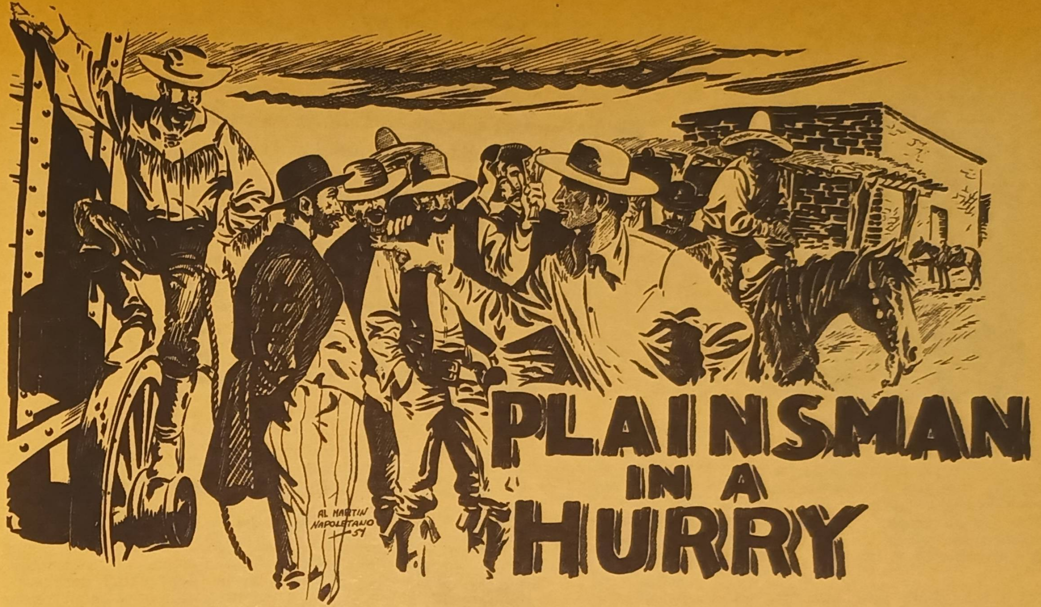
Now, the brave bushwhackers behind the pillars opened up. They sent a hail of lead at Stoudenmire, who was out in the open, his only breastwork the Colts in his hands. Stoudenmire roared like a bull, for a bullet had struck him glancingly on the heel. Straight across El Paso Street he charged, into the orange-spangled darkness of that gallery, into that rain of slugs. He found nothing but empty, powder-reeking darkness.

Stoudenmire, with or without reason, believed that the Mannings were responsible for the ambuscade. He had a real deputy now, that curly-haired young veteran of the rangers, ex-Sergeant Jim Gillett. It was in Gillett's capable hands that Stoudenmire left El Paso in February, '82, when he went back to East Texas to be married. Two days after his departure, Gillett went to bed, sick. Stoudenmire's brother-in-law, Doc Cummins, took it upon himself to represent the marshal's office.

He rammed a pair of .45s into his pants pockets. First he went to Bill Coffin's Old Boss Saloon at Overland and El Paso Streets, almost opposite the Mannings' Coliseum. He had a drink and another and some more. He said that he was going over and clean out the damned Mannings.

*(Continued on page 59)*

"I asked you not to spill any!"



# PLAINSMAN IN A HURRY

**He won $10,000 by making the fastest horseback ride in history—800 miles in five days and nineteen hours**

By ROGER SHELDON

Illustrated by Al. M. Napoletano

THE freighters within earshot laughed loudly when Frank Aubrey first boasted that he could make it to Independence, Missouri, in eight days.

But when they saw he was serious about it, they stumbled all over each other to lay bets. In no time at all, Aubrey had put up $5,000 of his own money to cover them.

The reason why there were so many takers was easy to see. The Santa Fe Trail in 1851 was no superhighway. In those early days, the Trail was mud, dust, Indians, work, and trouble—all rolled into one long 800-mile journey.

Besides, Francis X. Aubrey, in spite of his two or three years experience freighting on the Trail, was an Easterner. No man, especially a man like that, could average a hundred miles a day across that kind of country in 1851—or even a hundred years later—riding a horse.

There were some in Santa Fe who thought he might be able to do it, however. The question grew so heated that soon the whole town knew of the wager.

As matters finally shaped up, Aubrey was to start out on his own horse, with liberty to buy such horses as he might need on the way, remounting himself as often as he had a chance, and be at the stage station in Independence within eight days.

And so it was that Aubrey mounted his thoroughbred before daylight one morning and set out for San Miguel and the Pecos River, the first milestones on the hazardous trail. His horse had unusual speed and a deep girth and its stride was good. A crowd of onlookers wished him well as he started up the trail. Some old freighters scratched their heads, however, and predicted tragic consequences for the rider now fading into the distant hills. They well knew what eight days on the Trail meant.

Most of them only made one round trip a year between Independence and Santa Fe. More than that meant too many Indians, too much snow, and too much mud and thunder. The Trail was 800 miles of fording streams, following faint wagon ruts, dodging Indians and struggling against the elements. The oxen were steady, but they were slow.

IN THE late 1840's the energetic New Yorker, Frank Aubrey, had first turned up in Independence. He had bought the necessary wagons and oxen, hired his drivers, and started into business as a freighter. From the very beginning, his actions had caused the old timers to take notice.

He began to make two round trips a year to Santa Fe to their one. Starting out from Missouri early in the spring, he completed his second round trip late in the fall before the first snow.

Aubrey began to amass a great deal of money and, although he aroused several intense rivalries with competing freighters, he was pretty generally liked and became a leader among the wagon owners.

But now the gent had gone loco, riding off into the unknown with the cocksureness of a Western gambler. Some were certain that they'd never see Aubrey again.

But the next time his wagons pulled into the adobe settlement of Santa Fe, there was Aubrey at the head of the column. He had won his wager, with time to spare! And now he had returned for the spoils.

His disgruntled bet takers were waiting for him. They said he couldn't do it again.

Poor losers, Aubrey replied. Why he could make the same trip in six days!

Once again, the men scrambled to lay bets, and again Aubrey took them up. The freighters who had lost $5,000 already managed to make a $10,000 wager with the confident Aubrey, this time. That made the ride worthwhile to Aubrey.

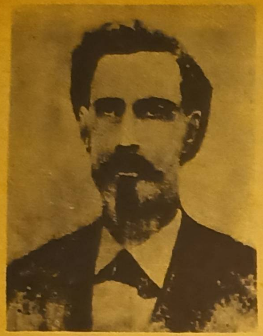
It was the best time of year for traveling. There were no rains. The grass was good, and the trail was hard. Aubrey had the same remount liberty, but he was not allowed to arrange relays or post horses in advance along the trail. He had no time to make such arrangements, anyway.

HE started out from Santa Fe on a June evening. It was Sunday, and the devout Mexican onlookers argued among themselves as to the success of the daring rider who rode forth on a holy day. All he had with him was a little dried beef. He expected to get food at stage stations along the trail.

Across the arid, high plains of New Mexico he rode. The nights were cold, even in summer, but as he rode onward the sky was a broad and lighted arena of stars.

From lush prairie he moved into the short grass country, skirting the Cimarron's sandy banks down to Cimarron Crossing. Within sight of the river, a roving band of Indians appeared and gave chase. But Aubrey's horse was still strong enough to outdistance them.

*(Continued on page 58)*



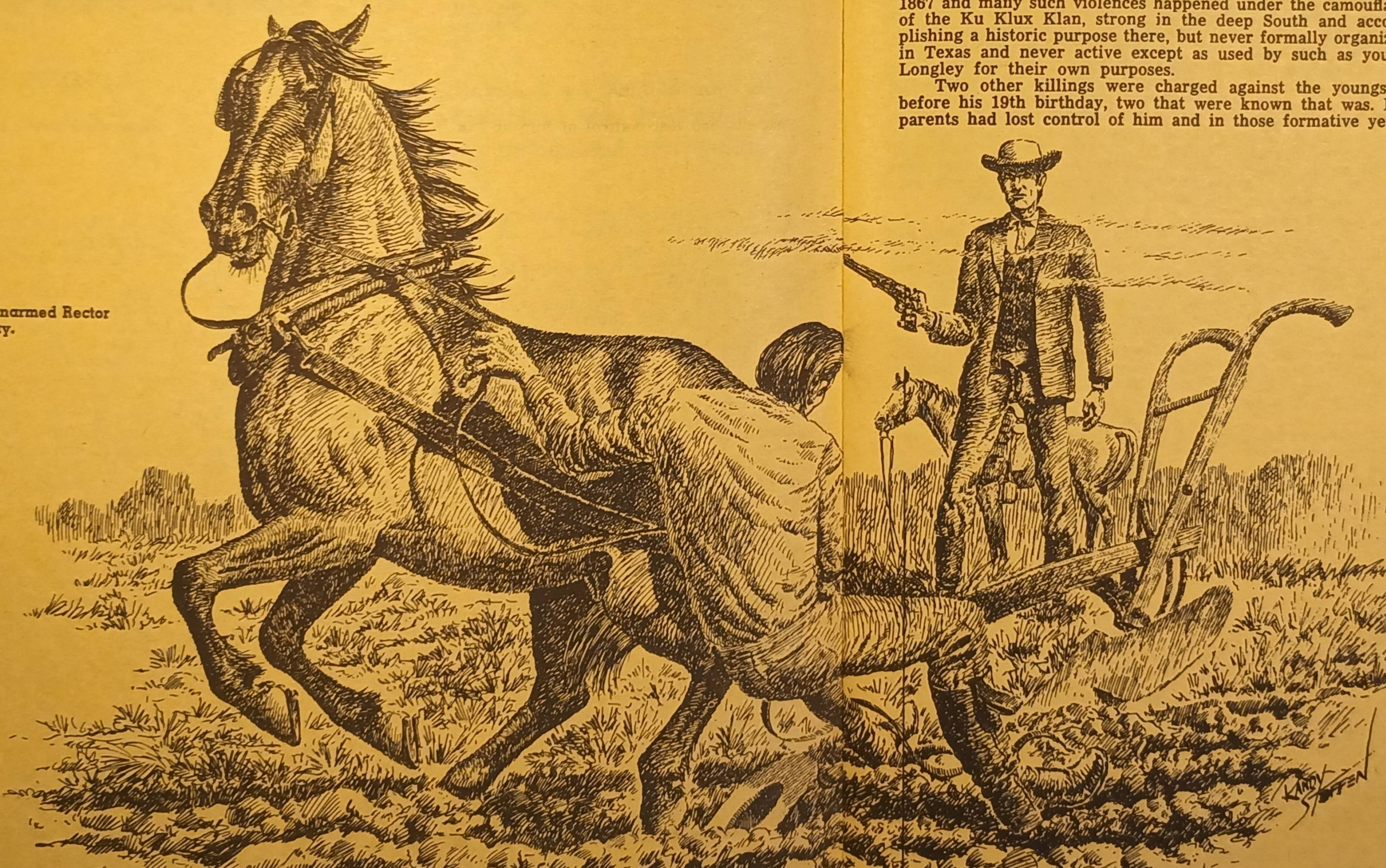
Wild Bill Longley

**At the end of a long and blood-stained trail, the hangnoose waited for the neck of Texas' bad man**

# WILD BILL LONGLEY

**By L. PATSCHKE RHODES**

**Illustrated by Randy Steffen**



Bill shot the unarmed Rector and rode away.

THE rhythmic voices, united in a joyous spiritual, rose in volume and carried clearly from the encampment outside the town of Evergreen, Lee County, Texas, and reverberated through the still night. Almost in unison the assembled singers began to clap hands and stamp feet to the beat of their singing. Their faces registered rapt enjoyment, their voices rose louder, their applauding became more spirited, their enthusiastic hallelujahs rang out.

Suddenly, without warning, there appeared in their midst a white-hooded figure on horseback with blazing six-gun. Mastering his terrified horse, he rode through the startled crowd, laughing at their shrill screams and mad scramble for safety, all the while shooting relentlessly into the group.

"I'll show you niggers how to have a holy roly meeting!" he shouted between shots. "And I'll be back next time!" Firing a parting shot, he rode away, engulfed by the darkness as suddenly as he had appeared from it. But the scene was not the same. He left behind one dead and several wounded.

And he left blood, hate, and fear, where there had been peace.

Before Bill Longley rode down the main street of Evergreen, he discarded the disguise, although the people of the town, white and black alike, knew who the white-hooded spectre was. But what proof had they, and what could they do about it? Bill felt completely safe, and, relaxed after his bit of teen-aged amusement, went home and peacefully to sleep.

That a 16-year-old boy could so calmly empty his gun into human faces and go scot-free indicates the conditions under which Bill Longley grew to boyhood. The year was 1867 and many such violences happened under the camouflage of the Ku Klux Klan, strong in the deep South and accomplishing a historic purpose there, but never formally organized in Texas and never active except as used by such as young Longley for their own purposes.

Two other killings were charged against the youngster before his 19th birthday, two that were known that was. His parents had lost control of him and in those formative years Bill had run race horses, broken up a circus and then drifted back to his home town for the formal beginning of his life of crime.

Born on October 6, 1851, at Mill Creek in Austin County, Bill had spent his boyhood in Evergreen and grew into a handsome 200 pound six-footer. When unprovoked he was gay, talkative, charming; but when anything set off his trigger-quick temper, as happened when his cousin, John Wilson, was killed, Bill's hot-headed impulsiveness got the upper hand. Bill told his friends he knew who his cousin's murderer was. He told them he was going to ride over and have a talk with this man, Rector; but when he left his friends, he was in a fierce mood. His strong chin was jutted out in anger by the time he reached Rector's place. He found the man he was seeking working in the field.

Few preliminaries were exchanged.

"You killed John," Bill stated flatly.

Rector made his denial. "I didn't, and I'm not armed." It was all he could say. Bill leveled his gun at him. He shot Rector and rode away.

FOR the next several years Bill stayed on the move. He rode through the Indian country, through the western and middle western states including Utah and Nevada. He joined an expedition into the High Sierras, including a company of soldiers. Although the youngest member of the expedition, Bill acted the part of the toughest, resulting in the shooting of a man named McClelland and a soldier who made the fatal mistake of giving chase. The rest of the soldiers chased him to the edge of a narrow canyon.

Bill thought he was cornered. The width of the canyon was, by a little bit, too great for his horse to jump. The soldiers were coming on fast. He had to do something and do it in a hurry. He turned and rode directly toward the oncoming soldiers, grinning at their amazement. Then, abruptly, he wheeled his horse and raced it back towards the canyon.

From instinct the horse jumped but failed to span the yawning canyon even at a run and plunged to his death below. The rider was more fortunate, landing on a protruding ledge. Half conscious, Bill kept silent as he heard the soldiers at the edge of the canyon.

"He's dead for certain," one of them remarked. "No use trying to get to him."

Hours later, Bill came to with the sound of a quite different voice in his ears. A soft, musical, girl's voice. She introduced herself as Dolores Gomez, daughter of a wealthy California rancher, and her companion as one of the hired hands. Much to his surprise and pleasure, Dolores nursed him back to health and later helped him leave that section of the country without the disagreeable interference of the soldiers. Bill Longley left California using the name Tom Jones and cherishing the memory of a beautiful girl.

There are other versions of this phase of Bill Longley's stormy life. As is the case of any Western bad man, the reader and writer have to take a choice. The better known stories of Longley state he operated for a time with Cullen Baker's gang, went on to Salt Lake City, was arrested for shooting a soldier from Fort Leavenworth and escaped, served a short prison term for murder and then was among the Ute Indians for a time.

But whatever the cold facts of these years away from Texas, whether or not he was hanged once and survived due to a flaw in the gallows, Bill Longley returned to his "old stomping ground" very much the same man who had left it, and if the so-called facts of one version vary from another, the patterns are about the same.

And so was the man.

BY 1875 Longley was using another name—Jim Patterson—and working in a cotton gin in McLennan County near Waco for a Captain Sadbury. Bill was popular, sociable. joining in on fox hunts and card games. All went well. Bill was contented, doing his honest share of work. But there was a trouble-maker in the group of friends and acquaintances, an *hombre* named George Thomas with a chip on his shoulder concerning his own toughness. Bill paid little attention to him at first, but a quarrel was unavoidable between two such quick-tempered men.

A fist-fight occurred between the two when Thomas accused Longley of cheating at cards.

(Continued on page 46)

## Wild Bill Longley

*(Continued from page 45)*

"Have your gun ready next time we meet," challenged the beaten Thomas. "'Cause I sure aim to get you!"

Longley let Thomas get on his horse. "What's wrong with right now?" he shouted.

Longley's bullet hit the unarmed Thomas in the back before he could finish his gasp of disbelief.

Bill left the country fast. He rode hard, stopping finally at a Mexican ranch on the Medina River, 18 miles west of San Antonio. His stay there was terminated abruptly after he killed two Mexicans who seemed more suspicious of his true identity than he desired. In Frio Canyon, Bandera County, Longley's next stop was at the home of Captain Watkins.

That stay, too, was brief, but for an entirely different reason. He had become acquainted with Bill Scrier, and at Scrier's invitation, moved in with him. Bill thought all was going well, figuring he had found the perfect hideout and deciding to stay indefinitely. Or, at least, until things cooled down for him. He was surprised and then wildly angry, when he found a note on the road leading from Scrier's place to town. Evidently the boy who did errands for Scrier had unknowingly dropped it. It was addressed to the sheriff, informing him of Longley's whereabouts and demanding the reward posted for this knowledge.

When Bill's first burst of anger passed, he shrewdly calculated a method of revenge—a revenge which would fully satisfy his warped sense of humor. He knew Scrier's real name, Lon Sawyer. Sawyer, along with his half-breed companion, Jack Bolt, was wanted for killing Elk Folsom on the Dry Frio. Bill rode into Uvalde to the Justice of Peace's office. It was no trick, getting deputized. No one else wanted to tackle the cruel, cold-blooded Sawyer, no matter how desperately they wanted him brought to justice.

Besides the deputy badge, Bill Longley rode out of Uvalde with a young deputy named Hayes. On January 10, 1876, they rode to Bitter Branch. The two overtook Sawyer driving his wagon a short distance from his house. Longley allowed Sawyer to take one look at him, including a glimpse of the shiny badge, and then fired, hitting Sawyer in the right shoulder. Sawyer, too, fired one shot, which went wild, then dashed into a cedar brake and from there into a grade about 200 yards long. Longley, coldly, calmly, stalked his wounded prey. The duel was between Bill and Lon Sawyer. Young Hayes had been brought along mostly for dramatic effect.

Longley pursued Sawyer, and Sawyer's pack of hounds pursued Longley. Enraged, Longley fired into the snarling pack repeatedly, killing several of them. His own horse was shot out from under him. Longley cornered the wounded Sawyer behind a clump of bushes after a running battle. He fought first with a cap and ball pistol, then rushed back for a rifle which lay in Sawyer's wagon. With it he finished the job.

AFTER accomplishing his revenge on Sawyer, Longley hit the road again. He traveled the Fort Davis and San Antonio road, making brief stops at various places. In Castorville he noticed a wanted poster out for him with a reward of $1250. He moved on, stopping a short while, furtively, at his old home in Evergreen, the place for which he was frequently homesick. The country was getting too hot for him. He moved on.

Changing his name from the Jim Webb he had been using to William Black, he went to Missouri and visited an old acquaintance, Mr. Jack. For the first time in his life, Bill Longley began to regret many of his hasty, rash actions. For the first time in his life Bill fell in love. The girl was Louvenia, sixteen years old, and he succumbed completely to her charms. In order to stay near her, he went to work for a neighbor, W. R. Lay. Longley worked hard and earnestly, attempting to put his past behind him. But trouble, his constant companion, developed. A man named Foster, Preacher Lay's wife's kinfolk, also was courting the girl.

Longley received two anonymous notes telling him to get out of the country. Coupled with the fact that someone had informed Louvenia of his infamous past, they rubbed him entirely the wrong way. He suspected Preacher Lay, himself, of writing the notes. Bill knew what he would have to do, although he reached his decision regretfully because he knew, too, that it would end forever his chances with his beloved Louvenia.

Borrowing Mr. Jack's gun, Longley rode over to Lay's place and killed him. Then he rode on. Back in Lamar County, Texas, he went to work for a man named Lane for $15 a month. He killed another man, Cooper, for attempting to turn him in for the $2000 reward money. Riding into the Indian Territory, he made a horse trade with a Cherokee Indian who later became dissatisfied with the deal because Longley's horse was tired and worn out. Longley decided to kill the Indian, but he failed to see the two squaws, watching from a hillside, until it was too late. They spread the alarm and the Indians pursued Longley clear across the territory. From time to time, Longley got in a shot that went home.

Eventually, Longley had about as much as one man could take. He had ditched clothes and gun to swim a river, and his horse was dead. When he finally reached a spring of clear, cool water, sick and starved, an Indian girl found him. Mary hid and fed him for about a week, and then helped him escape. Longley had become fond of the girl and hated to leave her.

BACK in Texas, Longley was up to his old tricks. He met up with Jim and Dick Saunders, whose brother George was in the Milam County jail. Ever since the affair with Lon Sawyer, Bill found it useful, occasionally, to pose as a deputy. This time, too, it worked, and the trio took George Saunders from the jail leading him handcuffed through town. This was reminiscent of the time two friends turned Longley in to the law, collected the $1,500 reward, then staged a jail break, freed Longley and split the money with him.

In 1877, Longley was in De Soto Parish, Louisiana. There he became a good friend of June Courtney, law man. They often went on foxhunts together, Courtney completely unsuspecting his friend's true identity. But someone in the vicinity knew who Longley was and promptly informed law officers in Texas. Sheriff Captain Milton Mast and Deputy Bill Burrows came after Longley from Nacogdoches. When Longley came in from his field work, hot and tired, he found the law men waiting for him on the porch of the farm house. Unarmed, he did not resist. The date was May 13, supposedly an unlucky Friday.

The formal charge was for the killing of Wilson Anderson, who had murdered a cousin, Cale Longley. The more accepted version is that trigger-happy Bill shot down Anderson just before moving to Louisiana. But couldn't it have been the same cousin whose death in other stories launched Longley's life of crime? It seems logical.

And again, though versions differ, both ends of the tale come back to meet in its middle.

He was tried and sentenced to hang in Giddings, Lee County, Texas, a few miles from his old home, Evergreen. Taken to Galveston for safekeeping, Longley wrote numerous lengthy letters to the publisher of the Nacogdoches newspaper, giving detailed accounts of his exploits and dwelling almost lovingly on descriptions of his many gun battles.

It was 1878 when Bill Longley was returned to Giddings for execution. Huge crowds converged upon the county seat to witness the most famous hanging in the county's history. Large numbers of Negroes were there, for they well remembered the hate and fear he had always inspired in them and had just cause to rejoice at his death. Absent only were members of Bill's own family.

A HUSH fell upon the crowd when Bill mounted the platform to the scaffold. He stood a moment and surveyed the huge group from the shaky platform. Did he feel a prick of pride, even now, at the amazingly large number of law officers present, guarding him? After a moment he began to speak. His farewell message was long and eloquent. He spoke of his misdeeds and the knowledge that he had no friends left, no one who would forgive him. Then he spoke of his repentance, his belief that God forgave him.

"Good-bye," he said at last in a voice that carried loudly and clearly through the tense, silent crowd. The same priest who had converted Bill Longley in the Galveston jail blessed him, and then the black hood was slipped over his head. The rope was around his neck.

When they cut the body down, three doctors examined it, and two law officers turned the head to show the public that the neck was broken.

They buried Bill Longley just outside the Giddings city cemetery. Someone placed a slab at the head of the grave. That slab now stands in the center of the cemetery which expanded around it. There are those who claim that Bill Longley was not hanged until dead, that with the aid of a special harness his neck was not broken, and that with the ingenuity of friends he escaped, leaving only an empty box to be buried in his stead.

That is the kind of tale which would have been thoroughly enjoyed by Wild Bill Longley.

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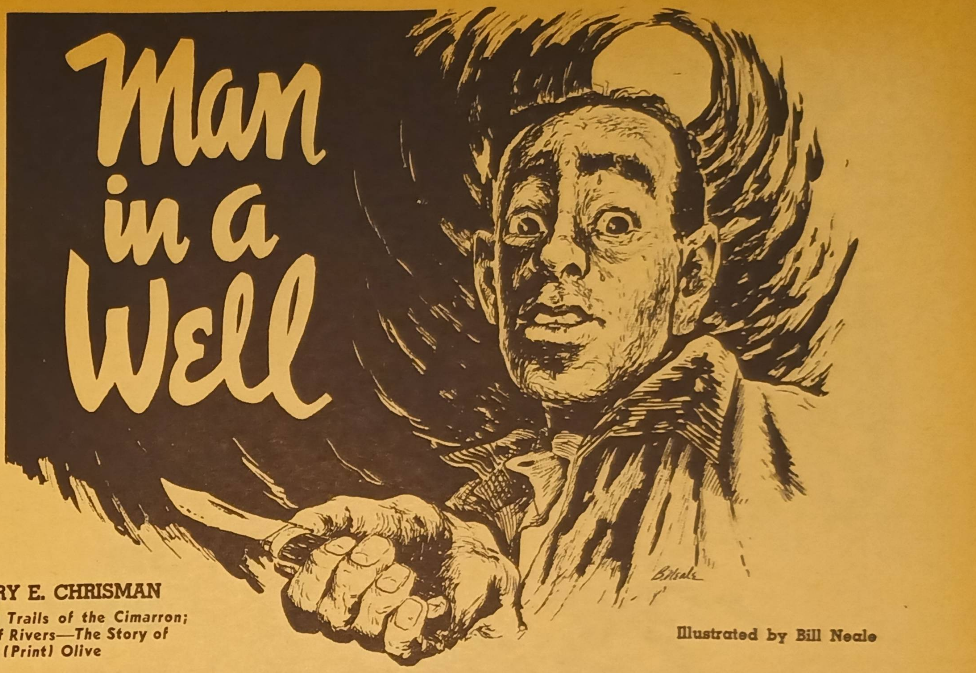
# Man in a Well



By HARRY E. CHRISMAN

*Author of Lost Trails of the Cimarron; The Ladder of Rivers—The Story of I. P. (Print) Olive*

Illustrated by Bill Neale

**It took a strong body and a stronger faith in his God for Frank Carlin to save himself from the death-trap into which he had fallen**

THE team shied in the dusk, and Frank Carlin decided to investigate the trail road he was following up through the draw. He might be off the road.

Stepping from the spring wagon—and it was the longest step he had ever taken before, or since—he went into space, feet first. With the realization of what was happening, he raised his arms above his head, hands clasped together.

"Oh God, have mercy on me," he prayed as he plunged deeper into the inky blackness.

Frank Carlin had realized his plight almost instantly when he stepped into the void. He had fallen into a well. He knew, because he had helped dig some of those wells on the high tablelands of central Nebraska. Many of them, he knew, were 200 to 300 feet in depth. As the drought and grasshoppers of the early '90s drove the homesteaders from their lands, they pulled stakes, leaving behind many abandoned wells. Open at the top, they were a deadly trap for man and beast alike.

Carlin struck bottom like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn, splashing water and mud high. Strangling in the stagnant water, he brought himself to the surface and grasped for a hand hold on the casing. As he tore away bits of the rotting wood with his fingernails, he heard his team running away, carrying with them his sole chance of discovery and help from the outside.

The casing was slimy to the touch, but he managed to pull a rotting board from the curbing. With the benefit of a better hand hold, he wedged the board into a groove between the other boards of the curbing and, with difficulty, fashioned himself a perch upon which he crawled.

Carlin was a deeply religious man. There was an affinity between him and Nature and his conception of a Living God. Like most settlers, he was also a rugged man, tough as rawhide, for it took tough men to live in that unfriendly environment. Now here, at the bottom of the abandoned well, sitting on the precarious seat he had fashioned, he took stock of his terrible predicament. Finding his greatest present asset to be his firm belief in the great, though mysterious, works of God, he prayed. After thanking his Creator for sparing his life, he turned to his physical condition.

One ankle pained sharply. It was already beginning to swell. Deep pains in his back told him of additional injuries, perhaps a broken rib or two. He was cold from the dousing in the muddy water, and the atmosphere at the well's bottom was close and mouldy.

He looked up. The evening sky appeared as a tiny circle of smoky gray at the top of a column of black. Clinging there to his miserable roost, Carlin spent the night, cold and half sick from his injuries, but mentally assessing his meager assets for the trials of the morrow. With God's help, he reasoned, he might yet emerge from the well alive. He had been spared, he knew, from instant death in his fall. Would God now help him from his living entombment?

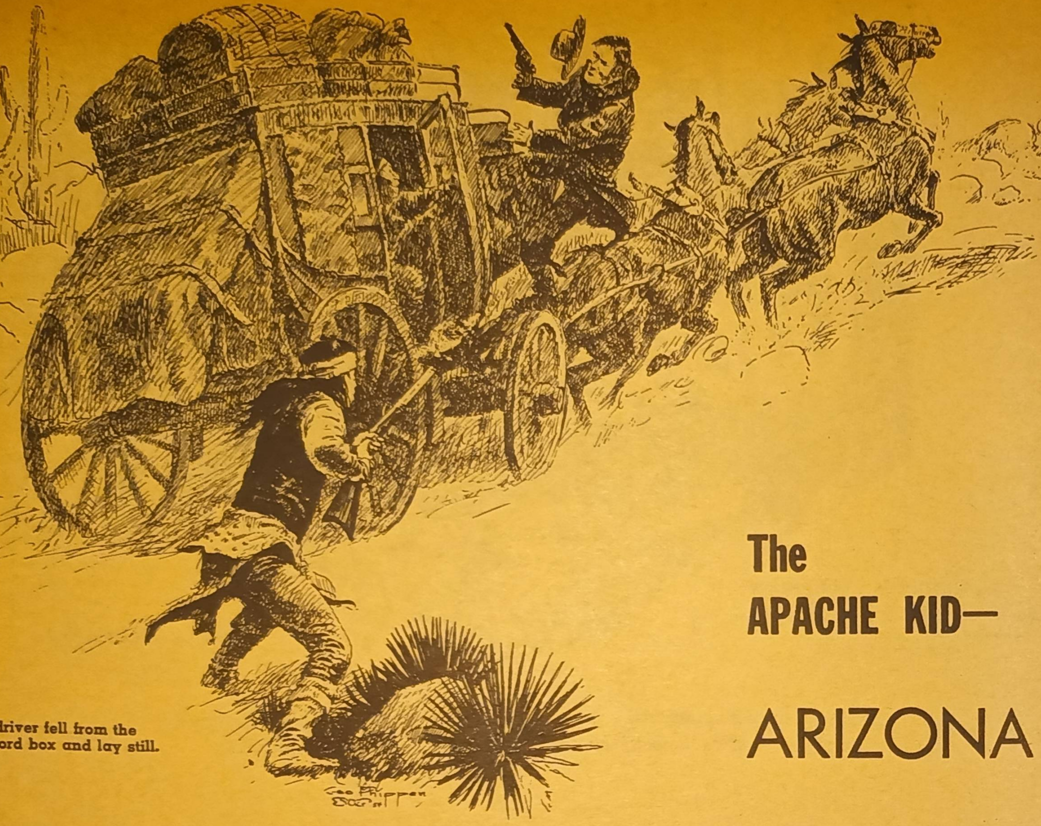
WHEN day stuck a thin finger of light into the gloom of the pit, Carlin commenced studying the well construction. The distance to the top appeared to be at least 100 feet. He little realized that the actual distance was 143 feet, and his underestimation of it, at the time, was actually a psychological asset to him.

The well was curbed with tough cedar wood for distances of from 6 to 16 feet. Then there were gaps not curbed at all. The curbing was tight. The 3-foot lengths of cedar were a foot wide and an inch in thickness, not even providing space to insert a finger between them. The wood higher in the well was dry, hard and well-seasoned.

As Carlin groped for a means of scaling this tough wall, he came to the conclusion that his only hope would be to cut his way up the well curbing with his knife—if it hadn't been lost in his fall.

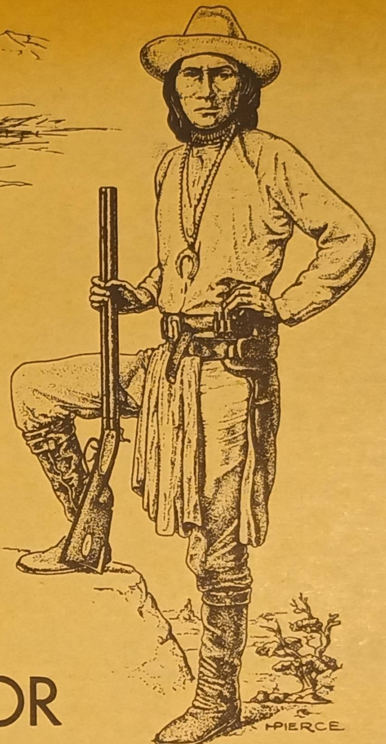
Reaching into his pocket, he felt for the knife. It was a good one with sharp, strong blades of good steel. Taking it out and handling it carefully to avoid dropping it into the water below, he began the chore of whittling out the first hand and footholds for his ascent.

*(Continued on page 58)*



The driver fell from the Concord box and lay still.

# The APACHE KID— ARIZONA TERROR



Drawing by Horace T. Pierce

By **WILLIAM HOPSON**

Illustrated by George Phippen

**Convicted of murder, sentenced to seven years of hard labor at the hellhole that was Yuma, the young Apache made his escape and took the bloody trail of vengeance and retribution**

HIGH mountain country chill lay in the still air that morning of November 1, 1889, when the big stage, hired by Sheriff Glenn Reynolds, pulled up in front of the Globe jail to begin what was to be one of the most sanguine journeys in Arizona Territory's already dark and bloody history. Gene Middleton, the driver, swung down over a front wheel. He knocked on the heavily-barred front door and was admitted by Depty William "Hunky Dory" Holmes. With them in the office, in irons, were eight black-faced, vicious-looking Apache Indians and one Jesus (Hay-zoos) Avota, convicted Mexican horsethief.

Eight of them—Has-ten-tudo-ti, Lac-o-en, Miguel, Wash-lan-tala, "Say-Yes," Pash-la-tua, Cado-dey-du-on, and the smallest of them all: a twenty-year-old youth whom the soldiers at the reservation had affectionately dubbed in childhood, "The Kid." Convicted of a crime all eight had stoutly denied (the murder of a reservation whiskey peddler), they were on their way by stage to the Southern Pacific railroad at Casa Grande. From there they would go by train to one of the worst hell-holes in American prison history—the Territorial Prison in heat-seared Yuma. There they were to serve seven years at hard labor.

The stage never reached Casa Grande.

It covered forty-two miles over mountain roads that first day to a small settlement on the Gila River and continued on the next morning at a slow, lumbering pace. The Kid, leader of the band, laughed and chatted with Reynolds and Deputy Holmes in the smattering of English he had learned as an Apache youngster among soldiers. But, in between, he talked gutturally in the Athapascan tongue, not a word of which was understood by the three white men. Less than five miles from the settlement, the horses, hauling the heavy Concord with its twelve man load, were beginning to tire. Gene Middleton asked the Indians to unload and walk up a steep slope. All piled out into the sand except the Kid and Say-Yes. They were ordered by the sheriff to remain inside. Gene Middleton put the already weary six horses into the upslope haul.

He never reached the top.

Cado-dey-du-on—later hanged at Globe for the murder of an Army officer—slipped his handcuffed arms over the sheriff's shoulders and pinned his overcoated arms to his sides. His rifle fell, and another snatched it up and fired one lightning shot through the sheriff's heart, killing him instantly. Then the Apache swung on Hunky Dory Holmes, struggling with two others, and broke his neck with a second shot. Middleton, hearing the shooting, leaned over the side and covered the Kid and Say-Yes with his six shooter while the Kid cried out, "Don't shoot, Gene. I sit here."

But Say-Yes jumped out, ran back, jerked the rifle from the Apache killer's hands, swung it on Gene Middleton and fired a shot through his neck. The driver fell from the Concord's box and lay perfectly still. It was all over there on the slope—yet it was but the beginning of a one-man reign of terror throughout the length of Arizona Territory and deep in Sonora and Chihuahua, Mexico. The Apache with Sheriff Holmes' repeater in hand strode forward and placed the barrel against Gene Middleton's temple to blow out his brains. The Kid said sharply, "He's dead, save that cartridge. And don't bother crushing his head with a rock. We haven't time." (It wasn't until long afterward that the Apache Kid told a white man friend that he knew at the time Middleton wasn't dead; that he wanted to save his life because the driver had refused to fire on him in the stage.)

The Apaches unlocked their irons and fled, vanishing as though in thin air, in typical Apache fashion. Avota, the convicted horsethief, made a hard run to a nearby ranch and reported—later receiving a pardon as a result. Gene Middleton, with a gaping slash through his bloody neck, staggered the five miles or so back to the settlement. When a posse from Globe arrived next day to pick up the bodies, they found exactly what they had expected—eight sets of moccasin tracks leading in eight different directions.

THE Kid's story and his subsequent bloody deeds had begun more than twenty years ago when his father, a warrior named Toga-de-chuz, and another warrior were vying for the hand of an Apache girl. Toga-de-chuz won and made the mistake of jeering at his less fortunate rival, a man called variously Rip, or the Ripper. In typical Apache fashion, Rip never forgave or forgot. He waited twenty years while the Kid grew up and became chief of the San Carlos Apache scouts, under the tutelage of the famous Al Sieber. Then, at an opportune moment, he slipped a knife in between the father's ribs and cut his heart in two. Apache tribal law demanded full retribution in kind, and the Kid lost no time. Rip's body was found, horribly cut and hacked, and the Kid fled, a hunted outlaw sergeant of police.

Al Sieber, exceptionally fond of the Apache youngster because of his uncanny ability and zeal in running down bronco warriors, sent word for the Kid to come in and stand trial before military authorities. This summons was promptly obeyed. Through the famous scout's influence, the trial was short and the Apache Kid was a free man, back in Government service. Ordinarily this would have ended the case right there and saved many lives as well. But the civil authorities in Globe, Apache-haters all, wouldn't have it that way and rearrested the young sergeant of police. The new charges involved the killing of the whiskey peddler and, despite evidence to the contrary, the eight men were convicted in a court where an Apache never went free.

Within seventy-two hours after the verdict, two good men, Sheriff Glenn Reynolds, and his deputy, Hunky Dory Holmes, had paid with their lives for that judicial mistake engendered, it was said, by nothing more than white hatred for all things Apache.

It had been three years and three months—since September, 1886—since Geronimo, uncaught by five thousand American and two thousand Mexican cavalrymen, had finally been persuaded to surrender by his friend, Lieutenant Gatewood, and thus ended officially the forty years of Apache warfare. Settlers and established ranchers long since had considered the Apache menace a thing of the past. But the Kid wasn't long in showing them how wrong they could be. With bitter hatred for all whites burning inside him, he set the somnolent Arizona frontier country fresh afire.

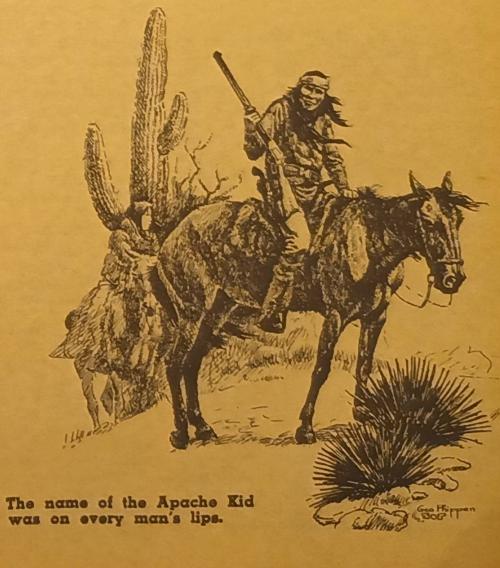
With two-year-old Tombstone already at the height of its gun-roaring heydey, outlaw bands roaming the country, white and Mexican killer-smugglers plying their trade back and forth across the border, Arizona Territory's one hundred and thirteen thousand square miles of desert and mountain country contained more badmen than any other like area in the west. These, however, held little actual *terror* for honest men who could shoot as fast and kill as quickly. But when it came to those cunning red devils with bright-colored headbands of cloth who fought with such mercilessly ferocity—that was *terror*, and the name of the Apache Kid was on every man's lips. Also it was on the lips of troopers from every fort who were trying to run him down.

Murder upon murder followed. Small ranches were burned. Men, women and children alike were killed. Cow-punchers went out and never came back. Lone prospectors were found beside waterholes. The Kid and his followers were blamed for almost all of them. That they committed many of these atrocities there can be no doubt. But even after the Kid's followers were all either caught or killed he was going it alone. He once slipped into the camp of a white man who had befriended him and said:

"All the time they lie about me. Many lies. They say I kill babies but I hundred miles away. 'Apache Kid,' that what they say. I kill many people but I no kill babies. No, no! Lies. All lies."

PERHAPS he didn't kill babies, or perhaps in his blind hatred he did. But many American outlaws were not above such ghastly deeds, and some of the cruelest men of all times were the Mexican robbers, bandits and smugglers infesting the

*(Continued on page 50)*



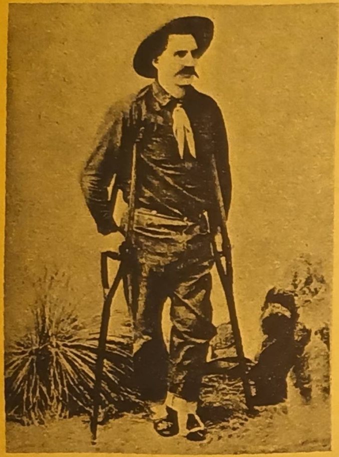
The name of the Apache Kid was on every man's lips.

## The Apache Kid — Arizona Terror

(Continued from page 49)

border. And it wasn't difficult to put rawhide "cups" on the hoofs of a horse to make it look as though an Apache shod pony had been along.

But one fact has been established beyond any doubt: the Kid was certain death to any young Apache squaw who took his fancy. Only one of the many he kidnapped ever came back alive and she only because the Kid thought he was dying of pneumonia. He told her she had been good to him, trustworthy enough to stand guard while he slept, and to return to her people on the reservation. The others who became tired, sick, or pregnant, he left for the wolves, their throats cut.



**Al Sieber, famed scout and Deputy U.S. Marshal, who persuaded the Kid to surrender and stand trial. Freed at first, the Kid was re-arrested and convicted of murder.**

Needless to say, many Indians at the San Carlos Reservation lived in as much terror of him as the whites. At a time when hundreds of soldiers were burning up the seats of McClellan saddles following his will-o'-the-wisp trail, he was on the reservation under the very eyes of the troops stationed there; hidden and fed and furnished scout ammunition by those who feared him as well as those who admired him. To these latter he was more than the outlawed Apache Kid—he was San Juan and Mangus Colorados and Victorio and Cochise and Geronimo all in one, carrying on alone a fight against the whites those others had lost through "white eyes" treachery, murder, and surrender. As such he was supplied with more than the necessities of life. He knew exactly from Indian police and scouts about the soldiers who hunted him, and where they were. When one of the bands of Apaches was moved several hundred miles away to stop the leak of information to him, it only served to increase the help from the others.

By this time there was a five-thousand-dollar reward to any man who would bring in his head in a gunnysack, but few men, Apache or white eyes, were eager to collect. Only one white man tried, persuading an exceptionally brave, and perhaps greedy warrior, to lead him to the Kid's temporary hiding place not far from the reservation. But Al Sieber, as tough a fighting man as ever was born in Germany, found about it and looked up the would-be bounty hunter.

"Put it this way," Al said casually: "If this buck here says he knows where the Kid is, then you can bet he does, because I've never known him to speak with a forked tongue. But just in case the two of you *don't* get killed first trying to collect that reward, then what? What did the Kid ever do to you? You want his blood on your hands just because of money? Is that why you want to bring in a head in a sack? Think it over, Mister."

The man thought it over and there the matter promptly ended.

Sieber had, of course, long since sent word to the Kid many times to let him, Sieber, collect the reward, and that they'd use the five thousand to try and free him of all charges. But though the young outlaw trusted the scout implicitly, the Apache Kid had faced white eyes justice once and was taking no second chance. For three more years he alone was as much of a terror in the minds of the people as Geronimo and his whole band of thirty-eight bronco Apaches had been years before, while the Kid himself flitted back and forth between the San Carlos Reservation and the wild fastness of the great Sierra Madre—the Mother Mountain—range in old Mexico. The murders, the raping of squaws, the abductions of young girls continued.

IN the fall of 1892, in Reno Pass, the Kid waylaid and shot to death a young cow-puncher named Horace Philley and then, riding the dead man's horse, headed for the reservation to take in a big Indian celebration. Meanwhile, of course, the Adjutant in the office of the commanding General in San Francisco would have to send in still another report by telegraph, to be added to quite a stack of others in the files of the War Department in Washington.

As for the Kid, he took part in the celebration. This time, however, the soldiers were waiting for him, after having been tipped off, and a flying squad descended upon the dance ground and quickly surrounded it. One by one, each Indian was paraded before the sharp eyes of the officer in charge. The Kid, mingling as one of the scouts, all of whom knew him, walked by, flashed a scout's tag and soon slipped away into the night.

By this time, he knew that the reservation was no longer a safe haven, that his only hope to stay alive was to head for and remain in Mexico. He disappeared for the next two years, during which time he was shot dead several different times by several different men in several different places. Strangely enough, however, none of these men who killed him ever bothered to bring in his head in a sack to collect the huge reward still out for him dead *or* alive. The Indians, of course, refused to believe him dead and so greatly did his very name incite terror that on one occasion, when he was rumored back on the reservation, three Indians hauling supplies by ox-team abandoned everything and bolted in panic. One, the teamster, ran fifty miles afoot back to the base of supplies. The second cut across country to sanctuary at Fort Apache. The third, an armed policeman guard, fled to the agency sawmill and protection among a detachment of troops. The Kid was in Mexico.

In 1893, gold was discovered in the Santa Catalina Mountains a few miles north of Tucson and, by 1894, quite a rush was on. Among the prospectors was a man named Ed Clark, a former Indian scout, whose partner, Bill Diehl, the Kid had murdered in 1889, four years before. One night Clark's pet saddle horse was stolen but showed up next morning with broken reins dangling. Clark's keen, experienced eyes studied the two pairs of moccasin tracks and Clark thought swiftly. With the exception of a few unruly bucks getting drunk on *tiswin* and going on a typical murderous Apache rampage, there were no renegades out stealing horses this far from San Carlos. Who then? *The Kid, of course!*

Clark staked out the horse in the same place, settled down with his rifle, and waited for the moon and midnight. Both were not long in coming. He saw the first faint movement materialize into a human form creeping forward, grinned to himself, and waited. This was old stuff . . . an Apache sending in his woman ahead to draw possible fire. Presently, after the woman had reached the nervous horse, the Kid himself moved into view.

Clark shot the woman first and killed her stone dead, and by the time he had levered another shell into the firing chamber, the Kid had spun like a cat and was running faster. The rifle roared a second time, and though the Kid staggered and almost fell, he kept on going. Clark, too wise to follow a wounded tiger into the brush, waited until daylight.

The abducted woman lay as she had fallen, face down, mercifully having been spared the probable later fate of having her throat slit. The Kid's trail of blood ended a few hundred yards away, where a gory head cloth, used to staunch the flow of blood from Clark's bullet, lay on the ground. From that point on not a sign of a track could be found. The Kid had vanished. He couldn't possibly survive such a wound and undoubtedly was really dead now. The word quickly spread and Apache and white eyes alike at last breathed a final sigh of relief.

The Apache Kid, terror of the territory, was dead for sure!

THE rest is more or less anticlimax. Rumors that the Apache Kid was still very much alive and ranching in Mexico were the same rumors following the sudden demise of other badmen before him: Jesse James was still very much alive and living in New Mexico. Billy the Kid, killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett, had been seen by friends in Phoenix. Outlaw Curly Bill, killed by Wyatt Earp near Tombstone, was married to the daughter of a rich *Ranchero* down in Chihuahua. And the notorious Apache Kid was an industrious mountain rancher.

Some believed the rumors, others refused to believe. The years passed and then came a time when a certain man in Arizona opened his lips after years of remaining silent about the Indian out-

(Continued on page 57)

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Illustrated by
Al Martin Napoletano

GREAT OVERLAND
AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

# MYSTERY DRIVER OF THE SIERRAS

### There was a puzzling mystery about Charlie Pankhurst —a mystery dispelled only by death itself

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

IN the 1850's and 60's the Great Overland Mail and Stage Lines extended across the nation a distance of nearly two thousand miles from Atchison, Kansas, to the bustling gold camp of Placerville, California. The going was rough for the heavily-loaded stagecoaches. Bad Indians and stampeding buffalos made the long haul over the Plains difficult enough for the harried drivers, but their troubles multipled once the mountains were reached.

Getting the dizzily-rocking stagecoaches over the lofty Sierra Nevadas into California was a hair-raising operation requiring not only the best horses available but the best reinsmen to handle them. Urgent appeals for experienced coach drivers at high wages appeared regularly in the big Eastern newspapers; therefore, it was inevitable that sooner or later the ace reinsmen of coaching America gravitated to the Mountain Division of the Great Overland. Charlie Pankhurst was among the earlier arrivals.

Slim and wiry, with alert grey eyes set slightly aslant in a handsome dark-tanned face, young Pankhurst seemed to live only to drive horses. The newcomer's slender strong hands handled the reins over a six-horse team as a violinist his bow, sensitive and responsive to each varying mood and action of each high-strung animal. Urging them on the straightaway, encouraging them on the steep up-grades, steadying them on the precipitious down-slopes and terrifying turns, Pankhurst guided a team with the firm, soothing touch of a master. Even such hardy veteran drivers as Hank Monk, Curly Dan and Black Jack Crowder grumpily admitted that the smooth-faced, silent youngster from the fine plank roads of New England "war a ring-tailed whizzer in the mountings."

Yet there existed a puzzling element of mystery about young Pankhurst. Charlie never talked of the past, never asked questions, never volunteered any personal information to curious fellow drivers. Where Curly Dan and Black Jack and the other boys knocked off work a couple of days every month or so to relax taut nerves in boisterous Placerville, Charlie remained quietly on the job, aloof and inscrutable and apparently content. Black Jack Crowder simmered in silence over this mystery for some time and finally blew up.

"Charlie, you're the most onsociable feller I ever worked with!" exploded Jack one day. "All you want to do is drive them pet matched grays of yours. By gravy, you even *sleep* in the barn with 'em instead o' bunkin' in with the rest of us in the cabin. Doggone it, it ain't *natural* for a young feller of your age to be so crazy about horses! A good lookin' cuss like you had oughter be sparkin' the gals, not playin' nursemaid to a six-horse team!"

Charlie smiled at Black Jack, and declared that horses were easier to get along with than people. Jack glared at this remark and stamped off in huge disgust to join Hank and Curly.

YOUNG Pankhurst had told Black Jack the simple truth. The silent reinsman loved all horses and treated them with a tenderness never seen before on the rough frontier. Frightened mustangs, newly arrived from the wild open range, quieted down magically when Charlie stroked their shaggy necks and murmured "horse talk" unintelligible to mere humans into their wickedly flattened ears. Even usually intractable stallions quit "acting up" the moment Charlie approached them.

Horses rolling in agony from a violent attack of colic nickered pitifully when Charlie examined them with probing yet gentle fingers. Meekly they swallowed bitter-tasting medicines, and didn't struggle even if Charlie had to resort to the drastic "tapping" procedure to relieve the dangerous gas pressure on their vital organs. A single convulsive kick when the sharp knife-point punched through tough hide and muscle wall into the painfully distended belly was their sole protest of the merciful blade. Relief came with dramatic suddenness after each spectacular operation and almost invariably the equine patient recovered.

With no formal training in veterinary surgery, with only extensive practical experience bolstering what oldtime horsemen called "a feel for doctorin'," Charlie Pankhurst accomplished seeming miracles. Pulling into Strawberry Station, high in the Sierras, the crack young driver heard a horse groaning in pain inside a box stall. The stocktender explained carelessly that a cheap old mare, in foal and long past due, was suffering from an internal obstruction of some kind. If nothing developed within an hour or two, he would be forced to shoot her. A pity, yes; but since nothing could be done for her . . .

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Last trip of the old Modoc Stage, Tombstone, Arizona. This is the type stage on which Charlie spent a great part of his life.

### Mystery Driver of the Sierras

*(Continued from page 51)*

Seething with anger, Charlie jumped down from the driver's box. Twenty minutes later the suffering mare was out of danger and the cruelly delayed birth progressing normally toward a successful conclusion. Pankhurst, still boiling with rage at the stock-tender's callous indifference toward his helpless charge, brushed past the man without a word and stalked off to the Station kitchen to wash up for supper.

THE mystery driver's favorite team—six beautifully matched grays—trusted and obeyed Charlie implicitly. Crossing a bridge over a river swollen dangerously by spring floods, the grays stopped suddenly and refused to advance another foot. The terrified wheel-horses began to snort and plunge, and the frantic swings and leaders tried desperately to whirl in their traces and dash back to the far shore. Simultaneously the timbers supporting the bridge started to crack and snap and the entire structure sagged alarmingly. With a shattering roar one whole section, twenty feet behind the coach, fell crashing into the gorge.

Women passengers screamed in terror, and two Chinese, making the trip over the Sierras for the first time, cut loose with bloodcurdling yells. The situation was ripe for catastrophe.

Charlie whipped out a revolver and instantly silenced the idiotic uproar with a shot fired in the air. "Shut up, you fools!" sternly ordered the youthful driver. "If my horses can hear me talk to them, they'll pull us out of this mess. But you *must* keep quiet, so they *can* hear!"

Coolly, while the panicky team struggled to hurl them all to their death in the rocky gorge sixty feet below, Pankhurst fought to control the horses with voice alone.

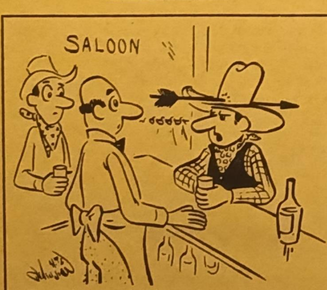
Incredibly, Charlie succeeded. Soothed and steadied by the familiar well-loved voice behind them, the grays forgot their panic and bravely scrambled up the slanting floor planks to the near shore a scant second before the bridge collapsed into the river.

Safely on solid ground, Charlie was promptly confronted with another crisis. Two passengers fainted; a young girl and a husky miner. Exasperated, driver Pankhurst doused a canteen-full of water over their heads. The passengers woke up spluttering, and the coach proceeded on its way.

After a dozen years of stagecoaching with the Mountain Division of the Great Overland, Charlie Pankhurst abruptly quit driving and drifted into itinerant ranch work in Southern California. Silent and mysteriously aloof as ever, the ex-Sierra Whip made few friends among humans and wandered for years, a strange and lonely figure, from ranch to ranch wherever there were odd tasks to be performed and sick horses to be lovingly cared for. It mattered not at all to Charlie whether payment in money for professional services was forthcoming; all that concerned the slim ex-driver was that suffering horses were relieved of pain. *Vaqueros* on the great *ranchos* respectfully named the lone wanderer *El Sabio,* and willingly rode fifty miles to summon The Wise One's aid for an ailing, beloved mount.

IN late December of 1879, two cowboys riding range made a staggering discovery at a line-camp miles from their ranch-house: the body of a slender, gray-haired woman huddled half-clothed in a bunk. Through papers contained in a wallet pinned in a shirt pocket, the astonished cowhands learned that the woman—dead of natural causes—was "Charlie" Pankhurst.

So much and nothing more is known of the Mystery Driver of the Sierras. Yet, grizzled *vaqueros* on the back-country *ranchos* profess to know the answer to the strange riddle of *El Sabio,* The Wise One, who loved horses above all else in the world. Indeed to these grave, religious men it is no riddle at all. Is it not well known that the good God, in His infinite mercy, often sends such wise and tender folk to minister to His helpless ones? Of a certainty, *senors!*



"Yup, first noticed it when I tried to tip my hat!"

### The Oregon Country via Mule Deck

*(Continued from page 35)*

The cheap, flimsy, poorly chosen supplies sent him from St. Louis disgusted him. "Trash," he called them. "I could have purchased the same bill in Portland for one-third less money.

In the Indian uprising in the summer of 1858, he met the menacing tribes and made detailed reports to Colonel Nesmith and Colonel Steptoe as to the feeling among the Indians. (T. W. Nesmith was Superintendent of Indian Affairs of Oregon and Washington Territories; Edward J. Steptoe was commander of Fort Walla Walla.)

"My only surety of safety while among them," he told his superiors, "is the guard of friendly Indians I keep with me. They tell me they are not unfriendly to me, but they look upon me as a spy. The way to control them, as I see it, is to take over Fort Colville from the Hudson's Bay Company, and cut off supplies to the hostile tribes. This is one of the blackest councils ever held on the Pacific Coast. The scalp and war dance go on the night through."

His troubles over the agency piled up in 1859. The annuities did not come; white settlers trespassed upon Indian land; destitute Flatheads puzzled over the "White Father's" failure to keep his promises.

EDWARD Geary, in 1860 Superintendent of Indian Affairs stationed in Portland, authorized Owen to fit out a train of 40 or more pack mules or Indian ponies, that he might take from Portland tools, materials for construction, and agricultural implements for the Indians. Owen was to use some of the goods sent for the Flathead agency in his council in 1861 with the Eastern Oregon tribes.

Geary's understanding helpfulness was balanced by exasperating dealings Owen had with Fort Benton people in the Indian Office. They held up shipments until Owen was forced to help the needy Indians from his own stock of goods. When shipments were finally released to him, they were unsuited to the needs of his charges: flimsy shawls and blankets, rice, hard bread, coffee salvaged from a grounded steamer. "Hard bread is the last thing Indians require," he wrote in disgust. "They might better get good breeding stock to improve their herds."

He resigned from the sub-agency in 1862, pleased after six years' service to be free from a wearisome task.

Not all of Owen's days, of course, were spent on the trail. Between trips, he and his many employees occupied themselves with such homely tasks as making soap and candles, pickling buffalo tongues, sawing lumber, grinding grain, mending harness, branding stock.

An important part of his work at the fort was the planting and care of a huge garden, to help feed the large numbers who sat at his table. From it, too, he sold tons of vegetables to the booming gold camps. His ox teams also hauled much flour from his mill.

In the main, he was content with his lot. Occasionally, however, he commented on the routine of his days at the fort. One such time was his birthday, June 27, 1854, which he spent casting bullets for the trade. Another was in 1856, when he wrote:

*(Continued on page 56)*

**Reprinted from the book *From Old Lands to New* through the courtesy of W. S. Benson and Company, Publisher, Austin, Texas.**

# Maximilian's Gold

**History? Legend? Absolute fact? How would you know for sure unless you lived in Maximilian's day and were on this particular trek across Texas? We'd pass up some mighty good stories if we used only those that could be verified to their most minute detail. This one, for instance**

**By J. A. RICKARD**

**Illustrated by Bill Neale**

SOMEWHERE in the vicinity of the old Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos River in southwest Texas lies a fortune believed to be worth a million dollars. Wind and sand have obliterated all the old landmarks leading to it, but it is there all the same. At least this is the belief of many old timers, and there seems to be enough proof to place the yarn out of the legends class and to give it a strong basis of possibility.

There is a story connected with it, of course. It begins with the Reconstruction period following the Civil War and starts out with a group of five ex-Confederates, who one spring morning found themselves seated in their saddles on the north bank of the Rio Grande, some hundreds of miles below El Paso. Their leader, Bill Murdock, had just picked up the reins on his horse's withers and was about to enter the shallow waters of the river.

"There she lies, boys; land of fame and fortune," he was saying. "If we're going to get away from Carpetbaggers and d——— Yankees, and maybe help Maximilian, here's our chance."

His horse had already taken the first step into the murky stream when one of his companions said, "Hold it! Somebody's coming. By the saints and Old Jeff, it's a wagon train!"

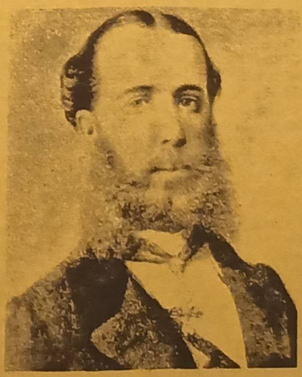
And such it was; ten heavily loaded wagons, drawn by mules, and carrying what the grizzled Austrian caravan leader declared to be cargoes of wool and hides. The Mexican drivers spoke no English, but the leader could converse with the ex-Confederates in their own tongue. And naturally the groups asked each other questions.

What the Austrian told Murdock and his men was not reassuring. The Emperor Maximilian, he said, was about to be overthrown. The Mexican Republicans under Juarez were rapidly gaining control of the country, and the Emperor's troops were deserting him. French troops, which had been supporting him and enabling him to rule, had been withdrawn from the country. The caravan had had trouble in getting out, and the Americans would be joining a lost cause. The caravan hoped to make its way across Texas to Galveston, where the cargo would be sold for money to take the Austrian back home.

Murdock, speaking for his men, told the caravan leader that their prospects for getting across Texas were far from bright. The Carpetbag government, then ruling the state, could not keep law and order, and the Indians were almost sure to attack them. They would never get through without guides and an armed escort.

As a result of this exchange of information, the caravan leader offered Murdock and his friends three hundred dollars each to escort them safely to their destination. And their offer was accepted. Within twenty-four hours, the Americans were taking the caravan back over the trail that they themselves had just traveled. They were San Antonio bound.

But they were not far up the road when Murdock's men grew suspicious. They doubted the word of the Austrian about the cargo. The wagons were too heavily loaded to contain wool and hides; they must contain something of greater value. And the actions of the drivers aroused their suspicions still more. Each wagon was fully covered with bows and sheets, and its contents were further covered, so that no one could see them. Moreover the drivers stayed with them by day and slept in them by night. A few efforts on the part of Murdock's men to peep met with a stern warning from the caravan leader.



Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico

One night the guides held a caucus on the matter. Some of them were in favor of using force and maybe robbery. Murdock stoutly opposed this, and for the time succeeded in preventing his followers from doing anything rash.

However, he fell sick with dysentery; so sick that he had to stop. He could not travel farther until he was better. But his men wanted to keep going, and the caravan leader would not consent to even a halt. Fear-

*(Continued on page 56)*

## "His Looks and My Ways Would Kill Any Man"

(Continued from page 13)

several of his horses, he made the Masonic sign. Immediately an Indian who seemed in authority responded and ordered the others to leave.

SOMETIMES at home Grandpa would break into song, his voice quavering. He sang one trail song in the slow, slow tempo just right for calming wild or restless cattle—and for stirring human imagination. Mere words cannot possibly convey the song's coyote lonesomeness and its translation of the hearer to away-out-aloneness in a vast land empty of everything but solitary men driving lowing, dragging cattle at a snail's pace along a trail with nothing but grass stretching to the horizon on both sides and with only an imaginable end.

*It's a whoop and a yea and a-driving the dogies,*
*For camps is far away,*
*And it's a whoop and a yea, get along my little dogies,*
*For Wyoming may be your new home.*

Grandpa always said "camps" for camp, as did other old-time men of the *campo*. "How far is it to camps?" one might ask.

Grandpa was over six feet tall. He was a little stooped, but never had any surplus to belly or flesh. He wore a beard, and had an eye that pierced through all pretenders, especially the pretenders to religion with which this earth is so plentifully populated. He had a saying that took in many a one of them: "His looks and my ways would hang any man."

He could hardly have known that amidst the "human wriggle for office" at Washington, where there were "too many pigs for the tits," Abraham Lincoln had justified judgments on men by their faces. One time after Lincoln heard and looked at an office-seeker promoted by politicians, he rejected him summarily.

"Why?" the promoters wanted to know.

"I don't like his face."

"No man can be held responsible for his features," they protested.

"Every man over forty is responsible for his face," Lincoln replied.

On another occasion he told a demoted colonel seeking restoration of his rank: "You carry your own condemnation in your face."

Grandpa's characterization of some man whom he considered passingly capable was: "He can read, write and recollect." After hearing him allude several times to this and that "Spanish supper" he or somebody else had made out on, I asked what a Spanish supper was.

"You tighten up your belt a notch," he defined.

He liked to tease Grandma at the table by saying, "Mighty good what there is of it, and, being what it is, there's plenty."

When Grandma borrowed trouble, making some possible ill of the future an accomplished fact, Grandpa would cheer up the world around him by saying, "Now, Mattie, don't greet the devil until you meet him."

If his attention was called to a new hat or dress that she or some other lady he liked wore, his standard remark was, "Just as well be dead as out of style."

He wore an old broad-brimmed, black frontiersman hat day and night, except when at the dining table or in bed. He never wore a coat except in cold weather, but the temperature could not go high enough to make him pull off his vest. It was as much a part of his dress as hat and breeches. Preparatory to going to bed, he pulled off first his shoes and socks, next his pants and vest, and then, having taken the corncob pipe out of his mouth, removed his hat. He wore long drawers, in summer as well as in winter. He slept in them and probably regarded nightshirts—pajamas being in his time unknown in our part of the world—as effete or effeminate. He also wore to bed his shirt, invariably white, stained by tobacco juice. When he got up in the morning, he put on his hat first and then got into his vest and pants. Next he loaded and lit his corncob pipe and puffed on it while drawing on socks and shoes.

Courtesy Mrs. J. Frank Dobie

**Grandma Dubose. This photo, from the studio of F. L. Whipple, Lagarto, Texas, was made shortly before Mrs. Dubose moved to Alice.**

IN MEMORY I associate Grandpa with the Rawhide Rawlins of Charles M. Russell's *Trails Plowed Under*. One winter Rawhide Rawlins drifted into Chicago with a big roll of money he'd won in Cheyenne. The first thing he did was "shed cow garments" and get into a hard hat, boiled shirt, laced shoes—"all the gearing known to civilized man." Then he proceeded to spend some of his money and let a confidence man take the rest. He woke up the next morning in a small room with two bunks, and while he dressed, a fellow smoking a cigarette in the second bunk said, "Neighbor, you are a long way from your range."

"You called the turn," Rawhide Rawlins replied, "but how did you read my brand?"

"Humans dress up, and punchers dress down," the fellow said. "When you raised, the first thing you put on was your hat. You don't shed your shirt when you bed down. So next comes your vest and coat, keeping your hindquarters covered till you slide into your pants, and now you're lacing your shoes. I notice you done all of it without quitting the blankets, like the ground's cold."

Every Saturday night, with the regularity of Tristram Shandy's father. Grandpa stood on a rawhide-bottomed chair to wind an enormous Seth Thomas eight-day clock hanging on the wall. It still runs, the dial showing the days of the week and date of month as well as hours and minutes. Grandpa seemed, as I reflect upon him now, to take an interest in Time as something substantive, something apart from the destinor and regulator of all life. His memory held the exact date of any occurrence out of his past that interested him, just as a born bibliographer knows the date of a book's publication along with the name of the author. He set a good deal of store by phases of the moon and did not need an almanac to look them up. He liked to compute them from *La Epacta*, the formula of which some wise old Mexican had taught him. While dry March winds were blowing, he might figure out from *La Epacta* the day in May when a new moon would bring a chance for rain. I doubt if he knew the English word "epact" as a term in astronomical computations. *La Epacta* is the number of days old the moon is on the first of January of any year. Knowing that and the eleven days' difference between a lunar year (354 days) and a solar year, one can figure out the date for any new moon in the months to follow and also the epact for the next year, the next, and so on.

After moving to Alice, Grandpa for a while drove the stage to Brownsville, about a hundred and fifty miles south by west. The Sands, bordering what later became known as the Magic Valley, exhausted every team pulling across them. Mesquite, ebony, and other brush hid whatever magic the Rio Grande Valley then had. On one drive Grandpa met, and in some small way accommodated, Catarino Garza about the time Garza was trying to raise forces on the Texas side of the Rio Grande to overthrow Don Porfirio Diaz, president-dictator of Mexico. The international excitement aroused by the revolutionist made no impression on me at the time he was active, though I suppose the semiweekly Houston *Post*, which we took, chronicled the movements of rangers and cavalrymen in their futile attempts to catch this violator of American soil.

His men bothered neither people nor property. Richard Harding Davis was on the scene as war correspondent, but judging from what he wrote in *The West from a Car Window*—not read until I was grown—the brush on the waterless land, a superficial mind, and an unguarded facility with words prevented him from seeing even a track made by Catarino Garza. It was tracks, remaining long after he himself was washed out, that made this man a name still lingering with me.

AT THE TIME I went to Alice, Grandpa was justice of the peace. One Saturday, official duties took him to Palito Blanco, about fourteen miles away, and he invited me to go along in the buggy. He kept a horse, also a cow, which he fed and milked every evening and morning, letting her out to graze by day and the calf by night on the town commons. Palito Blanco—Little Hackberry Tree—was a settlement of a few ranch Mexicans. We drove to a house where we had dinner and where I saw a beautiful young woman dressed in black. On the way home Grandpa told me that she was the wife of Catarino Garza, who had made his headquarters at the house long enough to marry her, and that she had not left it once since his disappearance about 1892—to Cuba, some said, or, as others said, to be killed as a filibuster in Honduras. For years I wondered every once in a while if she had yet left the house or put off the black clothes. She remains to me as unaging as the Venus de Milo.

Grandpa's meager earnings as justice of the peace were mainly from marrying Mexicans who could not afford a priest and from trials of misdemeanors. I suppose he held preliminary hearings on some criminal cases. According to old Trinidad Jaso's often repeated testimony, "Iffy some man telle Meestro Dubose one Mexican is kill, he say, 'Makee no difference, plenty more.'"

Now and then Grandpa went with a train of cattle being shipped to grass in the Indian Territory (Oklahoma) or Kansas or to market. The Fort Worth stockyards had not been established; the cities of Texas were too small to consume much beef; the main cattle markets were Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago. More cattle, it was said, were being shipped annually from Alice than from any other point in the United States. They were driven there all the way from Brownsville on down into Mexico. In the spring, vaqueros sometimes held herds for days on the sparse grass south of town waiting their turn at the shipping pens. The Texas-Mexican Railroad, from Laredo to Corpus Christi, ran through Alice, but it was narrow-gauged and any cattle shipped in its cars had to be unloaded and transferred to standard-gauge cars. Its engines burned mesquite wood and stopped at various places out in the brush to load on fuel stacked against the track. Anybody could flag the train down nearly anywhere and board it; to ranch people living within reach of the rails it was as accommodating as a country town streetcar.

In the shipping season, trains loaded with cattle pulled out of Alice day and night. Grandpa would say, "I've got my money, my tobacco and six-shooter and am ready to ride." Then, without a six-shooter and with next to no money, he would take a small satchel of clothes, bread, cooked meat, and hard-boiled eggs, a railroad lantern, and a prodpole, walk to the shipping pens, get into a caboose, and leave to be gone a week or more. His business would be to get out every time the train stopped, day or night, look into the cars to see that the cattle were standing, and if one were down to prod it to its feet, so that it would not be trampled on by other cattle. While he was away, I would feed, milk, and bring in the stovewood.

Alice specialized in shipping cattle bones as well as cattle. The bones were gathered by Mexicans from far away as well as near and hauled in wagons to sell to merchants. One year Alice Mexicans came up to our ranch bone-gathering. I have looked upon the Rockies and the Alps, but no snow-capped peak towers so high in my memory as the great pile of whitened bones owned by the Newberry merchants beside a railroad switch in Alice. Horns were piled on with the bones. Lem Newberry told me that one time he measured a pair of horns on a steer skull that stretched close to eight feet across from tip to tip. He had an inclination to keep them, but they would be in the way and he swung them onto the pile to be shipped for fertilizer and glue. Deer antlers, however, were stacked separately from other bones and one year the Newberrys got enough to fill a freight car; some fancier of horns bought the lot.

Grandpa knew all the ranchmen, horse traders, sheriffs and rangers of the country. Captain Rogers' headquarters camp was just beyond our yard fence. He was noted for asking the blessing at meals in camp and for going to church; he was more noted for being an upright and exceedingly effective ranger captain. Three of the Dubose boys served under him. Across the street in the opposite direction the noted Dillard R. Fant maintained a cottage to which he would occasionally drive from the large Santa Rosa ranch, on which he was going broke.

During the drouth that ruined him he would, people said, sit and brood or walk up and down and mutter to himself, "My, my, you reckon it ain't never going to rain? Oh, oh, ain't it dry!" Then after he had gone on this way a while he would change tone and call out to the house servant, "Maria, bring me *un cafecito*" (a little cup of coffee, which need not be little).

One night while Dick Scott was at the Santa Rosa, Dillard R. Fant awoke him by walking up and down on the front gallery and carrying on in his way about the drouth. Dick Scott went to walking also and every once in a while as they passed each other Fant would say, "Dick, you reckon this drouth ain't ever going to break?" Finally he said, "Dick, it's just too dry. Let's take a drink."

Another old-time cowman and trail driver of the country was Jasper Miller. He had mortgaged lots of cattle, was large and bearded, and spoke with a husk in his throat. A saying of his current over the country illustrated his hearty generosity: he said he had never seen an ugly woman or tasted bad whiskey. On Saturday mornings I sometimes went with Grandpa to see the Sap passenger train off. One morning when we arrived at the depot, we found Jasper Miller there, ready to board the train.

"How are you, Jasper?" Grandpa inquired.

"Fine, fine, and how are you, Friendly?"

"If I felt any better I'd be dangerous."

"Well, Friendly, I'm mighty sorry to find you in such good shape."

"Now, how's that, Jasper?"

"Friendly, I think so much of you I just wish to God you were in trouble so I could get you out of it."

I OWE much more to Grandma, having inherited some of her energy and spirit through my mother, than to Grandpa, but he appeals to my imagination. She was a Fusselman, partly of Pennsylvania Dutch stock. She was a dumpy little woman, fastidious, decisive, firm, and, like my mother, she understood well the nature of men. Sorrow, disappointment and worry had quickened her sympathies but had not dampened her spunk. Her warm, outgoing ways made her a close friend to several young women. At the time I lived with her, she was the main support of the household, often helping the needy. No chambermaid slave ever worked harder. The four rooms of a cottage in the yard were rented to individuals, mostly schoolteachers, whom she boarded.

She was as "swift as greased lightning" in her work. My sister Fannie, who lived with her, going to school, the second year I was there, says that Grandma always called her in the morning on the way to the kitchen and that she could never dress in time to be at the table when Grandma called the boarders to breakfast not many minutes later. Grandpa, always up early, would have had the fire in the kitchen stove going and coffee boiling. My recollection is that for breakfast we had fried steak as often as fried eggs, along with hot biscuits; meat, with vegetables, always abounded at the other meals.

Grandma cultivated and watered roses, oleanders, and other shrubs in the yard, along with such bright annuals as phlox and pinks, all mixed together in Mexican fashion—which is generally the fashion of wild flowers and grasses—without plan. She kept one stand of potted flowers, especially geraniums, on the back porch and another stand in the parlor. She loved pretty things and dressed tidily even while drudging. She had several shelves of books, including sets of Bulwer-Lytton, E. P. Roe, and Dickens, and odd volumes from Mark Twain, Scott, Longfellow, and other standard writers.

No novel I read out of those shelves remains to me as vivid as my mother's many references to Bulwer-Lytton's crime-haunted Eugene Aram, in the novel by that name. About ten years after I left Grandma's house, I experienced one of those instances in which the past and the present interpenetrate each other with flash lightning effect and weld themselves into enduring memory. On a certain winter day in New York I introduced myself to Joseph Conrad by opening in a bookstore the volume containing "Youth." I was reading the first pages when I paid a clerk for it, and I went to sleep that night in "The Heart of Darkness." Many times during the next fifteen or so years I reread "Youth," publicly as well as privately, memorizing the apostrophes and the "Judea, London, Do or Die" passages. The cadences of Conrad's prose remain for me the most swelling and grandly eloquent since Sir Thomas Browne, and "Youth" remains, in its effect on my imagination, the most powerful short story I know. It led me to other Conrad narratives, above all to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*—with old Singleton, the oldest able seaman in the ship:

> **He sat apart on the deck under the lamps, stripped to the waist, . . . his bare back propped against the heel of the bowsprit, holding a book at arm's length before his big, sunburnt face. With his spectacles and a venerable white beard, he resembled a learned and savage patriarch. He was intensely absorbed, and as he turned the pages, an expression of grave surprise would pass over his rugged features. He was reading *Pelham*.**

At this picture of old Singleton reading *Pelham* I saw instantaneously the dingy green bindings of a whole row of novels in Grandma Dubose's cottage, set in a brush-surrounded village of braying burros, squeaking windmills, mountains of bleached cow bones, and of human inhabitants even farther away from the sophisticated elegancies of Edward George Earle Lytton, Bulwer-Lytton, as was any tattooed seaman who ever sailed out of the port of London. Mystery—the supreme mystery of the transporting power of human imagination!

GRANDMA went to church every Sunday, and Grandpa never went. Some people considered him an irredeemable sinner. He was a free thinker, I suppose; certainly he considered his own and every other person's soul the owner's private affair. He never advised me on my conduct beyond urging me to get an education. Lack of education had blocked him from the two best chances of his life, he said. He was as cold as a well-digger's rump toward some of the preachers whom Grandma had for supper or Sunday

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## Maximilian's Gold

(Continued from page 53)

ing the worst, but seeing no way of preventing it, he dropped out and watched the caravan lumber on up the trail.

It was the last time he ever saw any of them. For three days he was unable to travel, and when he did start he had to go slowly. Four days riding brought him to the wrecked caravan. There had been a battle. Evidently the guides had attempted to rob the caravan, and had succeeded. He found the bodies of the Austrian and his drivers where they had been buried, and nearby he located the loot which they had captured. Some of it they had evidently taken with them, but there was not room for all. And a fabulous fortune it was; gold, jewelry, and other treasures, belonging to the Emperor Maximilian. He made a map of the region and hastened on down the trail that his companions had taken.

Three days later he found them. too. The Comanches had ambushed them and killed every man. Their scalped bodies remained where they had fallen; some of the loot they had taken from the caravan lay beside them. Their horses were gone: this was probably what the Indians had been after, Murdock reflected. There were evidences that a renegade white man was with the Indians and leading them, but for some reason he had overlooked part of the plunder.

Murdock carried the treasure back to the scene of the caravan battle, and buried it all together, keeping out only as much as he could carry on his horse. Then, carefully guarding his map of the place, he slowly made his way to San Antonio. Apparently he planned to get a wagon and team and come back for his treasure, but he never did get back. Fresh outbreaks of Indian troubles, homesickness, the loss of his companions —these probably influenced him to decide to go back to his old home. So, instead of going on to Mexico, one summer morning he set his face toward Missouri. Doubtless he would return later.

On the road between Fort Worth and Denton, Texas, he camped one night with a group of strangers. He asked them few questions and accepted their invitation to eat and sleep with them. Before daylight he was aroused by a posse of hard-faced men; and by the time he was fully awake he found himself under arrest as the member of a gang of horse thieves. It did no good to protest that he did not even know his associates; he was arrested and lodged in the Denton County jail.

Almost immediately he again fell sick, but this time he did not recover. He did manage to get the jailer to call a doctor, who told him he was going to die. He also secured the services of a lawyer, who got him out of jail. But the only way he could pay his two friends was to give them the map of the treasure out in the Pecos region; his money had already disappeared or had been stolen. This he did, and in his last moments told them the story of the caravan and its end.

The doctor and lawyer, whose names are not revealed to us, made every effort to find the treasure. The lawyer secured an appointment as a federal judge in the Pecos area, and the doctor eventually moved to a nearby town. Both of them, plus their friends and descendants, hunted many times for the cache. Traces of the old wagon tires were found, we are told, also some remains of the wagons themselves. The map indicated that the burial was at the edge of a small pond of water fed by a spring flowing out of the side of a hill. But drifting sand had obliterated all marks.

And thus far no one has ever found the treasure. Maximilian, of course, was captured and shot by the Juaristas. And his crown jewels and other treasures lie buried under some pile of sand near the Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos River.

It is not difficult to find the Horsehead Crossing. Apparently it is not on a modern highway, but it *is* on the Pecos River. It is about twenty miles northwest of the town of Girven, which is a mile or so off the main Highway 67, southwest of McCamey. It lies at the western end of a twelve-mile canyon known as Castle Canyon.

In the old days the crossing was famous as the first watering place going west for about ninety miles. John Butterfield operated a stage line over the Castle Canyon route before the Civil War. In 1866 Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving drove a herd of cattle over the region, watering their almost-starved herd at the place. The trail, which followed up the Pecos, went on up into New Mexico from the Horsehead Crossing.

Many hunters have looked for the treasure, in widely scattered areas. There is a rough, rocky ridge some ten miles north and a little west of McCamey, Texas, where hunters for Maximilian's treasure have literally dug up hundreds of acres of ground. Natives of the area say that one party came all the way from Austria, searching for the treasure. Some hunters have gone so far as to blast into solid rock with dynamite.

Most of this digging has been done at the southern entrance to Castle Gap, a pass in the King Mountains, which are just south of Castle Mountain. The Old Chihuahua Trail leads through this pass, the same trail over which came salt-haulers from Mexico City to get salt from the lake deposits not far north of the King Mountains.

Perhaps they were on a warm trail; perhaps not. If we are to believe the old yarn, the treasure lies buried in what was once a little stream flowing out of the side of a hill not far from the Old Horsehead Crossing.

Maybe somebody will find it some day. Maybe it is just a legend. *Quien Sabe?*

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## The Oregon Country Via Mule Deck

(Continued from page 52)

**"Glorious Fourth passed off about as other days in this mountainous region. I would frequently think of the merry doings that were going on in a land far distant—the patriotic speeches, to say nothing of the sherry cobbler, mint julep and rum punches that flowed in abundance until all became merry and happy all around."**

**ON September 11, 1865, he and a goodly company indulged in "nips" to celebrate "the wheel turns," the wheel being that of his newly set up flour mill. In fact, Owen was ready to celebrate often and extensively. Christmas and other gala occasions found him feasting everyone within hailing distance. Cooking for the fort was a hard chore, and the turnover of cooks was high.**

**In this and other fort tasks, Nancy usually took no part, except to fill in between cooks. She remained for the most part aloof from the social life there, too, content to accompany Owen on his journeys and on occasional visits to friends. Owen seemed to have been genuinely attached to his "old wife," as he called her. Only once did he appear to wish himself free, young, and attractive. But Emma Harris, sister of his heir, Thomas Harris, was interested elsewhere. She married David Pattee, whom Owen called "dissipatedly temperate."**

**Owen mailed, in 1858, detailed invoices of Fort Owen property, belonging to himself and employees, to Colonel Nesmith. The total was valued at $36,900. At the time he was planning a trip to Walla Walla valley with his stock. He expected to find greater security from the Mormons, who he feared were about to move into the Bitter Root valley in large numbers. This trip he did not make; the Mormons did not come.**

**His stock was a valuable part of Fort Owen property. For a short time after he left the army, he traded on the Emigrant Road, exchanging fresh horses for good Eastern stock worn by the difficult travel. And after he set up the fort, he had many dealings with other traders, and so secured good horses. His brand was 21, on left hip or shoulder.**

**He also owned cattle, to supply beef for his table and for sale to customers. Stock wintered, without need of feeding, south of the fort, where the snowfall was slight. One exception was the severe winter of 1862, when the loss of stock was great.**

**The day of Fort Owen as a point of importance in the interior Northwest was done by 1865. During the preceding year, Missoula Mills, the present Missoula, was established on Mullan's wagon road, which by-passed Fort Owen. Its founders, Frank Worden and Captain C. P. Higgins, encroached heavily upon Owen's trade.**

**Hard times hit the major. And worse misfortune was in store for him; soon after 1871 his mental powers began to fail. He was kept in St. Patrick's Hospital in Missoula until 1877, when he was taken to his old home in Pennsylvania, where he died on July 12, 1889. By a strange coincidence, in February of that same year one wall of Fort Owen crumbled in.**

**Historians have neglected Owen and his kind, without whose adventurous spirit the Oregon Country would still be undeveloped.**

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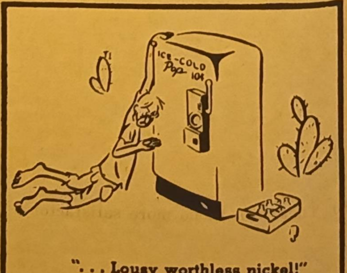

"... Lousy worthless nickel!"

## The Apache Kid — Arizona Terror

(Continued from page 50)

**law. This was the same man into whose camp the Kid had descended and denied all the murders charged to him.**

**Several years before, he said, a man riding from the law in Mexico stopped off at his place and left a message. The message was from his friend, the Apache Kid He sent his thanks for past favors and wanted his friend to know that he was still very much alive down there, happy and contented with his small mountain ranch, his family, his Mexican and Indian friends. Among them was none other than the famed Colonel Kosterlitzy, head of the deadly *rurale* police in the states of Sonora and Chihuahua**

**If the Apache Kid, born in 1869, is alive today, then somewhere down there in the mountain country is a small, dried up, wrinkled old man, 85 years old, living in memories of a turbulent past. It could be.**

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## "His Looks and My Ways Would Kill Any Man"

(Continued from page 55)

dinner. He liked to loiter with men in saloons, not drinking, however—probably on account of the expense. Once in a great while at home, when he felt "about forty years old"—his term for the ultimate in aged stiffness and general stove-upness—he might take a toddy. Mama said that he used to keep a bottle of whiskey on the sideboard; she and Grandma attributed overdrinking by one of the Dubose boys to that practice.

Grandpa's beard was stained by leakage from the corncob pipe constantly in his mouth. Mama said she had seen "Ma gag (at the tobacco moisture and smell) many a time when Mr. Dubose kissed her." Her name was Martha, but he called her Mattie. My younger sister was named Mattie for her but in time changed the name to Martha, which I like better, too.

The village of Alice had neither a water nor a sewage system. Householders not provided with wells and windmills depended upon a Mexican who drove a burro to a cart loaded with a horizontal barrel. He transferred water from it through spigot and hose into an upright barrel at the back door or yard gate of the purchaser. The price was a dime a barrel, as I recollect. This *barrilero* (barrel man) would wail out "*agua, agua fresca*" (water, fresh water) while his burro pulled the cart and barrel over town at a shadow-moving gait.

Grandma had a well and mill besides a cistern to catch rainwater for drinking. When the windmill went to squeaking she would remind Grandpa to oil it. Sometimes the wind blew ceaselessly, covering the town with dust and sifting it into the houses. The rushing sound it made tended to drown out other sounds, but when the wind was moderate in the night, just strong enough to turn the mill wheels, their squeaking from all directions could drive a sleepless person mad.

Even middle age is antiquity to most young people, but Grandpa was old, old, when he died at the age of sixty-eight in 1909. There can be no more satisfactory death than that of a captain going down with his ship. Grandpa survived his ship a long while. I was in Chicago when he died. Uncle Charlie, who was with him, told me his dying words. He asked Uncle Charlie for the can. After he had emptied his bladder into it he said, "Thank you, Charlie. Now I am easy and can die like a man." And he died.

PERHAPS memory ignores many particles of experience more influential on a person's life than other particles vividly recollected. I do not know. I went to Alice for the sole purpose of going to school; yet I can recall almost nothing that I learned in school and comparatively little from school life in general. I can recall many faces of pupils—one of a girl with whom I fell tremblingly in love but who, fortunately for us both, had no feeling for me. Her influence on my subsequent emotional life was as negative as that of the windmill in the yard.

Among the teachers was a German scholar. I did not at the time realize the nature and meaning of a true scholar. This German was ascetic in looks, shy and solitary. He organized a class in Latin, a subject not required, for volunteers. I volunteered, but stupidly did not study. I was more interested in *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Any pupil who had an incentive to study had it from an inner source, not from the school.

During two years at Alice I was in the room presided over by the superintendent, "Professor" Nat Benton—a man to respect. Not long before we graduated he told the members of the class to write a theme on one of several subjects that he named. This was the only written assignment I had in school before going to college. Several members of the class, which totaled less than a dozen, did not write anything. I chose War as my subject, and to be striking I began my theme with Sherman's million-times quoted sentence.

Professor Benton, after taking up the themes, began reading mine aloud to the class. At hearing the word "hell" the class giggled and made other noises. There was nothing funny to me about hell. I suffered humiliation and embarrassment beyond adult conception.

I always have to consult a dictionary to make sure of the ranking distinction between *salutatorian* and *valedictorian*. I don't remember which I was but think I was next to the top in grades. Anyway, I had to stand up at the graduating exercises—held in the, to me, vast Knights of Pythias hall—and make a speech. In preparing it I floundered about—for I could not think of anything to say—until Professor Benton virtually wrote it for me. In composing the platitudes he gave me the first idea pertaining to rhetoric that I can recall. He advised me to use "three adjectives in ascending order to describe a noun." For instance, if I wanted to speak of a heroic man, I might say he was "strong, brave and noble." If I were to say anything about pain, I should adjective it with "sharp, excruciating, agonizing." I had a dim idea that Professor Benton might be wrong about adjectives. A letter that I came upon three years later from Robert Louis Stevenson to Henry James damning "the accursed adjective" had a salutary effect upon my style.

My adjectived oration was memorized and I had practiced delivering it out in the cow shed. I knew I should be afraid when the time came to stand on the stage before all the people and say it aloud. My legs were shaking like cottonwood leaves in a breeze when I got to mv position on the stand, and my mouth was dry. I started but after a sentence or two I faltered. I could not summon the memorized words; they had no essential meaning to me anyhow. I had no idea at all to put into other words.

Professor Benton was ready for me. He held the manuscript of my oration in his hand. He coached me by reading in a low voice the sentence I had stalled on. I repeated half of it and forgot the rest. It was no use to try to go on. If war was hell, this was worse than ten wars. I sat down in a misery and despondency for which there were not and are not any adjectives. The theme on war, the graduating oration, and the failure to study Latin are the sole recollections I have out of two years of schooling at Alice. I read books during the time and must have learned a little arithmetic, if nothing else. I cannot recall a single study or textbook we had, but the life and the people of the town come back to me clearly etched.

The principal of the school was a kind man named Mr. Butler. I cannot recall anything that he ever said, but I recall gladly the braying of Mexican-owned burros at night. They were many, and they roamed over the vacant lots of the town and nipped off the leaves of any shrub growing near a yard fence. Sometimes schoolboys would rope them and ride them. I played baseball a little, but had no skill or pleasure in the play. I preferred walking the railroad track out to where the jackrabbits worked their ears.

Watching the big freight wagons in town from the Santa Gertrudis Ranch for supplies was another pleasure. Each was pulled by six mules; the driver, a Mexican, riding on his near wheel mule. The manes and tails of the mules were always neatly roached, and every team was matched exactly for color—six black mules, six sorrels, six duns, and so on. A train of these wagons made as brave a show as a picture of the borax wagons of Death Valley.

The Santa Gertrudis management was responsible for breeding the mules, but the patterns in teams were a result of Mexican instinct for symmetry and design. On the Mexican horse ranches down the country every *manada* (a band of mares herded and otherwise mastered by a stallion) was matched for color—and the rancheros liked variety in it. Horse raising had become much less profitable than cattle raising, but carloads and carloads of Spanish horses were still being shipped from Alice to the farming country eastward.

There were two or three Mexican bakeries across the railroad tracks, and every afternoon a man with a face radiating good nature walked up and down the street carrying on his head a large flat basket covered with a white cloth and containing loaves of freshly baked, still warm lightbread and sugar-sweetened buns. He wore a coiled-up red Mexican sash around his head to make the basket balance, and while carrying it did not touch it with his hands. Walking slowly, he would sing-song in long-drawn-out and faraway sounding syllables the words *pan cal-i-ente, pan dul-ce* (hot lightbread, sweet bread). The cry, running far up the musical scale, was a joy to him, and it was a joy to hear. It was an added joy to take a nickel from Grandma and run out to meet him. He would uncover the fragrant basket and hand me a loaf of lightbread with the invariable *pilon* (lagniappe)—a very soft, warm bun, which I devoured at once. Then he would walk on, trailing aroma and melody.

**The music in my heart I bore,**
**Long after it was heard no more.**

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## Bunkhouse Yarns

(Continued from page 39)

"Johnny's hoss is getting winded and Johnny's so busy trying to set in the middle of him he ain't got time to do much else, but he knows it's either do something, or throw the race to the cat. So giving his hoss the spurs, Johnny tries to outrun him, and he don't figger to lose his rope this time either. But when he looks back, he sees Mr. Cat, loping along plumb healthy.

So pulling his gun. Johnny don't aim; he just sort of pushes it behind him and pulls the trigger. Right away the slack goes out of his rope, and Johnny swore he hits that cat square between the eyes."

"Well," says Jack Burns, "that could have been an accident, but I saw a shot one time that if it was a accident, the feller who made it sure didn't want me to know it.

"The winter of '98-9, I'm breaking hosses for the old V Up and V Down outfit. Staying at the hoss camp with a feller by the name of Smith. Wolfer Smith, we called him, and he could come about as near to outsmarting a wolf as any man I ever see. He's trapping wolves for the outfit, running his trapline south about twenty mile.

"There is a French breed running another trapline for the old Bar C ranch. His line runs up to Smith's, so they meet and get acquainted. French drops into our camp once in a while and him and Smith argue guns half the night.

"Now Smith packs an old 45-70 Springfield needle gun; French uses a Sharpes 45-90, a regular cannon. Has a bore that would scare a man to death, just to look into it. Well, from the shots these two wolfers claim to have made, a man wouldn't be safe from either one of 'em, even if he was in the next county.

ONE night Frenchy spins a tall one. Claims he's coming to his camp along about dusk when he jumps some elk. They've got his wind and are easy spooked. There's a big four-point in the bunch. French decides he wants that one. But it's late. Frenchy won't have time to get such a heavy batch of meat into camp before dark, and if he leaves it on the ground, the coyotes will have it et up before morning. So Frenchy slips around the elk. Gets them between him and a lot of heavy pine and waits till they graze to the edge of the timber. Then he shoots his bull. The bull jumps, hangs his horns in a tree, and there he swings, safe from the coyotes till morning.

"Well, this is better shooting than Smith's done, and I rawhide him about it. Ain't he a better shot than Frenchy? Smith gets sore, but he can't think of a better shot to shoot or a better lie to tell.

"Well, comes spring, after a hard winter. We're short on meat. I'm out one morning, taking the kinks out of a new bronc. About a mile from camp I spy a bunch of antelope. As all I carry is a six-gun that won't reach, I head back for camp to bring up Smith and his cannon.

"On the way back out, Smith starts complaining about his eyesight. Eyes been bothering him all winter; now the sun's blinding him. I get him ringy by telling him that if this was Frenchy, he wouldn't be complaining. Time we get in sight of the antelope, he's mad clear through.

"The antelope bunch is so far off they look like gnats. But Smith don't wait. I've got him in a killing frame of mind, and right here's where he'll show me. He skins his gun out of the scabbard, steps off his hoss, and without taking a rest over nothing, let's go.

"For a minute, the smoke hides everything. Then, looking through the haze, I'm pretty sure there's one down. It's hard to believe, shooting at that distance, but it's worth a look.

"Well, sure enough, when we ride up, there lays Mr. Antelope, deader than a skinned coyote.

"Getting off his hoss, Smith goes up and turns him over. The shot gets him right behind the ear. The way Smith's bent over, I can't see his face, but when he rises, he's frowning and running a finger over his gun sight.

" 'Kid', he says, and I never see a man look more sober, " 'Kid, I got to do something about that rear sight. I aimed at his eye!' "

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## Plainsman In a Hurry

(Continued from page 43 )

From Fort Dodge, the trail traced its wagon ruts beside the Arkansas River to Pawnee Rock, where another band of Indians turned up. A rain of arrows whistled around Aubrey. One cut his arm. His frightened horse raced ahead and again outdistanced his pursuers. The Indians had disappeared by the time he reached Cottonwood Creek.

Aubrey was eating up the distance to Independence at a faster clip than he had accomplished on his previous race against time. He changed horses four times before he reached the halfway mark.

The pounding of hoofs became a subconscious tattoo, as steady as the weary beat of his heart. Thirst dried his throat, as he moved from waterhole to waterhole across the plains. Now south of the Kansas River . . . past Diamond Springs, Council Grove, and finally on Saturday afternoon his destination came into view.

He rode into the town square in midafternoon, beating his six-day deadline by five hours. He was just five days and 19 hours from Santa Fe, averaging 138 miles a day—a record still unsurpassed in equestrian history. (In 1851, the renowned Western character, "Uncle Dick" Wootten rode from Raton, N.M., to Kansas City in seven days, but that was a day longer and more than a hundred miles shorter.)

Aubrey used 11 horses to win the second wager.

When he slipped from the saddle at Independence, he hadn't slept for 56 hours. Bystanders said later that he was sound asleep the instant he touched the ground.

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## Man in a Well

(Continued from page 47)

The carving and whittling was slow, difficult, arduous work. It required a sharp knife-point to outline and cut holes through the wood. But once Carlin had started, he never retreated.

During the first long day, he inched his way up the well side, carving first a handhold, then a foothold, then a crevice into which he could thrust the ends of his seat board and take some of his weight off his injured foot. At the day's end, when it grew too dark to work further without danger of falling or losing his knife, he fashioned a little better seat upon which to spend his second night. His strong and calloused hands were now blistered and bleeding. His throat was parched. His stomach cried out for nourishment. But he was 50 feet higher!

Throughout the night, the settler catnapped uneasily on his narrow ledge, getting what sleep and rest he could. His team had, meanwhile, been taken up by a neighboring homesteader and placed in a pasture. This good, but unimaginative, citizen had thereby complied with the technicalities of the law of that year (1895). He had notified the proper authorities of the stray stock, after impounding them in pasture. But with the impounding of Carlin's team he had, alas, also impounded the last possibility of discovery of Carlin in the well.

Carlin, of course, could know nothing of this as he huddled in the well, sleepless in his pain, hoping desperately that whoever found his team would start a search. He was cold and miserable and his feet now pained him intensely. The necessity for climbing mostly on his uninjured foot had now made that member almost as painful as the other.

THE second morning brought grave doubts to Carlin. Looking upward, he could now see how grossly he had underestimated the well's depth. He concluded that he might be in one of the giant 200-300 foot wells, since the distance he had progressed upward seemed so small relative to the great expanse still stretching above. The thought depressed him. For an hour or more he wasted valuable time calling for help. Only the echo of his lone voice answered, causing his stout spirit at this time to almost fail. But the recollection of his wife and his small son awaiting him at home spurred him on. With a fervent appeal to his Maker, whom he had almost begun to doubt, he resumed his toil.

Using sand from the well's side as a whetstone and with his own spittle, he brought the blades of his knife to fine points and sharp edges. Once again he attacked the tough casing.

Patiently, he carved out handhold after handhold and foothold after foothold in the hard wood. Then, clinging against the well's side, he would carve still another handhold with which to drag himself up higher.

The hard clay in the uncurbed areas presented an even greater danger than the wood casing. The footholes in the clay must be deep; and to be safe, the handholds must be turned down at an angle to provide a solid hold for the one hand, while the other carved out the next hole.

By late afternoon of the second day, Carlin had reached a point less than thirty feet from the top. He was nearing exhaustion, and only his hardy pioneer constitution kept him from fainting and falling back into the well. And at this point, he met the greatest hindrance that he had encountered.

Above his head was a curbing, round and approximately 4 feet in height and perfectly smooth on the inside. Around its sides the walls had been eroded by rains at the earth's surface until the curbing hung suspended by a single peg in the side of the well. It dangled so insecurely above his head that he knew that even to touch it, might mean crashing it down on him, carrying him with it to the bottom. Carlin realized that to attempt to go up through it would be madness.

He had been cutting through a similar earth strata less than 20 feet below and was impressed with the adhesive quality of the tough clay that had sustained his weight when he had mounted the sheer earth wall. Since he couldn't go up through the casing, he decided that he must carve his way up around it in the clay walls.

No doubt his mental and physical condition at this time conditioned him for the bold course of action he was to take. Audaciously, he cut a ramp around the well's sides, avoiding the suspended curbing entirely! It was a most hazardous experiment and called for great ingenuity in by-passing the lone peg holding the curbing. Once this hazard was overcome and he had reached the remaining 10-foot curbing above, it was relatively short work to hack out the remaining handholds and footholds to the top, grasp the tough sunflowers that grew deep-rooted at the well's edge and pull himself free of the trap.

CARLIN lay on the surface of the earth, exhausted. He knew that his escape had been little short of miraculous. When he had rested, he kneeled and thanked God for sparing his life.

Cutting a large sunflower stalk to use as a crutch, Carlin hobbled to the nearby deserted sod shanty, where he pulled off enough loose wood to cover the abandoned well. In the dusk of the evening he set off toward a neighboring settler's sod shanty. The following daybreak, after a night of hobbling and crawling, he appeared at the soddy of Charles Francis, where he was taken in, fed and cared for by friendly and sympathetic hands—just two days and three nights after his plunge into the abandoned well.

Carlin's story became widely known among the settlers of the entire central Nebraska area and was largely responsible for legislation that brought about the covering and filling of the many abandoned wells in the region. Many settlers who were to stick it out through the drought years of the 1890's profited from this legislation, which enabled them to earn a few dollars filling up the old wells when money was as scarce as the grasshoppers were plentiful.

Truly, as Frank Carlin once said after his terrible experience, "God works in mysterious ways."

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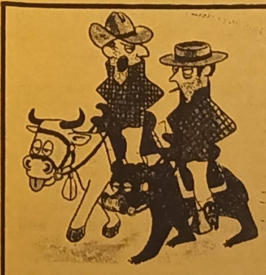


"I sure hate this saddling-up before daybreak!"

## Two-Gun Marshal

(Continued from page 42)

He might have done it, had he let his .45s talk for him. But word of his coming went ahead. Argument still rages over the time he lasted, when he walked into the Coliseum. It was between nine and ten seconds. A bartender is supposed to have done the killing but Jim Manning assumed responsibility.

Stoudenmire and Cummins had been the closest friends. And when the marshal came back, to hear from Gillett about the killing, he raved like a madman. But he was persuaded not to go gunning for the Mannings. Cummins had brought his fate down on his own head.

So strained were relations between Stoudenmire and the sporting crowd that El Paso walked on tiptoes, ready to dive for shelter.

So by the efforts of cool heads, an agreement was reached between the two factions. A remarkable document was signed.

> We, the undersigned parties, having this day mutually settled all difficulties and unfriendly feelings existing between us, hereby agree that we will meet and pass each other on peaceable terms and that bygones shall be bygones, and that we will never allude in the future to any past animosities that have existed between us.

Signed by Stoudenmire, by Jim, Frank and Dr. G. F. Manning, it seemed an agreement fair enough. But when did a statement that "bygones shall be bygones" actually wipe out animosity and scars?

STOUDENMIRE was not a man whose emotions showed much. But something was worrying him. He drank heavily. He became quarrelsome. The council asked finally for his resignation. He handed it to them, then stood glowering around at them all.

"You haven't treated me fairly," he rumbled. "And I can straddle the bunch of you."

Jim Gillett was chosen as his successor. Let it be said here that in one respect only, in utter fearlessness, did he resemble his predecessor.

Stoudenmire, taking commission as deputy U. S. marshal, congratulated Gillett. Soon after, he went out of town on business. Coming back from Deming, he reached town between midnight and dawn of September 18, 1882. He wanted a drink. He went into the Mannings' saloon. No credible report is available as to what occurred there.

But when Marshal Gillett came on duty very early that morning the first sight to greet his eyes was Stoudenmire, reeling down the middle of El Paso Street. He was going home, so Gillett stepped back and let him go.

When Jim and Frank Manning came to their saloon and were told by the bartender that Stoudenmire had been there, "looking for them," they flared up. Jim went straight to the Acme Saloon proclaiming that he was going to shoot it out with Stoudenmire. But Stoudenmire was home, asleep.

The Acme's owners, Nuland, Brooks and Jones, were all from Colorado County, and old friends of Stoudenmire. So, when he came downtown in midafternoon, he headed straight there. And the partners reproached him for hunting trouble with the Mannings.

"Why, I wasn't hunting them!" he protested. "I wanted a drink and that was the only place open. I'll go down and tell them how it was."

Jones, who had been a deputy of Stoudenmire's, and who is recalled as a brave, dependable man, said he would go with him. They found Jim Manning at the bar and Dr. G. F. Manning playing billiards. Stoudenmire went up to Jim and said that someone had been spreading lies. He asked for Frank Manning. He wanted to tell the three brothers, all together, what had happened.

"Frank's in the gaming-room. I'll go get him," said Jim.

But as Jim went out, Dr. G. F. dropped his cue and came up to Stoudenmire. He was a small man, but one of cold nerve.

Dallas," he said grimly, "you broke your agreement."

"Whoever says I did tells a damned lie!" Stoudenmire flared.

INSTANTLY, both men went for their guns. Walt Jones risked his life to jump between them. But he was hurled back. In the scuffle, Manning got his pistol out first. He was using a double-action .44. He fired straight at Stoudenmire's breast. The slug hit a large pocketbook and a packet of letters. It glanced off. But Dr. Manning pulled the trigger again. He wounded Stoudenmire in the left arm and breast, near the shoulder.

Stoudenmire had brought a pistol to bear on Manning. He shot him through the right arm above the elbow, knocking the little doctor's weapon from his hand. Instantly, Manning jumped at Stoudenmire, throwing both arms around the huge figure.

The locked figures reeled about the barroom in a waltz of death. They staggered to the street door and through it. Gillett and Ranger Joe Deaver were almost knocked down as they tried to get to Stoudenmire and Manning, who were out on the sidewalk now.

They struggled through the runners. They were within thirty feet of the struggling pair when Jim Manning jumped out of the gambling room with a pistol. He had only Stoudenmire's head for a target; his first shot missed and splintered a barber-pole. His second bullet struck Stoudenmire in the temple. As he fell dead, he dragged Dr. Manning down with him. The doctor snatched up one of Stoudenmire's pistols. He began to beat Stoudenmire over the head with it. Gillett and Manning pulled him off.

Jim Manning was tried and acquitted. The Mannings and Stoudenmire had made so many threats that El Paso had expected nothing but an armed collision and the citizens were relieved that no non-combatant had been killed in their battle.

It was not the end that Stoudenmire would have chosen; hardly the end that so brave and straightforward a man deserved. But he had enemies who certainly did not intend that he should live.

It seems to me that the opinion of Captain Gillett is one carrying weight, and he says emphatically that with all his faults, Stoudenmire was a splendid marshal for the El Paso of '81 and '82. He faced hard cases with only partial support from the so-called and self-styled "better class." And he performed every detail of his hard, thankless job without fear and without favor. In my gallery of gunfighters, he ranks high!

## Robbing Montana Mails

(Continued from page 11)

up the road north. Supt. O. J. Salisbury had just arrived and arranged for transportation on his line for myself and men when they should come.

That afternoon, the 17th, having got thoroughly ready myself, I went up to Corinne and saw that Billy Field observed me as I got off the train and noted the fact that he seemed a little anxious. But then the thief was clearly "north of Corinne" and I was going to get him and that was the end of it.

I was not fixed financially with much of the "Rag Baby," so I borrowed $125 from Judge Black to be paid when my men got up. I left instructions with him for them to follow me on up the road. So next morning, as per agreement, Supt. Salisbury met me quietly at the stage office and we took the stage and went up the road, reaching Keeney's at 11 P.M.

HERE WE MET both his Division Superintendents, honest and faithful old Dick Riddle, one of the best stage men I ever saw in my life, and his worthy compeer, jolly "Governor" Pollinger. We went to bed and as Pollinger said, we "slept a few lines" and next morning were off at 3 A.M. and *such* a time as we did have going out.

"O. J.," as the Superintendent is familiarly styled by the boys, is something on telling stories himself, but Pollinger is what they call out there a "regular rattler." I was, of course, a new hand but I got down to bedrock and I told a few that were new to the boys. Dick Riddle could not tell a story, but he was one of the best laughers there was on the whole line, and if we didn't have a jolly time for forty miles, I never had one in my life.

Here at the "Robber's Roost" Station we regretfully parted from Pollinger and O. J., Riddle and I keeping on. I did not want to stop at any of the places I suspected, of course, as I could make no inspection there, and at all but one of the way post offices there was no Home Station where the passengers laid over. At Pleasant Valley there was a Home Station and a P.O. and the passengers laid over. Hence here was my spot. To add to this I learned from the Division Superintendents that the P.M., Lee Mantle, had until recently been telegraph operator at Snake River Bridge (Eagle Rock P.O.) where nothing but the way pouch ever went off the coach. Hence he could not be the thief who was robbing while he was there at Snake River. The only other man at the Pleasant Valley office was Lee Mantle's brother, who was there only a few months from the Salt Lake Valley.

Hence, the coast was clear at Pleasant Valley, as far as the thief was concerned. As soon as I arrived and saw the great good open face of Lee Mantle I *knew* he was honest and reliable. As we went up, I gave Dick Riddle my brass key at Yam Patch, and he went through the Helena and Virginia City pouches on the southbound coach and brought them to me in the stable for inspection; then he returned them. We tried the same thing at Sand Holes Station, but it could not be safely done. As soon, however, as we got to Pleasant Valley, I took Lee Mantle into my full confidence.

This was in the early dawn of April 21, and I should say here that, from the time I left Corinne on the morning of the 18th, my eyes never closed in sleep for the whole distance, as I was determined to see what there was to be seen. On that morning Riddle and I inspected the southbound mail and I came in and laid down on the floor of the bedroom. I was not only worn out with the exhaustion of three days' and nights' steady staging, but I was perfectly looney for want of sleep. When I did get asleep they were, as they said, unable to awaken me for over twelve hours, either by puncturing me with pins or putting ice applications to the face and person.

The general public knows but little and appreciates less of the *tortures* that the Special Agents of the P.O. Department are often called upon to encounter in their endeavors to see that the mails of the people are carried with "Certainty Celerity and Security" and considering my physical condition, I certainly regard that I took the risk of my own life right into my hands on that trip but I was *determined* to capture that thief if it was within human power to do it.

So here I stayed until the evening of the 25th inspecting the mails both ways, after the drivers and passengers had all gone to bed. Then, on that coach, came my faithful assistants, Seybolt and Estelle, and as they had obeyed instructions to keep their eyes open all the way until they found me, the poor fellows were almost crazed for lack of sleep. When they came in I, of course, paid no kind of attention to them, treating them as utter strangers, as I had to watch out for the passengers and stage drivers, who were soon all asleep.

Then we three went out and talked over everything. They brought me a report that no more trouble seemed to be occurring, since the rifling of those seventeen packages on the 12th, which I thought passing strange. We then arranged for Lee Estelle to go to Watson's and "play cousin" of Charlie Willie, who was then acting as Wells Fargo's agent there, a new man and a good one; and take him into our confidence and, if possible, to have Estelle to sleep with him and be thus enabled to make an inspection of the mails going both ways. He was to make a list of the packages and compare it with the list he should get from me of the northbound mail and if O.K. send it up to Seybolt at whatever place above Watson's the latter might be able to locate himself safely and properly. Of the mails coming south he (Estelle) would check off Seybolt's list which he would receive from above, if all right, and send on to me to Pleasant Valley daily, where I would check it off and send it on to the P.M. at Corinne. He was on the daily lookout for such a letter from Pleasant Valley from me. In this way we were certain, if we made no mistakes at all, to "straddle" the fellow right down, and if any one of us needed help or made any discovery he was to let both the others know.

I REGARDED Estelle as the best man to go to Watson's, as he is very smart and can beat any man to "bum around with the boys" and have any quantity of fun, and yet never taste one drop of liquor. Not only this, but he is as brave as a lion—a perfect tiger—and we all believed that more than likely the thief must be there (at Watson's). Estelle was well armed and his instructions were that if in his observations he found the thief, to allow him to fully develop himself and create plenty of evidence, and then and there by day or by night to arrest and iron him instantly. Knowing Estelle as I did, I was certain it would be done discreetly and well.

There was a telegraph line but we placed no reliance nor dependence whatever in it, as it was down all the time from Helena to Corinne, which was a terrible embarrassment, too, as when I left Corinne I had arranged a system of cipher with the Corinne P.M. by which we were to correspond daily. But the line never was up one minute while I was on the trip. Our cipher was novel. Here it is: Brass locks were either "gold," "coin" or "silver"; iron locks were either "money" or "currency"; registered packages were "mules," "horses" or individual articles of merchandise of any kind. And the order of transit was reversed; that is to say, a thing "received" was a package "sent" and vice versa. Now here are some messages:

"John G. Williams, Pleasant Valley, Idaho. Ten boxes goods rec'd today for Helena from San Francisco, six for Virginia, coin freight ninety dollars, good all right, two teams start for Deer Lodge O.K. with currency." Translation: "I forward today for Helena under brass lock ten packages and six for Virginia also under brass lock. I rec'd two under iron lock from Deer Lodge, O.K."

Another: "Corinne, Utah, etc. Your train started today with Indian goods, the three trains together, twenty teams for Helena with three lame mules—sixteen for Virginia, seven drivers sick. Advanced coin freight. Will hold the Deer Lodge goods, as there are seven boxes short of invoice to you of sixteenth." Such a dispatch as this conveys almost as much *under cover* as you could say directly. For instance, "I rec'd today three mails together—three of the twenty registered packages from Helena, and seven of the sixteen from Virginia under brass locks, are tampered with, and of the seven packages you listed to me on the sixteenth, none are rec'd."

The point was—I did not want the operators along the line to be listening to what we were saying, and talking about the presence of a postal detective at Pleasant Valley to the drivers.

But from one of these dispatches they could make nothing at all. Then, too, there was no apparent "mysticism" about one of them to at all excite speculation or wonderment.

But I have digressed from my subject and to return. Seybolt was to go on above Watson's and locate at such a place as would enable him to inspect all the mails going both ways, without the knowledge of the passengers, who are more to be feared than any and all others besides, as they will blab right out anything of this kind to any and everybody. I thought Seybolt much the best person to hunt for a place of that kind, as I have just as much faith in his discretion and judgment as I have in my own. On such a mission as this you can't instruct a man in what to do or how to act. You must leave it entirely with his own discretion.

Our plans worked well. Next morning I saw the "strangers" off and they seemed to have enjoyed their first night's sleep and were off happy as larks. I soon heard from Estelle, that he was snugly ensconced in the bosom of Willie and was sleeping most of the day and watching nights after the coaches got in. The rest of the time he was having "fun with the boys"; and I was hearing from him regularly as to the condition of the mails passing, and no living creature save Willie alone knew or even suspected his identity. He was doing most noble work, and if the thief were there, Estelle would have been sure of his capture.

Seybolt had a harder time to get a camp, but he finally saw no other spot to locate than at Gaffney's P.O., which was at the point where the main line crosses the Stinking Water River away up on which, to the east, is located Virginia City, with a side route running up the Stinking Water thereto, 35 miles.

Seybolt's was indeed a difficult task, as no matter where he located, his inspection had of necessity to be made in daylight, the object being that he would be able to swear that any given package was in the mail in good order when it left him, and if stolen or rifled at Watson's this proof would be indispensible. Then to get out a list for Estelle was a fearful task, and while Seybolt by taking into his confidence two drivers only, he did the job effectively and well. I am in doubt if there are many men living who could have managed his work as well.

This now was the shape we were in from the 25th of April until the 3rd of May.

IN THE meantime I heard from Corinne of the non-receipt of two packages that were due to Black on the 23rd of April, but which were not in the pouch. I did not know what to do. I had now been almost a month in that uncertain, doubtful state of mind which is enough to wear the very life out of a man. It seemed that everything was against me, and I felt too, that I never could make a decent showing of work even though the great God knew that I was making an honest effort.

About this time I heard of how, around two years before, a couple of fellows had been caught for robbing the express at Red Rock Station, by the employees of Wells Fargo getting hold of their letters, long after the thing had been done. My informant, a stage driver, who did not know me, of course, stated that the way of it was, "You see, the company sent on to Washington and got keys to the mail bags and gave them to their detectives and agents, and they just went through the mail bags and took out their letters and steamed them open, and found out their secrets!"

A drowning man will catch at a straw and as I, of course, knew that the story of the keys coming from Washington to enable Wells Fargo's agents to perpetrate a penitentiary crime was all nonsense, I investigated the case somewhat and found it was true that these fellows had actually been caught by Wells Fargo's agents actually going through letters of the persons. So I reasoned that it was not unlikely some expert of the company had actually made keys and had kept them and was using them yet. And of all men to have a good chance to rob the mails, a dishonest Express Messenger would have the best. I was terribly reluctant to think the like of any of those faithful men but there was a thief plundering the mails somewhere and possibly it might be one of these men. I would see.

So leaving my brass key with my true and trusted friend, Lee Mantle, P.M. at Pleasant Valley, with instructions to keep on with the inspections just the same as ever, I got on the coach the morning of the 3rd of May, and went up to Watson's, sixty miles. I learned that one of the lawyers who defended the prisoners who were convicted and were then in the Deer Lodge Penitentiary was up at Bannack City.

I met Estelle, after all others had gone to bed, and told him what I wanted was for him to buy a ticket on the stage over to Bannack and, giving him the name of the lawyer, to, in some way, get out of him what he knew of the facts as to a mail key being used by Wells Fargo's men. But in no event was he to give away his identity. It was a difficult task to impose on a man with no more experience, but he was, as I realized, a "sure shot" and his instructions were to stay at Bannack until he got this knowledge and, no matter how much it cost for incidentals to get it.

Next morning I went on up to Gaffney's and saw Seybolt, and started him over to Virginia City. Col. F. C. Deimling, the P.M. there, was in our confidence and a good man and true. He, with the Colonel, was to figure on the attorney who had prosecuted these men and who would be sure to know the facts if they could only get the information out of him. With such an able assistant as Colonel Deimling I was sure Seybolt would succeed. Still there was a person in Helena whom I desired to see in the case, as well as wanting to confer with the P.M. there in person, as his office had suffered dreadfully. The whole Montana press was just blazing over the matter, scolding everybody connected with the service. Every official in the territory, from His Excellency, the Governor, down, was crying for an investigation.

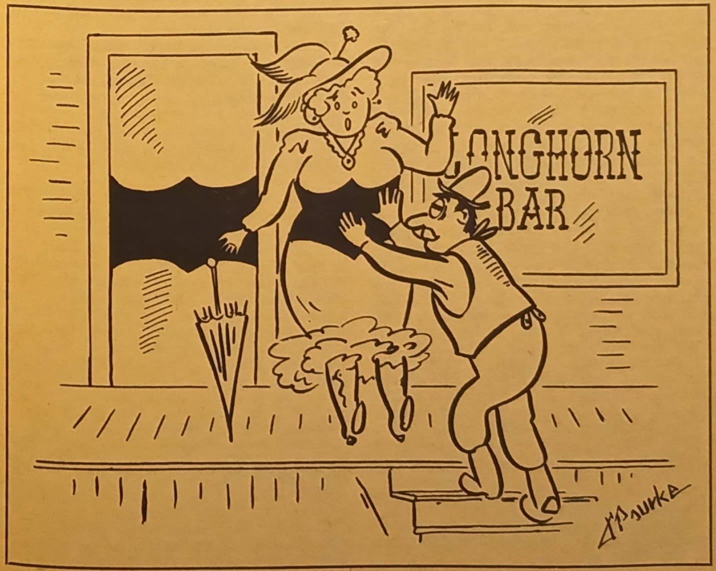
I WENT to Helena and saw Hon. S. H. Crounse, the *model* of a postmaster there, and spent a day with him secretly, and we talked over the whole case in all its bearings and aspects. And the Lord's truth is that the more we talked it over, the less we knew of the probable locality of the thief. The theory of one of the Express Messengers' having a key would be a good one, if we could only find one of them who was a *thief*, but we could not. They were all trusty, true and *tried* men, and again the roster of arrivals and departures of these men, which he quietly got for me, showed only too plainly that it could not be any of them.

So back I came and met Seybolt at Gaffney's and Estelle at Watson's; and there I heard from Lee Mantle that everything was lovely, save that Corinne reported the non-receipt by him of six packages due his office on the 27th of April. I looked at my book and found that I had checked them "all right" going south from Pleasant Valley on the evening of April the 24th.

"Boys," said I, "we are *north* of him. No use of fooling here longer!" We found out that the Express men had no keys, but opened letters from the Express way packet, from which they got their clues which led to the capture of the villains who had robbed them. And then we all went together to Corinne; they going at once home to Omaha on Thursday, May 13, I going on down to Salt Lake.

When I was in Helena, that you may know something of the feeling, the only person to whom I would allow S. H. Crounse, the P.M., to introduce me to in confidence was Mr. Corbin, who was cashier of the First National Bank of Helena. His bank had suffered dreadfully from the thief. So great had been their annoyance and loss, that he, with almost all the rest of the business portion of Helena, had nearly entirely ceased sending anything at all by mail, using the Express almost entirely, which was an expensive luxury.

And I remember that, on Mr. Crounse's introducing me, he said some flattering things as to the zeal I was manifesting in the cause, etc., when Mr. Corbin replied that I had something of the correct appearance to suit his ideas, and asked me for Heaven's sake to not let up until I caught the thief, that if it was money I wanted, I could have all I wanted. I assured him of my appreciation of his good will, told him I had quite all the money I expected to need and that I'd do my level best. Mr. Crounse assured me that his position was just fearful, as he



had to advise everyone, on all occasions, not to risk any valuable thing in the mails.

At Virginia, Governor Potts, Governor of Montana, called on Mr. Seybolt with a very similar statement, and offered to employ any assistance we might need out of his own private purse. He wished to be commanded for anything under the skies that he as Governor or as a citizen could do in the way of cooperation.

In view of all this then, you can imagine my feelings when on the 12th day of May, Seybolt and Estelle and I sat alone in the coach, knowing only that the thief was south of Pleasant Valley. Still our trip had not been in vain. We had accomplished something. And we sat there and speculated and theorized, as I had the fullest measure of confidence in the judgment and discretion of these two men (Estelle having done nobly on his mission up to Bannack City, having gone there as a "quartz sharp" and picked up his whole story).

"Now the thief, boys, is south of Pleasant Valley. I know this, for you see on Saturday, April 24, here are my notes:

**Mail from north in by sunset.**

**Helena (Brass Lock) contains one package, being No. 66 Apr. 22, Helena to Chicago, Ills.**

**Virginia City (Brass Lock) pouch contains two packages as follows: No. 10 from Meadow Creek, Mont., Apr. 22 to Chicago, Ills., and No. 8, Harrison, Mont., Apr. 21 to Chicago D.P.O.**

**Deer Lodge pouch (Iron Lock) contains Nos. 6, 8 and 9, from Butte City, Montana, all mailed Apr. 21, and have the receipt from Silver Bow attached thereon.**

**All the above packages in good order and will leave in the morning south.**

"These are my notes, boys, for April 24, the day before you reached me at Pleasant Valley going north, and I swear they left Pleasant Valley on the morning of the 25th at 4 o'clock, and the pouches were *locked*. This I know of my own personal knowledge. Yet we see that Corinne says that, on the 28th, he received no registers at all, but received the bills of those that ought to have been in the Virginia City and Helena pouches! The thief then is south of Pleasant Valley. *Who is he?* These pouches went through on regular time. No delay anywhere and our thief seems to have ceased rifling and gone back to stealing the whole packages. Put on your 'thinking caps.' You know the route thoroughly, and so do I. Where is he?"

AND THUS we talked, and finally we all concluded that there were only two places he could be, namely at Keeney's Ranch, where he must be armed with not only a brass key but all the other keys of the Department as well, and to get them he must forge them, of course; *or the thief must be at Corinne.* That was all there was to it. But our thief had entirely ceased operations. He quit stealing as soon as I had had my first interview with Black on March 18, and had commenced rifling (until the rifling of those 17 packages, when Wickizer's coming up made the fact of my presence known to Field). Then he quit rifling and apparently went to stealing again and now he appeared to have quit entirely—and unless he'd steal or rifle we could not hope to catch him.

CENTRAL HOTEL

Courtesy James H. Miller, Brigham City, Utah

**Corinne's Central Hotel. Women and children were sent to Fort Douglas and men were barricaded in this hotel during an Indian scare in 1874.**

It was clear enough that the thief was apprised of our operations and we'd have to play some new dodge on him. All this pointed, as *I* saw it, so straight to Field, that it was impossible for me to resist the conviction that he was the thief. Indeed, the man it really did point to absolutely was Judge Black, but such a thought as that never once entered my head, as I knew that Judge Black's face did not lie to me. If I were on a jury and ten men testified that they saw him steal, I would still not believe it; for men's tongues lie, but their faces *never.*

The only trouble was how on earth could Field under the terrible vigilance of Judge Black get a chance to operate. This I could not understand and do not yet fully understand it.

The thief then clearly was posted as to our operations, and had guided his acts accordingly. This could not be done at Keeney's, for certainly no one there knew a single thing of our presence. He therefore must be at Corinne for the reason that *he could not be anywhere else.* But, if at Corinne, why would he steal at all after he became advised of my presence and operations?

This was my reasoning in that behalf. Field and Judge Black knew exactly where I was, and what I was doing up to the time that my men came and knew that I was sending out no decoys. He would then simply steal for a "blind" to prevent my suspecting *him* because he should have ceased stealing the very hour he learned I was on the watchout.

An ordinary thief would have got frightened and quit short off, but Field, thought I, is too brave and too calculating a thief for that. He knows too much, and I'll see whether he makes any point of that fact when I get down today.

I said nothing of this, however, to the boys, and so we got down to Corinne that evening, and sure enough there stood Field on the lookout, and saw us as we got off. He at once came forward and recognized me, and shook hands. But oh, such an expression as his face wore. If he had said, "Furay, I don't deny it, I am the thief and I am as much afraid of you as I can be, and if I can only get rid of *you,* I'm not afraid of the balance of them"—if he had *spoken* this, I could scarce better understood him.

He, however, did say, aside to me, "Well, Furay, you've been having a pretty tough siege of it, and what sort of luck have you had?"

"Oh, not much luck at all," I answered evasively. "Anything new since I left?"

"No, there have only been two batches stolen—those due here on the 22nd and on the 28th, you know."

This settled it with me. I then *knew* who was the thief, and as the (Narrow Gauge) Utah Northern train was just pulling out, I went down at once to Ogden and was accompanied by Supt. Salisbury who said confidentially to me that I was overlooking the thief, as he believed, who must be in the Corinne office as since this investigation had begun he had quietly kept a steady eye on Billy Field and he did not like his actions.

I, of course, said nothing of my own convictions but, for the purpose of drawing Salisbury out, ventured to remark that it was almost impossible to conceive how this could be, as he seemed to have no chance. Salisbury cared "nothing for that; there was just something wrong with Billy Field," and that was all he knew.

I went into Salisbury's office the next day, and with him devoted the whole forenoon to examining the way bills of the stages from Helena, Virginia, etc. which carried the registered mail that had been stolen or rifled, as at Home Stations the Agent is required to note on the way bills the hour and minute of arrival and departure of all coaches into and out of his station.

Nothing developed from this inspection so I came on back to Corinne that afternoon and saw Judge Black; and I declare I thought I could sink into the earth when I learned that Colonel Wickizer had again put his "foot in it" for me—or rather he and Black together had again done so.

HERE was how it occurred. Field was, as I have said, cashier of the Corinne Bank, as well as being a sort of gratuitous clerk of the P.O. for Black, as he had also been for Black's predecessor. It appeared that a Corinne attorney, William Hyndman, had sent him by mail a collection against the Corinne Bank, which he never received; and then several inquiries were sent him, none of which he ever received. Again, another party had bought a draft on Chicago from the Corinne Bank and, of course, mailed it at once, but the draft never reached its destination, and after a delay of three or four weeks a duplicate had been applied for and promptly given by the Cashier Field.

Now this and some other little things coming to Colonel Wickizer's notice, he "suspected that more than likely Field was stealing those letters as he had access to the office and it looked bad!" And from thereupon and therefore he instructed the dismissal of Field from the office. This was on May 4.

Of course I could now see why and how the stealing stopped, but oh, how profane I felt! It did seem that this case never would terminate. I could not countermand the Colonel's order and put him back in the office again. Field was too sleek and smart for that. I knew my man too well to attempt any dodge upon him that he could see through. But what to do, I could not under Heaven see.

I called the Judge aside and I told him frankly and squarely just what I thought and that Field was the thief who had done all the devilment, and I told him I was going to get him, although I had not now determined on a plan, but that he *must* be captured.

I gave the Judge then this theory of how he was able to do it. Before my visit he had no trouble at all, as all he had to do was go to the desk and get the keys and open the pouch or pouches and take the registered letters, receipts and all, stick them in his pocket at night and after rifling them, destroy them. When the pouch got to its destination the office opening would know nothing whatever of what registered mail there ought to be in the pouch, as the bills were gone and no trace left to determine from. In the meantime, Field would lock up the pouch and send it on.

Now, after my visit and instruction to him of March 9, I wished him (Black) to notice that *not so much as one package going out of the office was stolen, or in any way disturbed.* This Black stopped by not putting them in the pouches until *morning* and then seeing that they *went.*

Field, however, was not to be entirely stopped. True, he could not steal anything going out any longer, but he had access to the office at night and he took the mail going off on the Central Pacific east early in the morning, carried it over to his bank, and there rifled it and carried it back. As there had been no such a thing as rifling ever thought of, he was correct in supposing he could "make a run on this."

Now again, when I suggested that the P.M. take the packages home and keep them under his pillow at night, the mails, as I have said, were coming in irregularly; Field, as he would come in with a bundle of pouches dragged from the front to the rear, would in some way secrete a pouch or two, which were very thin and light. This, I think, he was in the habit of doing by throwing them into a corner of the large room and throwing something over them until night when he would come back to the then vacant office and unlock his pouches, get out whatever of registered matter they contained, carry them over to the bank where he slept alone, go through them and carry them back. And the next day he was promptly on hand when the mail arrived; and when he dragged in the first lot of pouches and while the boy would be gone after another load, he would get his stolen pouches and throw them in the pile, and perhaps hide another, as occasion might favor him.

The P.M., on opening the pouches and discovering the rifled packages in pouches which he would *swear had just come off the coach,* was thoroughly misled, and it *did mislead me* for one month.

FIELD must have noticed from the action of this guileless P.M. in his careful inspections of the packages—clumsy inspections of the ends of the packages both on receiving and sending away—that Black was expecting rifling and was watching for it. Hence, if he presumed to rifle any which Black had previously inspected and put into the desk, and Black's inspection next morning revealed it, he was done for. This he was too sharp to allow, so he adopted the plan recited of hiding a pouch; and of course, the bill or receipt would be in that pouch with the registers enclosed. Thus he held the "whole business" and made it appear precisely as though it was done "up the road by Wickizer's man with the forged brass keys!"

Again, on March 19, as was stated by me early in these sketches, I saw the P.M. at Corinne down at Ogden where he had gone to get a suit cut for his boy. This left Field alone in the office at Corinne. This was, as you remember, the next day after I came down the road on my first return trip.

Now for a little digression. On March 4, Helena forwarded the usual Brass Lock exchange pouch for Corinne containing eleven registered packages. It seems that it was labeled by a leather tag tied to the lock or strap with a piece of twine through the hole in the end of the leather. The mails were having bad stormy weather on the divides and were being dragged on "rawhide boats," handsleds, etc. and in this handling someone pulled off the tag and did not tie it back on.

In any event, in some way not known, that pouch got "strayed" and finally hauled up at Virginia City, Montana, on the afternoon of March 13 with all its contents in perfect order. Colonel Deimling, the Virginia City P.M. called the attention of the State Agent to the matter, who accounted for the sending of the pouch as above. Deimling signed the receipt to Helena intended for Corinne P.M. and returned the receipt to the Helena office with a letter of explanation and entered the eleven packages properly on his own transit record.

The next morning at 5 o'clock (March 14) he inclosed these eleven packages with two more from his own office (Nos. 66 and 67. See Ordinary Case No. 13349 which I will return at the conclusion of these reports). Being an extraordinary event, he took extraordinary trouble and gave unusual attention to the matter, such as to call in his clerk and the Stage Agent to see that he actually forwarded them. (By the way I think that not unlikely he might have regarded them as a "test" of some Special Agent.)

"Eat up all your bones so you can grow up to be a mean, skulking, cowardly coyote like your father."

Well, this *extra* pouch thus labeled to Corinne (for he also forwarded his own regular exchange) got into Watson's the evening of March 14, the same morning I left, and followed me down by the coach behind. I got into Corinne March 18; this pouch, March 19, just about dark. Field, as I have said, was there *all alone* and the P.M. at Corinne denied the receipt of the whole pouch, as I now saw from his list of lost packages which I had instructed him to keep. I had also learned of it while above from Mr. Crounse, P.M. of Helena, and Seybolt heard of it from Deimling. But it was not until now that I had come to note the circumstance of the Judge's absence, which was unfortunate, I confess, but my chancing to see him in Ogden on the 19th was merely an accident, and not talking to him, I gave the matter but little thought. Now I knew *Field had stolen that pouch* (not the pouch, but the registers in it). But as the Judge was so nervous and excitable and so apt to blunder, I said not a word about it to him then.

I went over this ground (save the last) to the Judge as we sat on the ground behind an old building. I then asked him to note how soon and how promptly the rifling ceased when, on the 13th of April, he let Billy Field into the secret of my being about, and against my positive and terrible instructions not to do so.

I then gave it as my opinion that Field stole those other two batches of registers on the 22nd and 27th merely as a blind, and that, by some oversight, Black had sufficiently relaxed in his vigilance to give him a chance to do it. I couldn't tell *how,* but I was confident he did.

The poor judge trembled all over. He did not like to believe that Field was capable of such rascality.

"My God, Furay; Field do the like of this against *me?* It is impossible!"

This and such like remarks he kept making, when I, who was so full of chagrin at the perverse fate that seemed to follow me in my endeavors, arose and looking him most terribly in the eye said, "Now, confound you, Judge Black, you and your sickly, sentimental faith in that *thief.* I tell you that Billy Field is the man who has been robbing and plundering these mails for over two years. He is a *thief,* and *I* know it, and if you'll only keep your peace and cooperate with me, as the great God reigns, I'll take him in and I'll prove to you that he is the thief I say he is!"

I was excited and mad, and I wanted to fight somebody, if someone would only come along.

I THEN went to my hotel and lay down on the lounge there, for, thought I, I could not put Field back, that would be too thin. He would be honest until he would wear the soul away from me with watching, and then go to stealing again on some new plan. That would not do. I had nothing then left me but the old reliable "Grand Bounce."

It may seem strange, because I can't tell why I feel such a horror to apply this means, especially on such a subject as Field was. I can only compare my feelings while preparing for it to that of the soldier who sits down in line or stands in the ranks, awaiting the command or signal to move forward into the carnage. But after I get fairly into it, I do not mind it and I seem to have lost any and every particle of the impulse of fear.

What, however, had I to bounce him on? That theft of the 13 registers the evening Black was away on March 19? That would do for *one* theme, but *I* knew that *he* knew as well as I did that I was lame in having once acted upon the presumption that there was a "fellow *up the road* with a brass key." I ought to have more than that.

I could not presume to speculate too much on how he had rifled the packages, for I was utterly in the dark (save from my own theory and speculation) as to the exact modus operandi of his getting hold of the packages and pouches and then I knew, too, that he would resist fiercely and would "prove his innocence" by Black whom he had so adroitly hoodwinked into this position.

It was worse than folly to bounce such a man as him unless you could shake his judgment with a straight and plausible statement which was based on facts, with the broken links, if there were any, bridged by a theory so neatly dovetailed as to disable him from finding where the theory came in; to encircle him with this chain and let him kick and move all around for a while until he finds or *believes* he is surrounded. Then it is easy for him to talk, as he may just as well do it, and a very trifle of talk on *his* part is required to complete the broken links.

In the 13 registers there was too much bridging to be done. It was nearly like Beery's case, where the whole chain was a theoretical one. But I now had very different leather to work on, as Field was no ordinary thief. He had been at his work for years, knew just how far to go, and he had succeeded in throwing everyone, including myself until now, off the track. He was, it was true, now where he could not do more harm, but the law had been violated and the outraged people had it due them that the scoundrel should be brought to justice.

The next tack was to look over the case for which Wickizer had dismissed him. What was there to that? It could not be a very clear case, else Wickizer would have arrested him. Still I would see this attorney, Judge Hyndman. I got right up and saw him and heard his statements. There was a dark looking suspicion that Field, having access to the mails, had stolen these collections and letters relating thereto, as they were against his own bank, but there was not a case by any means. He was no doubt a defaulter in the bank, and he was trying to stave off these collections as long as possible by stealing these letters. I then saw a young man with whom I was acquainted and, giving him a few dollars for his trouble, had him to get me the descriptions and dates of two drafts given by this Corinne Bank, being written by Field himself, both the originals of which failed to reach the persons addressed at Chicago, Illinois. Both subsequently were paid on duplicates issued, one four weeks and the other five weeks after the originals had been drawn. They were drawn on a bank in Chicago, and the amount of the two drafts was about $1,100.

Now then, thought I, here I have at last got a good point. If Field stole these letters containing these drafts, he did it for a purpose and that purpose was induced by the fact *that he had no money deposited in the Chicago Bank upon which they were drawn.* He wanted the use of this money until such times as the duplicates would be called for when he could then remit against the drafts. And if it was a fact that he did not remit against them, or had a deposit standing to meet them when and on the day he drew them, and did not remit against them to the bank upon which they were drawn until about the date of his drawing the duplicate, four and five weeks afterwards, then his purpose was manifest, and it came very near making a closed case!

At least, if I could only get this state of facts to exist, I should not feel near so lonesome in attacking his works. This made me feel better! For I now began to hope that I was "lifting my feet again from the mire and the clay and getting them back upon the rock of ages."

I "felt in my bones" that I was now on a sure scent and as I had a whole evening to myself, I thought I'd go down and "feel of the enemy" a few dollars worth. So meeting Field (I was still known as John G. Williams and Field so introduced me), we went with a party of his friends and ate oysters, smoked fine cigars, and told stories and tried to have "piles of fun."

Knowing what you now know of the state of my sentiments and determination and conviction and purposes, and knowing, too, Field's guilty fear of me (for I could *see* that he feared me as he did the devil), if you could have been there that night and watched us both, it would have been amusing and entertaining. Have you ever observed the face of a man closely when he feigns drunkenness for a purpose? If you have, you can always see the purpose and the effort in his face. Again, did you ever see a drunk man feign sobriety when he fears his condition is suspected? This was our comparative relation that night. I was the sober man figuratively playing drunk, and he the drunk man playing sober. I could make lots of fun but I was keeping my eye open on Field. I was taking his measure and he tried to make sport, but every time his eye caught mine, he would as visibly wince as though he had been pricked with a pin. And he told me afterwards that he could feel in the air that I was in some invisible way gradually closing in upon him.

AFTER we left there, as he and I walked along, he asked me in great confidence how I was getting along in my work—to which I replied, "To tell you the fact, Billy, in confidence, I am getting along splendid. I've got it located right down to a dot, but it looks as though, having, as I fear, been 'given away' to the thief, I am not the proper person to close the case. So I am going to start back in the morning to Omaha and have the Department send a fellow out here who *will* work it up, as I know enough now to enable it to be closed right speedily."

This seemed to help him greatly and next morning he and Judge Black were both at the train to see me off, the Judge looking a little blue, as he feared that I had given up the case, since I had kept my plans now from him, while Field looked "gay as a peach" when he bade me goodbye. This was on the morning of May 14. On the 17th I arrived in Omaha, feeling down, as it had got out and into everyone's mouth by some means that I was up in Montana vainly trying to capture a thief. And my return, unsuccessful, created all manner of speculative remarks by the 34 R.P.O. clerks of the Union Pacific who are a terrible medium for the dissemination of news of any kind in this city. If only just one gets hold of anything, they all have it in an hour, and before night the whole town has it.

I had not heard a syllable from my family for five weeks. I wrote at once to the bank in Chicago for the information desired and gave my reasons for desiring the knowledge. I was promptly answered that the Corinne Bank had no deposit in the bank at the date of the drawing of the drafts named, but had between such dates of issue, sent in small deposits from time to time to meet other drafts as they ascertained from the dates of the letters of transmittal. The sums, together with the dates of such other small drafts, had all been paid, but that the dates of the letters of Mr. Field, Cashier of the Corinne Bank, remitting money to meet the two drafts in question bore even date with the duplicates not drawn until 28 and 34 days respectively after the date of the alleged issue of the originals!

"Well, enough," thought I. "And now, Mr. Field, if I can only find out a little of your ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, learning where and how you have spent this money, or where it has gone, I have quite a case to commence 'squeezing' you upon."

After a few days' rest, on the evening of May 28, I was back again in Corinne, terribly masked and disguised, so that I was certain not a living creature knew I was there. Taking up my position I lay in wait for Judge Black as he went home about 10 P.M. from the P.O. so as to tell him I was there, lest possibly he might again make some error of some kind. His instructions were simply to "know nothing of my presence no matter *who* inquired."

He kept his faith but did not, as I think, have even an idea of what I was doing. I left him then and moused around and soon found Field in a saloon which I did not enter, and I watched him into bed that night. I wanted to get his habits as fully as possible. After this I slept out by a haystack, what little I did sleep, and at daylight went over to some boys who were there with a train of wagons, outfitting to haul freight to Montana. While I did not say who I was, I know the impression at once got out that I was a tramp who had "counted ties" (walked on the R.R. track) from the west. Amongst their number I found a face that I thought would do to risk and to him I gave my secret, and hired him to go downtown that day for me and to go to several places I designated to him and see what he could find and determine as to just what Field's habits had been.

He had spent all this money he had stolen, as I felt, but I could not see where it could have gone. I wanted to be ready to head him off if he should take the turn on me of asking, "What on earth could I have done with this money?" by being able to turn the tables back on him by asking, "Well, sir, where did you get the money you spent thus and so?"

Besides all that, it gives an Agent a great advantage in his case to show the victim that you know what you are talking about. My man, being a stranger and inexperienced, did not work his case as well as I wanted in the short time I had to give him, but he gave me the name of an acquaintance of his who could get me every point I wanted as he was well posted in Corinne. He sent for his friend.

I did not, I confess, altogether like the looks of the man, but I told him what I wanted was to find out just where and when and with whom and on what account had Field's habits led him into the spending of money. I wanted to know all about it and I paid him well.

THIS was Sunday morning, and to keep away I went over by the Utah Northern R.R. to Franklin and back, getting off at the "Y" two miles from town and walking in after dark. I saw my new man, who had done nobly. I then went quietly around and saw Judge Hyndman again and told him I was going to bounce Field that night and that if I succeeded in breaking him down, I'd bring him around to his (Hyndman's) house and in such event for him to keep his wits about him.

Hyndman was an attorney and very smart and he fairly loathed and despised Field for the injury Field had, as he felt, done him in tampering with his mail, and he very justly felt outraged that nothing further had been attempted by the Department in the way of seeing if Field could not be punished therefor.

Well, I then lay around quietly until about half-past nine or ten o'clock, and seeing Field passing up toward his bank, I rushed upon him and in an excited, hurried manner asked him to step with me into the bank, which he did and lit a lamp, and locked the door and I waded into him. I never once even hinted at the registry losses, but on the draft thefts and Hyndman's complaints I was eloquent. And although he was stubborn and died warily and hard, still he yielded and collapsed as handsomely as I ever had a man to do. And while the iron was hot, and I had him in pliable shape, I carried him over to Hyndman, to whom he confessed the whole deviltry so far as it related to Hyndman's losses. While he was thus engaged with Hyndman. whom I rattled up out of his bed after 12 midnight, I went after Judge Black, who dressed very rapidly and came to where Hyndman and Field were yet talking.

Hyndman, as I have said, is *smart* and he and I drew Field out again until he went over the whole story to Judge Black in our presence. Then Hyndman took a new tack on him at my private suggestion, which was that Field now, while he was in the right humor, give him a written letter of admission and apology of such a nature as would serve him (Hyndman) to set himself right with his clients, who were censuring him wrongfully for his failure to do their business in consequence of the thefts of his mail. Field finally assented, but oh, how it did hurt, as he saw that it was nailing up his own coffin. But what could he do?

All this took time, and it was about three o'clock A.M. before we got through and although then was the time to strike him on the register thefts, still I was so nearly worn out as to be scarce able to stand on my feet, and too hoarse to speak above a whisper. So I went off to bed for three hours' rest and was up and off at 7 A.M. for Salt Lake City. I should say first, however, that I had my new man, and simply told him that, without attracting any attention whatever, I wanted him to be able to put his finger on Billy Field when I got back, and if he saw any queer movements to telegraph me at once and follow him himself.

RGO & CO.
THE PIONEER CHEAP JOHN
DONT FORGET
ORIGINAL PIONEER CHEAP JOHN

Historical Society of Montana, Helena

**Stagecoach in front of the Wells, Fargo and Company office on Helena's Main Street in 1866**

I went down the next morning to Salt Lake and got a warrant and an officer who at once arrested Field and I put off to bed instead of going after him for the "balance of that time." I was bordering on that condition of physical exhaustion known in this country as being "utterly played out," and sleep and rest I now must have at any cost or sacrifice.

Next morning I felt like a daisy and as I had not time to work any on him there, we all went down to Salt Lake and before the U.S. Commissioner he waived an examination and was held on $5,000 bail for trial. I then took him into the U.S. District Attorney's office, Judge William Carey, and there I put him under fire on the theft of those 13 packages to which he confessed, after a little while. He stated, too, that he only stole or destroyed 11 of them and that I would find the other two untouched, secreted in a certain place in the Corinne office. And to prevent me from making a mistake he drew me a diagram of the spot that I should look for them.

This was on June 1, 1875. So that afternoon I went back again to Corinne and in the presence of U.S. Commissioner Toohey, Judge Black and Judge Hyndman, I went into the Corinne office and resurrected the two packages (Nos. 66 and 67, Va. City Mch. 14, see with Case 13344) and then I did have on him a case that the devil himself could not cut him loose from.

I did not press him to confess the whole crime. I knew he did it, and had spent the money disreputably and he had none left. There was nothing left for me to recover. I was trying to get the *thief*. I *had him.*

I needed sufficient evidence to convict him. I had it in the *greatest abundance.*

He had matched his cunning against my skill and endurance. I had won. I had, true enough, marched many a weary mile as the dupe of his cunning, lost many hours' sleep and put in full many an anxious day and night in search of him. And many a heart bled at disappointment in not receiving the money which was theirs from the mails, because of him. But there he lay now as a broken reed, humiliated and despised, not because of his crimes but because of their discovery. After all, I have some soul in me and I can't press the bowed and broken spirit to cover itself over still more with disgrace when it has nothing to gain to anyone to do so.

I did not return again to Salt Lake to see him, as he told me that he would plead guilty and put the government to no expense, and he kept his word, for on the 10th of March, 1876, William T. Field went into court and made a plea of guilty and was sentenced to a term of four years at hard labor in the Utah penitentiary.

And the stealing in every form ceased entirely to the present, as your records will show that you have hardly a case with one end in Montana, and the people are correspondingly happy.

John B. Furay
Special Agent
March 27, 1876

To:
Hon. P. H. Woodward
Chief Special Agent
P.O. Dept.
Washington, D.C.

**Author's note: In a follow-up letter written by Furay to a superior in Washington (March 30, 1876) he said, "Sir: I enclose herewith a copy of the Helena Montana *Herald* of the 18th inst, with marked article relating to the Field case. It appears that from the extract of the proceedings quoted from the Salt Lake *Tribune*, he is sentenced to serve at Detroit, Mich., and not in the Utah Penitentiary as previously presumed by me in my reports."**

**Federal prisoners were usually sent away from the western states in the early days as there were no Federal prisons in that area. At that time the Detroit House of Correction was allowed to accept "persons convicted in any court of the United States sitting in Michigan or elsewhere," and that is where Field was sentenced to four years at hard labor.**

## Hobo Delinquent

*(Continued from page 29)*

them to be there anyhow, when someone called out, "I guess those soldiers were drifting down the river looking for those two deserters."

Then we knew they had gone up the river on one of the steamers we had seen going to the Yukon while I was passing my eighteenth birthday at Romanzof. No questions were asked us by anyone, either passengers or crew. Red and I began to feel much better.

We finally went ashore at Nulato where there were only five or six white people. Wandering about the village, Red ran onto a fellow who used to be in his company but had been bobtailed out of the service. He had a fairly nice cabin and said if we would stay with him, it wouldn't cost us a dime. He said that we could make money around there—at what I'll never know. Red and I were such good pals that because he wanted to stay, I agreed.

When I went down to the *Tanna* and told Captain Langly and Pilot Green that I was going to stay in Nulato, both tried to persuade me to go on up the river. They offered to put me on as a regular member of the crew and said by the time we reached Dawson, I would have enough money to pay my way to the States. Then those two wonderful guys looked at me and smiled and said, "That is, if you are not afraid to go." By that I realized they, too, had known who we were all the time. But that was the old sourdough spirit in those days.

In spite of the good advice, I let Red talk me into staying in Nulato for the winter, a decision I soon regretted. The bobtail at times would become mean and let us know it was his cabin and he was the whole cheese. I began to complain about having a toothache and I wanted to go somewhere to have it pulled. I sure didn't want to stay there in Nulato and suffer with that tooth all winter. The story was about half true, as I actually did have a dull ache at times.

ABOUT this time I became acquainted with an old squawman by the name of "Mukluk Jack" who had a cabin a short way from the main village. He invited me to stay with him. His squaw had died, and I was thankful for the invitation, as I didn't think much of Red's friend and I don't believe Red did either. So I moved in with Mukluk Jack and stayed until a little steamer pulled into Nulato on her way to Fairbanks.

I went aboard and asked to hire on. There was another young fellow working his way too. When we got to Fairbanks the captain wouldn't pay us a dime, and as we had only ten dollars between us, we started hurrying to find a place to stay. An old prospector told us of a cabin near his own over across the slough from Fairbanks. No one lived in the cabin, and he said for us to go ahead and move in, which we did and thanked God that we had such good luck. Then the prospector told us he was almost positive we could get credit at the N. C. store as they were very nice people. He told us to explain our case to the manager and offer him the $10 in cash we had.

I can't remember the manager's name anymore but he was certainly kind. We offered him our money but he told us to keep it as we would probably need it for something else. He asked us if we could get along on $25 worth of grub until we could get a job and pay him for the groceries. Boy, were we a couple of happy guys when we got back to our cabin with our grub. We started to clean up "that wonderful dump," as we called it. Another old-timer who had heard of our predicament brought us a quarter of moose, frozen hard. He told us to keep it on top of the cabin and if he hadn't explained to us about how to keep it, we—being typical greenhorns—would have left it inside to spoil.

When we got settled we started looking for some kind of job, any kind of job as far as we were concerned. The proprietor of a small restaurant hired me as dishwasher. This Charley Sands, a Norwegian, was very nice to work for—and when I say work, that is exactly what I mean. You could get a fairly good working-stiff's meal—such as stew—for fifty cents, and always a boiled potato or "murphy," as we used to call them.

Mr. Sands gave me the night shift, twelve hours a night, but I thought nothing of that as I was young and husky. Sometimes I would be bathing crockery when all hell would break loose in the back room which we used as a store room. The cook and I would drop everything and discover that the rats would be trying to take off with a roast, or maybe a pie or anything that a rat would eat. That would go on all night, but they were a little more polite in the daytime. However, the days were getting shorter, so we had the most trouble. I believe they had more rats and lice in Fairbanks than anywhere else in Alaska. One could become lousy in any lodging house or in the best hotel in town.

Anytime you tried to warm up by one of those big oil-drum stoves, you would start scratching; and many times our underwear would return from the laundry with dead lice ironed right into the fabric. Most everyone carried his own blanket roll, and it was impossible to keep those creepy little pals at a distance.

It turned out I didn't care too much about my dishwashing job, although I was making a little extra money selling dog food to some of the men who would drive in during the night with dog teams. The drivers would always ask me if I had any scraps for their dogs, and I saved all the scraps and bones that came back on the plates. They paid me fifty cents a gallon.

I would not have enough if the driver had more than three to five dogs, so they got to tempting me by offering as much as a dollar at times. I figured I might as well get all I could while the getting was good. From then on, I started stealing the cook's roasts, stew, or anything a dog might relish after being on the trail all day and most of the night. When the cook would look for his roast or what have you, I would invariably lay the theft to those damned rats. I figured it was about time to quit the job before I got canned.

I WAS GETTING very well acquainted around town and especially with kids my own age; I usually had a little more money than the other boys and could buy more beer than the others. It was plain to see I had more friends than I should have had, but as the old saying goes, good fellowship and money go together.

There were two dancehalls about two blocks down Cushman Street. In one I used to sit for hours and watch the drummer work. I was crazy to learn to play drums and traps, and I made it my business to get acquainted with him and he turned out to be a wonderful guy.

There was a Chinese restaurant next door and the musicians would knock off at midnight to go eat. Eddie Drake, the drummer, had shown me how to work the pedal and keep time. One night he asked if I thought I could play along with the piano player while he went with the others to eat. You can imagine how big I felt while relieving one of the greatest trap drummers in all Alaska.

For awhile I was content to stay around Fairbanks, then I drifted on to Manley. Things were very slow there but I heard there was work out at Watcher Bar where four or five mines were working. The teamsters would not haul anyone, so I started out to hike the thirty-one miles.

The road house was run by Jerry Ford and his wife, and she gave me a job helping her in the kitchen and helping make up the bunks. The place did not do much business during the day, but after supper when the miners began coming in from the mines, things began to hum.

After they all got to feeling pretty good, the bartender would ask them how high-grading was. Someone would throw a bunch of nuggets on the bar, and the bartender would generally pick small ones, saying he was saving that size to make a necklace for his sister or a watch-chain for his Dad back in the States; and he would be doing exactly that. Then he would buy the miner or miners a drink for the nuggets. Doesn't sound reasonable these days, but it is true!

I finally got a job washing dishes and acting as flunky at a camp about two miles from Jerry's road house. It was what was known as a shallow diggin's mine, all sluice boxes.

Everybody got the same wages. Cook, miner, dishwasher—all got $5.00 per day, board and bunk. I was there only a short while until it was clean up time. All the big shots from Fairbanks, Manley and. I heard, from as far away as Seattle and Portland, showed up.

All the receivers, or whatever they were, were in the dining room having a few drinks with their meal. The foreman had an iron pot on the stove drying the gold dust and stirring the gold placer every little while. Then he would stand in the door that led to the dining room, with one hand on the door facing and his back to the stove, while talking to the men in the mess hall.

I was in a small back room peeling spuds when the cook came in and told me to go and get in on the clean up. I asked him what he meant and he told me to take a small spoon and dump some of the dust in the coffee pot as he had already done. So I got my teaspoon and went in to chunk up the fire.

When the foreman turned his back and was taking a little squirt from the vial the big shots passed to him, I dumped a teaspoon full of the precious dust into the coffee pot.

I have wondered ever since how many big-hearted men were in that gang sitting in the mess hall at the time I was stealing that gold, a teaspoon at a time. Some of them had larceny written all over their smiling faces. I don't know, but I heard that one clean up amounted to $92,000. That was from one mine only—with four still to go.

We had two large pots on the stove, one gray and the other blue. The blue one was for coffee (and gold dust) and the gray one for *tea without the trimmings*.

There was an old horse that the miners used at times to pull hydraulic pipe. I was always feeding the horse scraps of bread and other things he liked.

On this day of the clean up I went out to visit my old pal. Here came the bull cook with those pots. It was his job to bring water from the spring near the stable, for me to wash dishes. He was also supposed to keep the two pots on the stove filled to make coffee and tea.

I ran out of the stable and told the bull cook I would rinse the pots and fill them, but he insisted it was no trouble and as he was there, he might as well do it.

I was just as insistent that I would clean the pots and take them to the cook shack, as I was going back, anyway. Finally he gave in and I dumped the teapot, but I sure didn't dump the coffeepot. When I told the cook what a narrow escape we had had, he told me to take the *larceny pot* into the back room and bring another one, as we always kept extra pots and pans for an emergency.

After supper when all of the crew were sleeping, the cook and I spread papers on the floor in the back room and, after drying the coffee grounds thoroughly, we had a clean up of our own. It has been so long ago I can't remember exactly how much we got from our coffee pot, but I believe it was somewhere in the neighborhood of $35 or $40. I pulled out for Dawson. That's where I learned a lot about the Mounties.

JUST TO SHOW you how justice was done in the Yukon Territory, it was said there were three partners who built a boat upriver at White Horse, and shot the Five Finger Rapids on their way down the Yukon to Dawson. Everyone had to register with the Mounties—give their names, where they were going, etc., before they left White Horse. There was a Mountie station at Selkirk, and the river was rather wide at that point.

Well, the story was that only one man was in the boat that tried to pass on the far side of the river, and didn't answer the signal to pull into the station. The Mountie jumped into his launch and hauled him in.

There they began to call him by his name and asked him where "Mr. So and So" was, and also asked him about his other partner and also called his name. He said he did not know the men and that he was traveling alone. The Mounties pretended they believed his story but said they would have to make a routine investigation.

One of them hit the trail for a creek he had mentioned, and had only gone a few miles when he met one of the men on the trail headed toward Selkirk. The Mounties helped him to the station, and they got his story.

The wise guy had killed one of the partners and left the other for dead, loaded everything into the boat after robbing them, and thought he was perfectly safe until the Mountie found the wounded man.

The Commander of the Mounties at that time was known as the High Sheriff. They tried the man after bringing him to Dawson, and it was up to the High Sheriff to see that the execution was carried out. He advertised for someone to be paid so much if they would do the job.

There was no one in Dawson who wanted that kind of money and it looked as though the High Sheriff was stuck.

On the morning of the execution date there was one Mountie missing at the breakfast table, but the others thought nothing of it, as that happened quite often.

They formed the line of guards that led from the jail to the scaffold and, as the priest and the hangman came past the line of Mounties, one of them noticed the hangman had on Mountie shoes under his robe. He was supposed to be completely covered. That did the trick.

After the man was put to death and the Mounties went in to eat at noon, the one who belonged in the seat that was empty at breakfast started to sit down, acting as though nothing had happened. All of the others got up from the table and walked out, telling the sergeant they would not eat or associate with someone who would hang a man.

The Commander had that Mountie transferred back to Toronto quick. It was a damned good thing he was transferred.

Now, there was a case of a murderer being caught, tried and hanged in twenty-seven days, and I think that is quick justice.

**Van Buren's Eleventh Street trolley on viaduct**

ONE DAY a steamer came upriver to Dawson, loaded with passengers going "outside," as they called it when one was going back to God's Country—the States.

I was almost broke and did not have the price of a ticket to White Horse, so I stowed away on the steamer. I knew several of the passengers. Jack Marvin and a piano player by the name of Proctor told me I could hide in their stateroom. I was sure lucky, as that little tub was certainly loaded.

The pursers in those days used to collect the tickets after the boat got underway, and would go from one stateroom to another and see that everyone had tickets or proper passes.

When he came to our room, I crawled under the lower berth, and I suppose I was something like the ostrich who sticks his head in the sand to hide. My feet were poking out from under the bed, and the purser gave me a good kick on the foot, as that was all he could reach at the time. He told me to come out, which I did, then he took me to his office and said he would have to call the Captain. When the Captain came in, he instructed the purser to put me ashore at an Indian village which we would reach in two or three hours.

Well, it looked as though I was going to spend the winter with the Indians, but being the good old sourdoughs they were, the passengers took a collection and paid my fare to White Horse. Bless those dear Alaska people, always ready to give a helping hand, although I don't think I had a helping hand coming.

When we got to Five Finger Rapids, they attached a cable from a donkey engine to the bow of the boat which helped us up the rapids, and soon we were crossing the lake into White Horse. All of the lodging houses were full to capacity, and some of us had to sleep in chairs or any place we could stretch out on the floor.

I stayed around a couple of days, then made up my mind to hit the trail for Skagway. Early the next morning I started out. It had been cold and snowing ever since we had landed in White Horse, so that trail looked pretty bleak and lonesome, but, anyway, I took off.

There was a section house about every fifteen or twenty miles, and I would stay there until the next morning and rest up, and they would always feed me.

One day on the trail I met an Indian who made signs and asked me if I had seen anything of another Indian on the trail. When I told him no, he invited me to his camp, where he had a large tarpaulin stretched around some trees, and poured me a large cup of tea. I believe that was the best tea I have ever tasted, and he built a big fire and it was nice and cozy behind that tarp, which was his windbreaker.

He made me understand that his partner had been gone from camp since the day before on the trail of a moose, and he feared he might have broken a leg and become unable to get back to camp.

After I had a good rest and another cup of tea, the Indian gave me a piece of jerky and I left. At Carcross there was a road house close to the depot, owned and operated by a man and his wife named Gideon.

After paying for my bed for the night, Mr. Gideon gave me a drink of whiskey and I was sitting by the stove thawing out. Mr. Gideon was leaning over the end of the bar watching a poker game run by Dawson Charley.

He said, "My cook is leaving tomorrow morning at ten or eleven o'clock. Do you have any idea where I could get another one?"

Dawson Charley told him he doubted if there was a man in the whole country who could boil water.

I sat there a few minutes thinking things over, then I walked up to the bar and told Mr. Gideon I had heard him asking about a cook. When I told him I was not a cook, but had messed around the kitchens washing dishes, being a cook's helper and such, he turned to the cash register, threw me back the $5.00 I had paid for the room, and said for me to get up in the morning and have the cook show me around before he left.

I WAS UP early and the cook explained everything in the kitchen, and pointed out a cigar box where he kept money for the bread he sold miners and Indians when they came to the back door to buy.

The cook, I suppose, thought I was a cook, for he began telling me how *he* made bread—a way that was faster. He said I would have to make twenty-five loaves every other day. Well, you can imagine how I felt.

The cook was a nice fellow and said he understood that every cook had his own system, but he thought his was easier. I have never forgotten his recipe to this day: measure out your flour, put your salt in and mix well, then add your lard. and all the time you are doing this, your yeast is dissolving in the warm potato water.

After your yeast is dissolved in the potato water, pour into the mixture, same as you would make buttermilk biscuits, work the flour in slowly but firmly, an set aside to rise.

Knock the dough down several times, then pan, and wait until time to put in the oven.

My first batch of bread was wonderful and I thought, "Hell, there is nothing to this bread baking business."

The next lot came out looking as nice as the first batch, but there was one thing that cook didn't tell me, and that was how to regulate the heat on the oven. I sold two loaves of bread to a miner, and in a few minutes he came back raving mad and wanted to know where I ever learned to cook. He had cut the end off a loaf and reached inside and the dough pulled out like rubber. As the oven was too hot, I had only baked a shell around the loaf; when I saw the bread was brown, I figured it was done.

I took those twenty-five loaves out the back door where we had a large hole in the ground to throw refuse from the kitchen, such as tin cans. Then I really got busy and built up another batch before I ran out of what I had left from the first. I began to think right then and there that I was not much of a cook.

I told Mrs. Gideon I believed I had better hit the trail and, bless her, she seemed to agree. Instead of bawling me out, she said it would be all right for me to leave, but as she was not feeling too well, would I stay until she could try to get a cook from Skagway? I said I would be glad to, if it would not take too long. I have always thought if she had known about those twenty-five loaves of bread being dumped into the sink hole, she would have *run* me down the trail, whether she had a cook or not.

The next evening after I closed the kitchen, I went into a bar as usual to buy a drink before going to bed. As I passed by the big stove, I noticed a guy was drying his coat, shoes and socks, but I paid no attention to him until he called me a cheapskate and asked if I always drank alone.

Well, there was Jack O'Brien, a deckhand I had worked with on the Koyukuk River. I told Jack that I was supposed to have a cook coming to relieve me and I would go to Skagway with him, so he waited until the next day.

The train which was coming in from Skagway had to cross a bridge which was only a short distance from the depot. When the train stopped, a big Negro woman got off, and she turned out to be the cook coming to relieve me.

I yelled at Jack to wait and I would go with him as soon as I could get my heavy coat and shirt that I wore on the outside like a parka. When Mrs. Gideon saw how I was dressed, she said I should know better than to hit the trail as cold as it was, and nothing would do but for me to put on one of Mr. Gideon's wool suits of underwear. You should have seen me when I put that heavy union suit on. Mr. Gideon was a large man and I weighed about 130 pounds.

ANYHOW, Jack and I hit the trail and the first road house we could make was Log Cabin, a station that was under two flags, Canadian and the good old U.S.A., right on the line separating the two countries.

We had not gone many miles when I began to get very tired and wanted to rest. We sat down pretty often and Jack would keep pacing back and forth and would beat me on the foot and ask me if I could not see that hazy blue streak coming. He said it was a blizzard and we had to keep moving if we were to make the road house. I was getting warm and sleepy and told Jack to go on as I was going to take a little snooze.

Jack would make me mad by throwing snow in my face and pretending to be playing. Then he would throw snow inside my shirt and cuss me for being such a sissy. He would even rub my face and ears with snow until I got so darn mad I would get up and we would go on a little farther.

"HONEST TEX"
USED HORSE TRADER
A.J. DAVIS

"It's the latest model. You step down to get on it."

The blizzard hit us and good. We got off beside the tracks and dug in. Jack said we would have to stay there until the storm let up but would have to keep the snow packed back so we would have plenty of air. I know something now of how a person feels when he is freezing and, if it had not been for Jack, I would not be here to write about it.

The storm didn't last too long and we were warm and ready to hit the trail again. I don't believe we had gone much more than a mile when we saw the light in the road house across from the depot.

We went in and an old man was sitting by the fireplace reading a blood and thunder magazine. He hardly paid us any attention. We sat by the fire with our boots on and the old geezer just kept on reading. Jack finally blurted out and called him a name that I don't think I should repeat and asked if we were going to get anything to eat or not.

The old man begged our pardon and said he was so interested in the story he hardly knew we came in.

"Do you want caribou or moose steak?" he asked.

We ordered a moose T-bone each. While he was in the kitchen Jack told me he would like to have a shot of whiskey but be damned if he was going to buy the first drink from that s-o-b, if he never got a drink. (When a person came in off the trail, it was customary for the bartender to buy him a drink the very first thing. That was the rule of the country at that time.)

Jack and I, getting out of our nice warm bed the next morning, decided to pay our fare on the train. Consequently, when we arrived in Skagway, we were almost broke.

We took a job cutting firewood and our boss told us we would have a cabin all of our own to cook and sleep in while we cut wood. When we got to the job, we found a couple of dull axes and an old cross-cut saw to work with.

There were cracks in the wall of the cabin and only a small King heater that served both as heater and cookstove. We worked one day, and the next morning went back to Skagway.

When we found the man who had hired us, he acted surprised when we laid into him about the big lie he had told us. Jack told him we wanted $5.00 each for working the day before, but the man said he would have to check and see how much wood we had cut before he could pay.

Jack got all hot and bothered at the idea of us having to wait until the guy checked our work, and told him we wanted our money regardless, and if he didn't pay us now immediately, he could keep the money to pay his doctor bill. Jack threatened to beat him within an inch of his life, and said he might even forget about the other inch.

We found out later that our boss was a would-be contractor who had tried, and pulled, that same stunt on other unsuspecting people many times. But he paid us $5.00 each.

Anyhow, Jack was a good fellow even with all his faults. We parted company there and I didn't see him again for several years.

My feet were getting itchy again—but this time in reverse. I wanted to go back to the good old U.S.A. I wanted to go home.

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## Woman of the West

*(Continued from page 21)*

couldn't move or speak when she realized he was wounded and wasn't able to walk into the house without help.

She turned to Silver, the tears streaming down her face. "Why didn't you tell me he was shot?" she demanded angrily.

"He wouldn't let me," replied Silver. "The last thing he said to me was not to tell you he was hurt."

Sarah was furious at the deception since the surprise of seeing her husband wounded, when she thought he was all right, was quite a shock. She didn't have time to nurse her anger, however, as Bill was badly in need of attention. Sarah tenderly cut off his bloodstained shirt and looked at the wound. The rifle ball had gone in the right side of his back and had passed around the backbone, lodging under the skin on his left side. Sarah got the bullet out without any trouble, but the wound was full of bits of bone and cloth. She couldn't get all of these out, but she did the best she could and then bandaged him up.

Quite a number of people were at Rocky Ridge now, survivors from the stations to the east and others who wanted to get to Fort Bridger and safety. All of the refugees left for Strawberry Creek the next morning, but Reid was unable to travel and Sarah stayed behind with him at the station. The Silvers, too, remained behind as he had stock and other property that couldn't be moved through the deep snow.

That evening one of the stage drivers came back for them when he realized they still hadn't left the station. He told Sarah it wasn't safe to stay at Rocky Ridge any longer and they would have to move Reid. Sarah hurriedly packed and the next morning they started off toward the Strawberry Creek station. The Silvers still remained behind, as did two other ranchers, about a mile from the station.

There was no snow in the Sweetwater Valley at this time, but after the little party crossed the Rocky Ridge or Devil's Backbone, the snow was deep and troublesome. It had begun to thaw and the mules would break through the crusted snow and nearly sink out of sight, but they finally made it to the next station where they spent the night.

Early the next morning they were off again and although the snow was three to four feet deep even on the level stretches, they finally made it through to the next station on the last crossing of the Sweetwater. There were so many people there that they decided to push on to Pacific Springs, but as the day wore on the snow became impossible. The horses soon played out and it was decided to halt and wait for the snow to freeze.

The three of them camped on top of the snow, but couldn't make a fire as there wasn't so much as a bush to be found. Reid suffered a great deal at this time, since the party was now traveling in an open sleigh, and it was impossible to dress his wounds in the cold. They made him as comfortable as possible and then ate, washing down the meal with melted snow. About four-thirty in the morning, after spending an unpleasant night, the party again resumed its journey, reaching the Pacific Springs station about six o'clock. The many people back at the last station had made an early start also and they came in right after the Reid sleigh arrived.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

Fort Laramie parade ground as it appeared in the 1880s; the Reids lived on or near this post for many years.

ALL OF THE refugees had breakfast and started off again, but were able to make only two miles that day. They camped on a snowless hill and made fires, since they had brought along some fuel this time. They made another early start the next morning and made the Little Sandy station before dark, but one of the first sights to greet them was a fresh grave with a bloody shirt hanging on the cross. The Reids and the others knew that a station keeper, his wife and three children lived here, but there was no one about and they wondered who had been killed. Sarah wrote that when "we went into the house to prepare our supper, we saw the bullet holes through the doors and windows and other things and we knew that the Indians had done the killing."

Guards were posted for the night and the people bedded down in the house, the stable and in the coaches although as Sarah put it, "none of us rested very well that night."

Early in the morning they left and headed down the road toward the Ham's Fork station. They feared the worst as they noticed children's clothing scattered all along the road, but when they arrived at the station they found the widow and her three children among the refugees there. The Reid group pressed around the distraught woman and she told them she was waiting to leave for the east as soon as the paymaster arrived. More controlled after she was surrounded by her friends, she told them the story of the tragedy at the Green River station.

She had washed all the children's clothes in the morning and hung them out to dry. Later, just as she had finished preparing the noon meal, six Indians rode into the yard and by signs and broken English demanded biscuits and coffee. The woman gave them what she had, but when they finished these they demanded more. She kept cooking biscuits for them until she ran out of flour and then told them they could not have any more. The scowling Indians sat down in the yard, lit their pipes and seemed to be having a powwow.

About three o'clock, the stationkeeper went around the corner of the house after some fire wood, but before he reached the door, the Indians shot and killed him. Hearing the shots, his wife rushed to the door and saw her husband in the dust of the front yard. As she screamed, one of the Indians shot at her, the ball passing between the woman's skirts and one of the children. Slamming and locking the door, she grabbed a rifle off the wall and prepared to defend the station and her children's lives.

The stock tender was in the stable at the time of the shooting, but since the house and the stable were under the same roof, the woman pulled out some of the chinks between the logs and told him what had happened. He had a dog with him and he huddled in a corner and hoped that the Indians wouldn't discover him.

The Indians prowled around the station all day, at times dancing and yelling on the roof. They fired at the house several times, but no one was hit. About five-thirty in the evening it became quiet outside and the woman told the stocktender to turn the dog loose and see if the Indians were still lurking about. When they heard the dog barking some distance away, they knew they were safe and they unbarred the doors and went outside to bury the hapless stationkeeper. They then hurried on to Ham's Fork station.

Sarah and the other refugees comforted the woman as best they could, realizing that her story could well have happened to any of them. They stayed that night at Ham's Fork and the next day moved on to the next station. Sarah was cooking for her husband and their stage driver while a woman and her two daughters did the cooking for the other men in the party.

As Sarah was preparing the evening meal at the Big Muddy station, she noticed Jim Brown wandering around the edge of her campfire. Brown, who had been shot in the jaw in the fight on the 17th, was acting strangely and she mentioned this to Reid.

"I think Mr. Brown is hungry, Bill. He has such a wistful look on his face an' every time I look up at him he's staring at our stewpot."

"How could he be hungry, Sary?" returned Reid. "He's got three women to cook for him." He dismissed the subject by asking for more stew.

At breakfast Reid noticed Brown was again prowling around their campfire and he glanced up at Sarah before he spoke.

"Jimmy, come on over and have some breakfast with us." He patted the ground in front of the cloth that was spread on the ground before him.

Brown refused, but when Reid insisted he came over and sat down. Sarah saw then how swollen his face was and how he could only with difficulty barely open his mouth. She put some soup on to heat up and then cut up some bacon into fine pieces. By pressing these between the wounded man's teeth she was able to get some food down him while waiting for the soup to cook. He was famished and it took over an hour to feed him, but finally he announced he was full.

In a barely audible mumble, he told them that the other women hadn't noticed that he couldn't eat and he had been too embarrassed to ask them to feed him. He told Sarah that he was practically starving when he had come over to their fire and he had hardly eaten a bite since they left Pacific Springs. Bill Reid insisted he eat with them for the rest of the trip and Sarah volunteered to nurse and feed him.

They left the Big Muddy station that morning on the last leg of the trip to Fort Bridger. They stayed at the fort that night, safe at last, and the next morning took the wounded men to the post hospital. A hospital steward examined Reid and then cleaned and dressed his wound.

"You did a good job, Mrs. Reid," he said. "He's coming along fine and I can't do any more for him than you've already done. All he needs now is rest and care and you can take care of that as well as I can."

The Reids stayed at the home of Judge Carter, who ran a trading store at the fort, and Bill acquired a much needed rest. A few days after their arrival, Jim Brown came to the Carter home and paid the Reids a visit. He told Sarah he was leaving for Salt Lake City for further medical attention since the doctor at the fort couldn't seem to help him.

"I'll never forget what you done for me, Sarah," he said. "If it hadn't been for you, I probably would have starved on that trek from Rocky Ridge."

Sarah smiled at the compliment and told him they hoped to see him soon. When Bill had had a good rest, she hoped to take him to Salt Lake City until he could go back to work. She knew she was pregnant now and hoped that their first child could be born at Salt Lake City.

Sarah helped her husband to the door and together they waved goodbye to Brown. They stood for a moment, surveying the endless plains and buttes of the surrounding country and reflecting on the joys and miseries of their frontier existence.

THIS WAS the end of the Sarah Picknell Reid manuscript, but, of course, it was only the beginning of Sarah's and Bill Reid's life together. Whether the balance of the manuscript was lost or never written is not known, although we do know they continued with their frontier way of life. With a family to think of, Sarah faded into the background and her story evolved into a narrative of her restless husband and of the opening up of the West.

The Reids stayed at Fort Bridger for about a month until Bill was able to travel and then returned to Salt Lake City. William James Reid was born there on October 15, 1862.

In the spring of 1863, Sarah and the baby accompanied Bill to his new post at the Three Crossings stage station on the Sweetwater River of Wyoming. Life at a stage station was still a lonely existence, but now Sarah had her young son for company and the time went much faster. There were still Indian and other troubles in the Sweetwater Valley, but with the creeping extension of the railroad, the eastern terminals of the overland stages were steadily moving west. The great days of staging as a principal means of overland transportation were inevitably coming to a close.

When Reid joined the 22nd Nevada Cavalry, Sarah returned to Salt Lake City to await the end of the war. In a year he was reunited with his little family and by the spring of 1866 he had hired out at Camp Douglas, Utah, as a mule skinner. Reid's boss was one Jim Parder of the firm of Gilmore and Proctor, and for a time they were busy hauling supplies for the Union Pacific Railroad. Reid was an early riser and always had his wagon ready to go first in line, so when a promotion came up he was appointed assistant wagon boss.

June of 1867 found the Gilmore and Proctor wagontrain hauling supplies to Colonel Henry Carrington, who had built Fort Phil Kearny on the Bozeman Trail in northern Wyoming. Carrington was up to his neck in Indian troubles since the bloody and historic Fetterman Massacre had occurred only the previous December.

Reid's train had arrived without serious incident and the embattled troopers were tremendously excited to see the wagons creaking into the fort, stuffed to overflowing with fresh food and the new, breechloading Springfield rifles.

After delivering the supplies to the fort, Gilmore and Proctor then received the contract to supply wood to the post. The Indians had been inactive all winter, but were now harassing the fort in every conceivable manner. The wood trains could go out only under a heavy soldier escort and even then they were constantly sniped at.

Late in July, Company C of the 27th Infantry was detailed to guard Reid's wood train and on August 2, 1867 occurred the famous Wagon Box fight. Reid took an active part in this battle, which is one of the classic encounters of the Indian wars. A handful of soldiers and civilians held off Red Cloud's braves until rescued by a relief expedition from the fort. The Sioux lost the cream of their warriors in this fight and Red Cloud imagined he had lost his war. Actually, the wily old redskin had won, after all. The constant harassment and the terrible losses sustained by the military at Fort Phil Kearny were finally acknowledged and the fort was ordered abandoned.

As the long column of men and wagons marched out of the fort and wound its way toward Powder River, Reid and the others looked back and saw the Indians setting fire to the post.

JENNIE REID had been born in November, 1866 and Sarah joined Bill at Fort Steel for a happy reunion. It was hard being the wife of a government teamster, but the family was a happy one and made the most out of what time they had together.

Reid was ordered to Fort Sanders, where he spent most of 1868 hauling supplies to the various government forts. On one of these trips Reid was cited for bravery for leading a group of men in saving some cavalry horses from the Indians.

From Fort Sanders, Reid was ordered to Camp Carlin, near Cheyenne, and he hauled supplies between there and Fort Laramie until the spring of 1869. At this time Tall Bull and his band of Dog Soldier Cheyennes were creating havoc among the frontier settlements and a punitive expedition was organized. Reid was a wagon boss by then and his wagons were ordered to join the command of General Carr and five companies of the 5th Cavalry at Fort McPherson, Nebraska. On July 1, Carr's command, together with the North brothers and their Pawnee Battalion, set out to locate the Cheyenne trail. At the battle of Summit Springs, the Indians were met and defeated and peace came to the Kansas and Colorado plains for a time.

By the fall of 1869; Reid was back working out of Fort McPherson, where his family had joined him. Reid had struck up an acquaintance with the young scout who had guided the Carr expedition, and he and Bill Cody became good friends. At this time Cody's famliy was living in St. Louis and Bill spent most of his time and money boozing it up with army officers, so when Wallace Reid was born in December, the two frontiersmen had a ready-made excuse for a celebration. Reid and Cody, together with Fred Baker of North Platte, called themselves the "three old, grey wolves" when they got together, and they celebrated the new baby's arrival in all-night revelry.

It was during this period that the Reids met most of the famous army officers and frontier characters of the early 1870s. Mrs. Cody and her children lived with them for a time. Wild Bill Hickok was a special friend of the Reids also and visited often. Hickok was fond of children and no doubt bounced all of the Reid youngsters on his knee at one time or another.

During January of 1872 the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia arrived at North Platte for what has become known as the Royal Buffalo Hunt. He was accompanied by a notable group of army officers with General Phil Sheridan as host of the affair. Cody was selected as guide for the party and Bill Reid was appointed to drive the Duke and Sheridan in a four-horse army ambulance.

Several hundred Indians were invited to participate in the hunt under their chiefs, Whistler and Spotted Tail, and they contributed greatly to the color of the event. One of the warriors was a noted hunter and performed his famous act of shooting an arrow clear through a buffalo. The hunt was a great success for all concerned. The Duke got his buffalo, Cody acquired a little more fame, and Bill Reid did very well for himself at the poker sessions each night. Upon his return to Fort McPherson, Reid again became a proud father when a son, George, was born on January 28, 1872.

DURING the years, 1873-'74, Reid hauled supplies between forts and took part in some minor Indian troubles. In 1875 he was in charge of the post corrals and wagontrains operating out of Fort Laramie and the next year saw him attached to the Fifth Cavalry at Fort Russell.

This was a bitter, hard-fought year for the Army and Reid found himself participating in some of the principal engagements of the Sioux campaign. Sitting Bull had refused to come in, and in the spring the Army made its move. General Crook marched north from Fort Fetterman, Custer moved west out of Fort Lincoln and Gibbon was to strike east from Fort Ellis. Reid was with the Crook supply train as Master of Transportation and he renewed his acquaintance with Chief Washakie who was leading his Shoshones as scouts for the expedition.

Crook camped on the Tongue River on June 9, 1876, and was immediately fired upon by the warriors of Chief Crazy Horse. After several days of long distance firing between the troops and the Indians, Crook crossed the Tongue and proceeded to the valley of the Rosebud River, where Crazy Horse pounced on him. Reid and the wagontrain had stayed behind at the camp and watched as the troops forded the river.

The next day they stared in disbelief as Crook's mauled and battered forces again forded the river, but this time in retreat. Crazy Horse had soundly whipped them and Crook had been forced to retire to his base camp and lick his wounds. Reid and the other teamsters did what they could to help carry the wounded into camp, while Crazy Horse headed his forces north for their rendezvous with Custer.

Early in July, Reid heard from some of his Indian friends in the Crook camp that many pony soldiers had been killed in a big fight to the north, but nothing definite could be established. Then on the tenth, two white men brought Crook the first news of the Custer disaster. The troops remained in camp to await reinforcements.

On the 3rd of August, Colonel Merritt joined Crook with ten companies of the Fifth Cavalry and Reid had a reunion with his old friend, Bill Cody, who was Merritt's chief scout. Crook's command now numbered over 2,000 men and he again took to the field. He joined with Terry's force on the 11th, but neither had seen any Indians. They separated to better search for the Sioux, Crook heading southeast toward the Badlands, and Terry following Sitting Bull's tracks north.

On September 7, Reid accompanied Captain Anson Mills on a trip to Deadwood for supplies. Crook's command by this time was so short on rations that they were reduced to shooting their horses for food. Quite by accident, Mills stumbled onto the village of the old Sioux chief, American Horse, who was not only one of Crazy Horse's most able fighters, but his best friend as well. Before launching a surprise attack, Mills sent word for Crook to join him as soon as possible.

Reid participated in this engagement, known as the battle of Slim Buttes, and saw the scout, Buffalo Chip White, killed. A trooper was killed and nine others wounded by American Horse and four warriors, who had holed up in a cave. When Crook arrived, he quickly wiped out all resistance and the pitiful victory was won. Crazy Horse tried to rescue his old friend, but his warriors were too low on ammunition to be of much help and so had to retire. The great day of the red man was drawing to a close.

BILL REID returned to Fort Laramie and until 1880 was engaged in freighting to and from the post. The Indian wars were over and, although he still spent much time out in the field, his family could rest more easily nights. Sarah and her four children lived in a world populated by soldiers, Indians, teamsters and rough frontier characters, but they understood this way of life and were content. The Reids had a small cabin near the fort and they kept a few cows, which Sarah and the children tended.

Famous Indian warriors, who only a few years ago were lifting white scalps in battle, now stopped by the Reid house to drink coffee and smoke. Legendary frontier figures waved to the Reid children as they rode by the house or lounged around Fort Laramie. There was Liver-Eating Johnson about whom strange, frightening tales were told and whose wild appearance seemed to verify everything that was said. Calamity Jane, Pony Bob Haslam, Baptiste Pourier and Portugee Phillips were common sights in those days, but they were of the stuff of which history is made.

Lesser figures commanded just as much attention and respect, such as Teamster Posy Ryan, who called all the girls "posies." One night he licked four soldiers in a rough and tumble fight. And there was Jack Hunton, the Indian trader and stage keeper on the Chugwater, and Old Ma Moosesaw, squawman and rancher. These and many more were a part of the Reid family's world.

One night Bill was watching a poker game in the saloon portion of Snyder and Morrison's trading post at Fort Laramie. Reid was sitting in a corner shaving tobacco off a plug so as to make a cigarette, when an argument erupted between an old man and one of the younger poker players. The old man insisted the young fellow was cheating him and when the agitation reached serious proportions all of the players asked Reid for his opinion.

"Hold on boys," replied Bill, "I'm just a looker-on an' you ain't goin' to get me mixed up in no poker squabble."

"C'mon Bill," chorused the four players, "we want to get on with the game an' we'll abide by your decision no matter what."

"Wal-l-, jest remember now, this was yore idea an' not mine. If you want my decision, I'd say the young feller there was cheatin'."

The result of the arbitration was immediate and violent as the young man leaped at Reid and knocked him down. Bill scrambled to his feet and jumped on his antagonist, both of them tumbling to the floor in a tangle of arms and legs.

Reid still clutched his tobacco knife in his hand and he grabbed his opponent by the hair and slashed the blade across his throat. When the blood and the yelling brought Bill to his senses, he jumped up and sprinted out the door of the saloon. Leaping on his horse, he rode furiously for home and burst breathlessly through the front door to confront a startled Sarah.

"SARY, there's been a fight at the fort an' I think I killed a man. Now it warn't my fault but I ain't go'n to be locked up in no guardhouse till the Army decides who was right or wrong. I'm goin' to hide out in the chalk buttes an' you send the boys out with grub for me ever few days. I gotta go now, they're probably after me by now."

Kissing Sarah, he sprinted out the door and off into the night.

"The wounded man was taken to the Army hospital," recalled George Reid many years later, "and Major Gibbon sent out a company of soldiers after Dad. Wallace and I took food to Dad every other night for over a month."

The soldiers came by the house and then fanned out over the hills in search of their quarry. Some of them saw Reid hiding in the rocks, but they never let on they had detected him.

One day Major Drew sent his orderly to the Reid home and told Sarah that if she knew where her husband was she could tell him to come in. The wounded man had recovered and admitted he was to blame for the trouble. Joyously the Reid boys ran up into the chalk bluffs and brought their vindicated father home.

Bill went on in to the fort to make his peace with the Army. Major Drew was sympathetic as to the circumstances of Reid's plight but, nevertheless, duty dictated that the Reid family be moved off the military reservation.

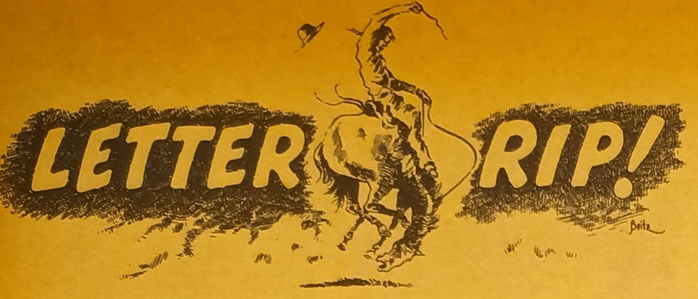
They moved to a small, vacant cabin on the Platte River, where they lived for several months until the fall of 1880. At this time Reid met old Heck Reel who owned the B. P. Ranch on the Laramie River. The ranch had formerly belonged to Baptiste Pourier, the Indian scout, but since it was not being used, Reel told Reid he and his family were welcome to use it. Here, on January 1882, John Reid was born. Later the Reids acquired their own ranch, where Sarah Ann Gertrude Reid was born in 1887.

After the Reids had moved to Medora, North Dakota, Bill became acquainted with Teddy Roosevelt, who came out to his ranch near there every fall. Roosevelt was a great admirer of rugged, western frontiersmen and he and Bill Reid went on many hunting trips together. Young Wallace Reid worked for the Roosevelt Ranch for a time and his family came to know the future president well.

One day Roosevelt listened, fascinated, as Sarah told of some of her early pioneer experiences. When she had finished, the doughty politician pounded his hand and declared that she should try and write down the story of her life, if not for publication, then as a valuable record for the inspiration of future Reid generations. Sarah did write down many of her early adventures and it is upon her narrative that much of this story is based.

Bill Reid died in 1895 and is buried at Medora. Sarah survived him by seven years, passing away at Dickinson, North Dakota, in January of 1902. Both had played their part well and had outlived the Old West they had helped to civilize. There are no monuments to Bill and Sarah Reid, but no puny memorial of rock and concrete could do them justice. Their monuments are the waving fields of wheat and the sprawling cities that an unconquerable pioneer spirit helped to make possible.

# LETTER RIP!



Howdy, Hoss!

By durn, Podner, I just don't know what I am going to do and I'm depending on you folks to help me out.

I've been subscribing to your rags for quite awhile now and they've always arrived at my house in good shape. However, the last one or two I got were so badly messed up that it looked like every person who handled it from the time it left your corral till it reached mine had taken a bite out of it. The cover was barely hanging on and I'm sure every postal employee between here and Timbuktu beat it on a hard rock for half an hour. Can't you help me out?—Clayton Thompson, 1817 Park Street, Huntington Beach, California.

**By golly, Clayton, it is actually amazing. Up until recently we hardly received a complaint from a subscriber regarding the condition of his magazines upon arrival. But lately they have been coming in at a right smart clip. If any of you readers get a copy that looks dog-eared, send it back to us in a hurry and we'll send you another—well protected. We need the dog-eared ones to show the post office.**

**Our magazines go out in envelopes where there is only one subscriber in a town. Otherwise, the magazines are wrapped in heavy paper and tied with durned-nigh unbreakable wire. Your local post office opens this package and delivers the magazines. How they could get as beat up as some we have seen is an absolute mystery!**

**Also, we have had quite a bit of trouble sending out our newsstand packages. Our printer securely wraps these packages and strong wire is used as an extra precaution. Yet, we get notices that packages are disintegrated to the extent that no address is left and they send a messed up looking bunch of magazines and strips of wrapping paper and wire back to us. Our printer finally became so desperate that he took one of these packages of fifty magazines and threw it on the concrete floor until he worked up a sweat. He couldn't break it open!**

**Since all of this has been in comparatively recent months (and we are hearing complaints from other publishers), I'm wondering just what sort of giants work in the mail service these days. I can just see the help wanted ad: "Wanted: Strong men with special talents such as breaking hard rocks with their bare hands!"**

**We're doing the best we can to remedy this but, for gosh sakes, keep sending in those mutilated copies—WE NEED THEM! We'll send you a good one by return mail—even if we have to start putting them in steel envelopes!—Joe**

Dear Sir:

This is just a note to tell your company about the rascal that was in this area about one year ago representing TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.

This fellow had real good identification, which was false, and came by and asked us to subscribe to the magazines. Of course we did, as they are favorites of the whole family.

According to his story, he was studying to become a doctor and got so many points for each magazine subscription he sold.

We went to the sheriff of our county and found out this fellow was wanted in the States of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana for forging identification papers and selling magazine subscriptions without proper authority. We gave the sheriff our check he had cashed and our receipt and, by golly, they caught the guy. He is serving a sentence in the pen now.

He rooked us out of $29.00 and I want to tell you that when I get another $29.00 I'm going to have TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES or know the reason why. Wonder how many other people he robbed?

Thanks so much for listening to my story.—Mrs. Victor E. Mobley, Rangely Route, Meeker, Colorado 81641.

**Thanks for writing us about this! I hope every reader of all three of our magazines will read this. We only have three agents in the field—Hackberry Johnson of Austin, Texas, Milt Hinkle of Kissimmee, Florida, and Mrs. Hazel Earnest of Vernon, Texas! So, before you give away your hard-earned cash, folks, be sure you know your man! We are listed with a number of national agencies who have local representatives. These people you will know or can find out about on the spot. Also, if you deal with a local representative of a national subscription agency, you can always cut off his ears if something goes wrong!**

**The thing to do if there is any doubt in your mind whatsoever is to call your local Better Business Bureau or make the person prove without any doubt that he is reputable.**

**Mrs. Mobley, there is not one in 267,000 people who would have done what you and your husband did. They just decide, "Well, I've been took!" and let it go at that—blaming the representative as well as the company involved and, of course, the company never knows a thing about it. You have stopped a man who might have sold thousands of dollars worth of our magazines to unsuspecting people and it has saved us all a big headache. So, we are going to honor your $29.00 even though we never heard of the man and didn't see a penny of the money. These sneakers are all over, folks, so please be careful!—Joe**

Dear Sir:

I am seeking information on a Great Stone Face in eastern Colorado. When I was a child my family lived outside of Seibert. On the bank of the North Platte River stood this face of stone—I would say it was hand-made. It stood about twenty feet high and was about twelve feet thick. It is the head of an Indian chief with a long feather headdress down the back of the head. It is now broken off its original stand and is lying in the creekbed. There is no marker at all, and no one around there seems to know its history. It is on a ranch about twenty miles northwest of Seibert.—Howard R. Fisher, 8919 North First Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85020.

Dear Sir:

When I was a little girl out in the Panhandle of Texas I heard a story that sure impressed me. It happened near Old Mobeetie, about 1908. It seems that there was a family of cattle rustlers (an old man, his wife and son-in-law) who had a young man working for them punching cattle. When the boy quit them and drew his pay, they got to worrying, afraid he might tell the law, so the old man decided to follow him and kill him. He took a short-cut and headed the boy off. About then, he saw another horsebacker a mile or so away, so he made the boy ride around on the other side of the hill and there he shot him.

They cut the turf, dug a grave, buried him, and then scattered the dirt they didn't use in the field. All went well until it got to bothering the old man. One day in Canadian, he got drunk and told the whole thing. Old-timers in Canadian or Wheeler probably will remember the incident.—Mana McGlothlin, Box 356, Chester, California 96020.

Dear Mr. Small:

When I was six years old, which was in 1902, my parents lived on the plains of eastern Colorado. My father was a sheep rancher. We lived in a three-room sod house. My mother had been putting in her bid for a new house as we were pretty crowded there, with four children and cooking for one to four hired men. The hired men slept in the bunkhouse.

That year in the middle of the summer, my father had gone to one of the sheep camps and my cousin from Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, was visiting us.

We three boys, my brother, cousin and I, were sleeping three in one bed in the living room and we were having quite a bit of fun as we were getting into bed. My mother had announced that she was going to take a bath. The tub was kept in the woodshed, in the yard.

She had been gone just a minute, when I heard a tinkling of glass in the kitchen. Pretty soon I heard Mother coming back through the door, with the old tin tub a-rattling around. Then I heard her call out, "Oh children, the house is on fire!"

I next heard her pumping water at the kitchen sink. Then shortly after that, she was at our bedside, telling us to get up and get dressed, that she could not put the fire out, and we had to get out of the house.

I found my overalls and got one leg in them, when my mother told my cousin to take my four-year-old sister and me to the bunkhouse and light the lamp for us, and then for him to come back and help get the furniture out. She said for me to stay in the bunkhouse with my sister and not to leave her under any circumstances.

My cousin would not give me time to put my other leg in my pants, but said for me to take my sister's hand and come along. So I led her with one hand and held my pants up with the other, as we walked to the bunkhouse. My cousin was carting a lamp; he lit it and went on back to the house. My sister cried a little but I got her to lie down on a bed and I covered her with a sheet and soon she was asleep.

I stood outside by the corner of the bunkhouse and watched the fire up at the main house. Mother, with the help of the three children, who ranged from eight to thirteen years of age, got all of the furniture out of the house except the kitchen where the fire started and she got the sewing machine out of there. She had rolled it out first and closed the doors and windows to the kitchen, which slowed the fire down considerably. It was a memorable sight for a six-year-old boy.

Shortly thereafter I heard an explosion followed by another one every few seconds. Some of the explosions would start at the ground then go high in the air with a whistling sound and I could see them whirling over and over. I learned later that these were brass shotgun cartridges that had a hole blown out through the side and they acted as a jet engine does. At that time it was customary for the ranchers to reload their own brass cartridge shells.

Father had a big drawer full of cartridges, shot and bullets in the combination bookcase and writing desk. While getting out the furniture, my mother handed the drawer to my older brother, and told him to take it a long way off outside, but he just took it a short distance, intending to take it farther later. When the first got hot enough, the cartridges began to explode and it was too late to take it farther away then. There was a large green can of black powder which he did take farther away and it did not explode.

Father came home the next day, and it was very dry and hot at the time; the short grass on the prairies was burnt to a crisp. I heard my father tell in after years that he had a case of beer in the cellar under the house, with several bottles next to the well and he was intending as soon as he got home to have a bottle of that cold beer, but when he arrived, he saw the crumbling walls of the house with piles of ashes in between, some of which were still smoldering.

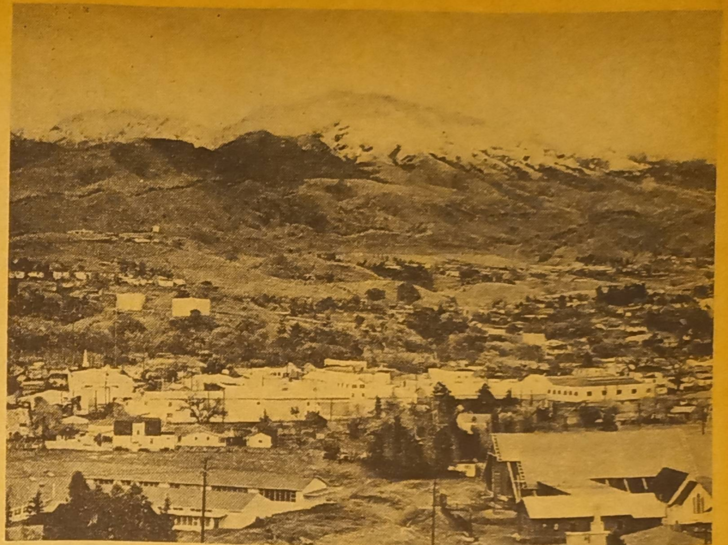
We had dinner and after dinner Father and Mother were quarreling bitterly, with my father accusing Mother of setting the house on fire on purpose so that she could have a new house. My older sister and brother went off outside so they would not have to listen to the quarreling, but old stupid me, I returned to the house to get something I wanted to play with.

Father said, "That can of powder sitting out in the sun should be taken to the granary and put inside. Fred, you do that right away."

Mother said, "Don't be foolish! If anybody tries to move it now, it will explode. Why, just the slightest jar when it is hot will set it off."

But Father insisted that there was no danger and I should do it right away. I started out and my mother followed me to the door giving me advice. I followed her instructions closely. I found the powder can too hot to hold in my hands until I put my hands on the bottom where it was not hot. The sun shining through the light clear air of Colorado can really heat a piece of metal. When I got to the granary and got over in the southwest corner, I set the can down very gently and as I stepped back away from it, I felt much better.

Now sixty-two years later I still think that I was in great danger that day.—Fred E. Lange, Appleton City, Missouri.


Mt. Diablo, or Devil Mountain, California

Gentlemen:

Been having trouble with my subscription lately. The mailman told me they've been coming through okay but somebody "borrows" them out of the box before I get to them. Can't find who he is. You haven't lost me, though, because I buy them at the newsstands. Two swell magazines.

On page 55 of the Spring OLD WEST, you state that Jim Kirker spent his last days on Mount Diablo, California. This is in Griffith's story "The Most Dangerous Game." It goes on to say that Kirker drank himself to death and is buried some place on that mountain.

I was told many times by an old pioneer, who got this from his grandfather, that there was over two thousand Indians living on that mountain at that time. This old pioneer passed away in 1942 at the age of 96.

I'm enclosing a picture of Mount Diablo, California. It's the only one I can find.—Clarence Esley, 26 Oak Knoll Loop, Walnut Creek, California.

**Magazine thieves, eh? It's surprising how many reports we get of this. Only remedy we know is to hide, catch one red-handed, and make him read all three rags for four days and nights straight! We may lose a lotta fool readers this way!**

Dear Joe:

I live about six miles from Granada, Colorado. I have an uncle, John Verhoeff, who at ninety-seven, is the oldest pioneer in the Flagler area. He is a real old-time cattleman who still rode a horse at cow gathering time when he was ninety. About ten years ago he was visiting me and we were riding around looking at cattle when we came to a certain spot along the Arkansas River. He then told me this story.

"Your father, Lance, and I had started out from Grinnell, Kansas, as young men on a trapping expedition. We were also looking for work of any kind and as they were building the Santa Fe railway up the Arkansas at that time, we started for there. At Granada we found that the railroad had stopped and there were no funds to go farther just then. At that time, the town was mostly saloons—something over thirty. The town was very wild. They had a show going on and had a boxer who offered $100 to anyone who could best him. I thought I was pretty good and we really needed the money but our father, who was older, would not hear of me fighting him, saying that they wouldn't let us get out of town with the money anyhow. And that is exactly what happened. This fellow beat three or four, but finally came up against one he couldn't down. The winner didn't get to enjoy his money, though, as the next morning he was found where he had been killed and robbed.

"We decided to leave civilization, as it wasn't too 'civil.' We came just about here on the Arkansas River. There was a bridge then made of willow withes for crossing. This was to keep you out of quicksand, which was very bad at that time. The bridge was just hung on wire cables and floated on top of the water. When the team and wagon went on it, it sank to the bottom. The water was about two feet deep except when in flood; then the bridge would wash away.

"This sinking caused the willow brush to rise up ahead and behind the wagon. I was up front driving and Lance was on the rear watching that nothing washed away. Suddenly in front of me I saw an arm and then the body of a dead man hanging in the rising willows. I immediately stopped the team and Lance called, 'What is the matter up there?' as he couldn't see ahead for the cover on the wagon.

"I said, 'There's a dead man up here. What shall I do?' and Lance replied, 'Drive on,' which I did.

"That night when we camped I asked him why he went off and left the man and he said, 'We couldn't do him any good and he might have done us a lot of harm. If we had gone back to Granada they might even have accused us of killing him. But if we don't know anything about him, then we are in the clear.'

"We trapped a few beaver and muskrats along the river but really hit the jackpot when we got to Fort Lyon, Colorado, which was abandoned at that time. The skunks were thick under the old buildings and we got 25¢ apiece for them."

The two brothers finally drifted back down to Flagler and homesteaded and started cattle ranches there before there was a fence anywhere.—Floyd Verhoeff, Holly, Colorado.

Dear Old West:

I am sending a picture of my grandmother when she was just fifteen years old, having crossed the Plains from Illinois and come to Chico, California. Her name was Margaret Cooper. She and her sister, Elizabeth, and their four brothers came in a wagon. Their stepmother was very mean to them, so they just started out alone. The oldest was twenty-year-old Wiley Cooper. In California they all homesteaded, but Henry Cooper who lived at Red Bluff, never married. One day he came to my grandmother's house in Chico. He told her he had buried $40,000 on the Sacramento River and had put his old black hat on top of it. He said, "Margaret, when the good Lord calls me, I want it sudden," and that was the way it happened. No one ever knew where the money was located for he died two weeks after his visit to Chico. The family imported a pink marble tombstone from Italy for him, and it is still standing just like new after ninety years.—Mabel Miller, 601 Pleasant Hill Road, Sebastopol, California.

Dear Joe:

I have lived some of the early days of the round-up, though I am comparatively a young man. The following story, however, was told me by the late Bert Hall who wrote a book of the round-up days of 1902.

There were about ten outfits, chuckwagon and all, in a round-up in the Missouri River Valley in South Dakota one hot August day, miles from nowhere out on the prairie. It was Sunday and some twenty cowboys were lying under the wagons to escape some of the heat and dust when the sound of a rig was heard approaching over the hills.

Bert Hall immediately said that he would act as "state's attorney" and that the trespassers would be arrested for bringing whiskey onto an Indian Reservation—and if they did not have any whiskey, then they would be arrested for *not* bringing whiskey onto the Reservation.

As the team and buggy drove up, two cowboys roughly grabbed the bridles and brought the horses to a sudden stop. A hollow square was formed and a search of the buggy was made. A pint bottle was found but to Bert's chagrin, he realized that the driver was his boss who was a saloon keeper from the city nearby and that the other man was his bartender.

The Kangaroo Court nevertheless found them guilty as charged and the bartender was fined $5.00 which he immediately paid and the saloon keeper was fined a bottle of beer for each cowpoke. All of the cowboys there claimed their bottle of beer in due time, and as news traveled fast, for six months cowboys from outfits as far south as Kansas came in to collect their bottle of beer. It was said that nearly a thousand bottles were passed over the bar to pay this fine. You can rest assured that the saloon keeper capitalized on his sentence and that it became a profitable affair for him.—Richard L. Thomas, 11115 South Jay St., Tacoma 44, Washington.

Gentlemen:

I have read with interest the article, "Blacksmiths and Goldbugs" in the Fall OLD WEST. I was there when it all happened and knew personally Henry Schnitzel, Ernest May (both Jr. and Sr.) and his Chicago partners, Gates and Hoyt. I still have a homestead almost adjoining the Pitchfork Ranch.

I also knew Amy Chubb, widow of the unfortunate man who was blasted by an overloaded charge. There are a few misspelled names. Hayward Schwoob was the blacksmith and it was Eric Brenell and his wife who were killed in the slide. The Italian boy was Joe Menocucci. He was literally scalped. Sam and Ida Forrest and I were in the store when the door burst open and Menocucci fell into the room saying, "Snowslide. House gone. All dead." I immediately fired three shots from my six-gun to arouse the camp. It was a hectic time that night. —Fred C. Schaub, 2407 Danbury Drive, San Antonio, Texas.

Margaret Cooper, age 15. Original picture is 115 years old.

Dear Mr. Small:

For a long time I have read your magazines and have found them to be good and true entertainment.

My grandfather was the late John D. Lee of early Utah and Arizona history. He built Lee's Ferry on the Colorado many years ago, over which thousands of pioneers and immigrants traveling out of Utah Territory into early Arizona passed. This was one of the very few crossings of the Colorado along its entire length. Following his execution over the Mountain Meadows Massacre, my father, then aged seventeen, took over the operation of the ferry and ran it until his own mother sold it to the Mormon Church about the year 1880. The family then moved into the Apache Indian country in Arizona where Father joined up as a packer for the Government during the bloody days when old Geronimo was in his heyday.

I have been raised in this country and know something of its early history myself. Much of my own life has been spent in law enforcement work in Arizona. The famous John Slaughter and my father were life-long friends and many are the stories I have heard Father relate about his friend. His name was a common subject in our home when I was a small lad.—William A. Lee, P. O. Box 248, Bullhead City, Arizona.

Dear Joe:

Thanks for the second chance. I was a late convert to TRUE WEST and now in OLD WEST you are giving me a chance to catch up on some good stories I missed.

About a century ago William Copeland and his sister, Martha Fleming, moved from Kentucky to Fort Stanton, New Mexico. During the Lincoln County War in 1878, John N. Copeland served briefly as sheriff of Lincoln County.

I would appreciate it if you or any of your readers could tell me if these Copelands were related, or the address of any of their descendants.—A. Roy Copeland, 432 South Tenth Street, Paducah, Kentucky 42001.

Dear Sir:

I have been trying for years to find my father, Rufus Andrew Parker. He loved ranch work. He may be working in Oklahoma. He worked as a ranch hand on the Oscar Seay Ranch in Jefferson County there from 1917 until 1921. If anyone knows of his whereabouts, please write to me.—Mrs. Aline Howard, P. O. Box 612, Tularosa, New Mexico.

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I think your magazines are great. I wonder if a letter in one of them would help me find out something of my great-grandparents. I think not, but will try—I have such a little to go on.

My mother died in 1904 when I was three years old. Her mother told me that my great-grandfather was scalped by the Indians somewhere in Kansas. Grandmother was a baby. His name was Walker. Just by chance someone may have had a relative who had the same fate. There were nine scalped and one escaped. They were scouting for a wagon-train. Her mother went back to Illinois. That's all I know about my mother's people.—Mrs. Alvin Thompson, 130 N. Mina, Joplin, Missouri.

**We get many letters like this; more than we can print. Sometimes we are able to forward them to someone else who specializes in such things. Some of you readers have complained that you don't like to read "missing people" mail and we try not to overdo it. Nevertheless, the West took a big toll in family ties, and human beings just naturally have a hankering to seek out their own. There have been several cases in which we have been able to get kinfolks back together again, and it sure is a nice feeling. As we say, we can't run many letters like this, but it's just from lack of space, not because we don't want to help.**

Hi:

I think OLD WEST is growing up nicely. Advertising doesn't "bug" me, but if you can eliminate it, fine. Still I'd pay fifty cents for the old book reprints. They are what I cherish.

My husband's and my families had a finger in many of the early Texas pies. Grandfather and Grandmother Cooke helped start San Saba. He was the first banker there—the bank was a horsehair trunk. Dust was kept in the bottom and coins and ledger in the tray!

Grandfather Monroe helped start Crockett. He was one of the first merchants. He brought supplies from New York by boat and wagon once a year. It took two months or more for the trip. His was the first cook stove in East Texas and his Negro cook wouldn't use it. He walled up the fireplace, but she still wouldn't use it. She would slip the food out to her cabin and cook it there. Happy trails.—Mrs. Oliver H. Johnson, 1724 Lee Hall, San Antonio, Texas 78201.

Dear Mr. Small:

I thought you might be interested in this newspaper story from the *Evening Argus*, Argus House, Brighton, Sussex, England. As you can see there are many interested and ardent followers here of the old American West. I myself belong to the English Westerners Society.

The buyer of the gun pictured was a London agent believed to be acting for a Mr. Alexander who lives in Spain. "He slipped out of the auction room like a gunman escaping from a posse," according to the news story. The auctioneer would not divulge his name. Ten of these sales are held every year.—G. Jenkins, 27 Cedar Close, Worthing, Sussex, England.

Dear Joe:

I am writing you because of your request in the Fall OLD WEST. I can appreciate your problems more than you know. The old-timers are fast dying off. The next generation has been so busy having a good time (so they think) that their interest is only lukewarm. The ones coming up have been told less, and so care less, about the heritage we have in this "Last Frontier." We have now reached the watery edge and there is no farther West. It therefore warrants our efforts to preserve and beautify the remnants of history so that those who follow will have an interesting and thoughtful lane of memories to review, rather than only hamburger stands, neon lights and freeways. I wish you every success.—L. Gillis, 601 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California.

Dear Sirs:

I sure love your magazines. I am only sixty-six years old but I can remember Cole Younger, and for all the world to know, I dearly loved him and remember him as a kind and gentle man. He used to hold me in his arms as he and Dad sat and talked over the wild old days. My mother was dying with what they used to call "lung fever" and Dad said Cole was the best friend he ever had—that his word was like gold. I would like to hear from anyone who knew him or was related to him.—Ethel Santmyre, Rt. 2, Box 32-A, Marshfield, Missouri 35706.

Dear Sir:

I think your readers would enjoy reading this recipe I found in *Miss Leslie's New Cook Book*, 1873. Certainly it would have been welcomed by any person making the overland journey to the Pacific.

**Portable Soup**

"This is a very good and nutritious soup, made first into a jelly and then congealed into hard cakes resembling glue. It will keep for many months in a cool, dry place. A piece of this glue the size of a large walnut, when melted in water, becomes a pint bowl of soup.

"To make portable soup, take two skins or legs of beef, two knuckles of veal and four unskinned calves' feet. Have the bones broken or cracked. Place in a four-gallon pot, but at first pour in only as much water as will cover the meat. Heat gradually until it almost boils. Watch and skim carefully while scum rises, then pour in a quart of cold water to make it throw up all the remaining scum and then let it come to a good boil. Continue to skim as long as necessary. In this be particular.

S. R. Butler cocks a $3,360 Colt Paterson revolver. In his other hand he holds another rare Colt which was withdrawn from auction when it failed to reach its $1,960 reserve price.

"When liquid appears perfectly clear and free from grease, pour in the remainder of the water and let it boil very gently for eight hours. Strain through a sieve into a stoneware pan and set where it will cool quickly.

"Next day, remove remaining grease and pour into a three-gallon pan. Let it boil as fast as possible. Transfer to a three-quart pan and skim again, if necessary. Watch it well and see that it does not burn, as that would spoil the whole. Take out a little in a spoon and hold it in the air to see if it will jell. Until it will, it is not done.

"Have ready some small preserve pots. Fill them with the soup and let them stand until the next day. Then set, over a slow fire, a large flat-bottomed pan, one-third filled with boiling water. Place in it the pots of soup, letting them stand uncovered (but without boiling) for six or seven hours. This will bring the soup its proper thickness. When cold, it should be like hard glue. When finished, turn out the moulds and wrap them up separately in a new brownish paper and put them up in boxes.

"Portable soup may be improved by the addition of three pounds of nice lean beef to previously given ingredients."

Today I suppose we call them bouillon cubes.—Mrs. Janice Drew, 508 Memorial Drive, Ahoskie, North Carolina.

Dear Sir:

One of the most useful features in your magazines, I think, is your book roundup. Many books I wouldn't have even known about except for your magazines.

Just a few miles from where I live is the Miller Ranch, located on Highway 132 between Modesto and Waterford. They have a fantastic collection of buggies and all types of horse drawn vehicles, plus bicycles of all descriptions. Also located there is an old-time store with ancient washing machines, clothing, and old farm tools. This is a private collection but is open to the public Wednesday through Sunday. Few people know about this interesting place and it is certainly worth seeing. I know anyone coming up or down California Freeway 99 would find it worth while to turn on 132 at Modesto to stop at the Miller Ranch.—Lorraine Hucke, Rt. 1, Box 482-A, Oakdale, California.

Dear Sir,

I am seeking information on Simmon P. Storms.

One of the early trails leading across Emigrant Gap in California to Johnson's Rancho, on the Bear River near modern Wheatland, cuts through an area in Western Nevada County now known as Chicago Park. In the 1850s, however, this country was referred to as Storm's Ranch because of this man Storm who looked after the local Indians.

He was rumored to be the first Indian Agent in California but records do not show any truth in the tale. He had some official capacity, however, as he was responsible to the government for distribution of food to the Indians.

Many recent writers refer to him as William Storm, Simmon or William Strong. His correct name, Simmon P. Storms, appears repeatedly in old newspapers and documents.

Storms is mentioned in a letter written July 18, 1851, by Indian agent O. M. Wozencraft from Camp Union saying, "There are accounts of services rendered by Mr. Belcher and Mr. Storms for interpreting and for assembling the Indians."

Alonzo Delano (Old Block) refers to him as an "old Indian trader." Newspaper articles tell how the sporting population often assembled at Storms' Ranch for wrestling matches, bull and bear fights with Indians and whites taking part.

In October of 1854 a historic meeting took place at the bull and bear fight arena of S. P. Storms in Nevada County between such people as General John E. Wool, William M. Gwin (a U.S. Senator) John B. Weller (later a Governor of California), James W. Denver and Sam Brannon and the Maidu, the local Indians. Superintendent Henley, in a talk interpreted by Storms, explained his proposal to move the Indians from the gold country to Nome Lackee, a reservation that was to be established on the west side of Sacramento Valley about 20 miles from Tehama.

On October 29, 1855, S. P. Storms started from Empire Ranch with 150 Indians. He is praised by newsmen for his ability to secure the confidence of the Maidu.

In the Red Bluff Beacon of May 6, 1857, Mr. Storms is listed as being in charge of the Indians at Nome Cult Reservation. The official register of officers and agents of the United States, 1855-56, shows Storms was employed as a farmer-interpreter at the Nome Lackee Reservation. In the 1857 register he is listed as an overseer. He was born in South America.

I would appreciate any leads to further information on this man. I feel he is one of the colorful characters in Nevada County's sketchily recorded history. Where did he come from before he appeared in Nevada County? Where and when did he die? Perhaps your many readers can help me.—Mrs. Pat Jones, Box 10, Chicago Park, California.

# WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

### IN NAVAJO COUNTRY

*Navaho Expedition* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) presents the Journal of Military Reconnaissance from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Navaho County, made in 1849 by Lieutenant James H. Simpson. The rescued journal now is vastly easier to read due to the sharp editing and interpretive notes by Frank McNitt. The report of Simpson's explorations provided for the first time a fund of information about New Mexico Territory valuable to settlers and builders who arrived later. The artist brothers, Richard and Edward Kern, recently abandoned by Fremont's tragic fourth expedition were members of Simpson's Navaho exploratory party.

We've seen a lot of Simpson's landmarks in the Great Basin where he laid out the route followed by the Pony Express and Overland Mail. After serving in the Civil War, he joined the Topographical Corps and in 1865 was breveted a brigadier general and later was named chief engineer of the Interior Department in Washington, D. C. This nicely dressed up documentary constitutes a valuable contribution to western military history.

*The Navajo Reconnaissance* (Westernlore Press, $6.50) contains the reports of the military exploration of the Navajo country in 1859 by Captain J. G. Walker and Major O. L. Shepherd. L. R. Bailey edited the reports and provides an intriguing introduction plus informative notes about the military personnel and the geography of the area. The head men of the Navajos seem to have had little control over the numerous tribal bands and families—as a result the numerous treaties (1846-1851) signed with them were practically worthless. The Navajos continued to raid the Spanish-American settlements and Pueblos to steal horses and sheep and to take captives. This led to the establishing of Fort Defiance. six miles north of the present site of Window Rock, Arizona, deep in Navajo country. It was from Fort Defiance that Walker and Shepherd each led two exploring expeditions into Navajo land. They mapped and described the country and their explorations proved of much value when the United States. tired of signing treaties the Navajos did not intend to honor, finally resorted to military force. Maps, illustrations and an index enhance this handsomely printed little volume.

### FUR TRADERS PLUS

*The Journals of William Fraser Tolmie, Physician and Fur Trader* (Mitchell Press, $9.75) is a highly significant contribution to our knowledge of the Northwest. Dr. Tolmie kept a diary in which he made almost daily entries from Aug. 10, 1832 through Oct. 25, 1835. After that there are rather infrequent, but usually lengthy, entries covering important travels—the last entry was made on Sept. 18, 1881, after a lapse of thirty-nine years, while on a visit to Ezra Meeker at Puyallup Station, Washington.

The diary was started while Tolmie was a medical student at the University of Glasgow in 1830 but was dropped in May, 1831—the entries in the student diary are quite brief. After getting his MD in 1832, Tolmie signed with the Hudson's Bay Co. as medical officer and clerk and was sent to Fort Vancouver to work under Dr. John McLoughlin. His diary of his voyage out, including the stop at Hawaii, contains many lengthy entries as does the part concerning his early days on the Columbia and his stay at the company post at Nisqually on Puget Sound. He was an explorer and botanist and the first white man to attempt to climb Mount Ranier.

He was at Fort McLaughlin and made the trip with Peter Skene Ogden to the Stikine to try to reach an agreement with the Russians on a company post in that country. He observed the moving of Fort Simpson. The entries cover every phase of life in the Northwest plus frequent references to the many books that he read—he organized a circulating library among the officers of the company. The appendices contain a paper by his son, Dr. Simon Tolmie, given before the British Columbia Historical Society in 1934 that provides a summary of his father's later career with the company (he retired in 1870) and on his 1,100-acre Cloverdale farm in Victoria. There is an index, a foreword, an introduction and some good illustrations. Recommended.

*Manuel Lisa* (Argosy-Antiquarian, Ltd., $12.50) by Walter B. Douglas is a reprint of the material that appeared in Numbers 3 and 4 of Volume 3 of the *Missouri Historical Society Collections* in 1911. In the preface, Abraham P. Nasatir states that very few improvements have been made in Judge Douglas' study of Lisa in the last half century. Dr. Nasatir does add quite a bit in this volume with his notes and annotations plus his introduction covering Lisa's life to 1804. Lisa and his Missouri Fur Company were the first to offer any real competition to the British companies in the war for fur in the Northwest. Lisa was born in New Orleans and served his apprenticeship by trading on the River and after moving to St. Louis with the Osages. The reports of Lewis and Clark led Lisa into the Northwest Trade in which he was a dominant figure during the first decade after the Purchase. There is an index and a few illustrations. The publisher would seem to be fully justified in calling this book a first edition—it is its first book appearance and Dr. Nasatir's numerous contributions are all new.

Dale Morgan's *Jedediah Smith* ($1.80), formerly published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, has been reprinted as a paperback by the University of Nebraska Press. Pious Jed Smith, explorer and mountain man, is an authentic American hero who saw more of the West than any other man of his time. Joining the Ashley-Henry fur trapping expedition at age 23, Jed was the first white man to explore the Great Basin and to pioneer a trail from California to Oregon. He probably knew more about the upper Missouri Basin than anyone else. Jed was only thirty-three when killed by Indians.

In addition to an inspired text, the book includes Remington and Bodmer illustrations, generous chapter notes and an index.

### OLD JIM

J. Cecil Alter, formerly of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Salt Lake City, is an honorable scientist who enjoyed a successful career as a western historian. His original book on the famous Mountain Man, Jim Bridger, published in 1925, long ago became a high-priced out-of-print collector's item. The 1950 edition of the book also is hard to find at an easy price.

The University of Oklahoma Press has recently published a new and revised edition of *Jim Bridger* ($5.75) containing new and authenticated information on the old trapper-scout's life and experiences.

Alter's book is a depository of facts, not only about Bridger but also about many other western pioneers like Jedediah Smith, Manuel Lisa, Major Henry, Fremont, the Donners, Jim Clyman, Brigham Young, Col. Henry Carrington, Kit Carson, Bill Williams, Louis Vasquez, Chief Washakie, Marcus Whitman, William Ashley and many others who swapped plews, worked the overland trails and helped settle the West.

Someone once said that more lies had been told about Bridger than any other westerner. The author does much to debunk the unfounded legends about Old Jim. The tale about him leaving Hugh Glass to die of wounds inflicted by a grizzly is pure fiction.

Alter presents some enlightening sidelights on the alleged Morman swap for Fort Bridger. Bill Hickman claimed he bought it from Jim for the Mormons but Bridger claims the Mormons ran him off and stole the Fort. Alter's views on these and other controversies between those who hit the alkali trails west are included in this book which has not been within reach of many readers who wanted it.

### HORSE SPECIAL

*The Complete Book of Horses and Ponies* (McGraw-Hill, $5.95) by Margaret Cabell Self is a big book full of facts and snappy illustrations for kids who ride and love horses. We've looked this one over critically and find that the author has told youngsters about all that's useful to know about horses, riding gear, horse care and horseback games.

The book has a lot about origins, beginning with the ancient three-toed cat-sized quadrupeds that romped about the Great Plains and ending with the numerous modern breeds of saddle horses and ponies.

The text is clarified and animated with 140 line drawings by artist R. W. Mutch, a famous horse show judge from New York. An index and glossary of terms help to make this a valuable guide for young horsemen.

In the book *The Wild Horse of the West* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.60) by Walker D. Wyman, we have the most objective treatment ever given to our true American horse—the western mustang. It was published first in 1945 by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho.

While horses seem to have originated in America, they mysteriously disappeared from our continent during the Ice Age. Fortunately, horses had migrated to Asia over a former land bridge across the Bering Strait and those we have today were imported from European strains that survived in Eurasia.

The mustang or broomtail has a sympathetic sponsor in author Walker Wyman. He traces mustang history from the time the original ponies escaped from Spanish breeding grounds in Mexico to the present. Wild horses ranged far away from their Mexican home in search of fresh grazing, but their northward advance was speeded by Indian and white mustangers who found a handsome market among the U. S. tribes, trappers, hunters, U. S. Military Department and ranchers. Indians led a far easier life after they became mounted than ever before. They could find and kill game easier on horseback than on foot. The horse not only provided them fast transportation but could also be eaten. His hide and bones, like those of the buffalo, were important commodities.

The horse played a leading role in western migration, fighting, trail driving and ranching. But when the ranges filled with cattle and sheep—the mustang became a nuisance.

Today there are only a few remnants of the mustang left on western ranges administered by the Bureau of Land Management. We invite all visitors to Austin, Texas, to see the beautiful mustang monument on the University of Texas campus. The inscription written by our famous southwestern historian, J. Frank Dobie, is a nostalgic tribute to the vanishing wild horse of the West.

At hundreds of rodeos every year, thousands cheer the sterling performances of the bronc riders, bulldoggers and ropers who risk their necks to entertain crowds that assemble in increasing numbers. Not many viewers know about the hard knocks and spills taken by rodeo performers while learning their trade and following their profession.

The seamy side of rodeo life has been written by former world champion bronc rider, Sam Brownell, whose orbit for years circled the Cheyenne Frontier Days annual rodeo, the granddaddy of cowboy arenas. In his book, *Rodeos and "Tipperary"* (Big Mountain Press, $2.50) Sam tells about his life as an itinerant cowboy where he learned to ride outlaw horses as background for a rodeo career. The life was rugged, the hours long, meals were few and far between, and there was no social security. Sam takes his readers behind the scenes where rodeo performers work, fight and play. He describes performances in the bush leagues as well as those at Cheyenne, Pendleton, Calgary and Madison Square Garden. You learn things about rodeo politics that you never suspected, and the meanest bucking horses like Tipperary, Steamboat and Midnight are described by a man who knew them.

Sam tells his story in the frank lingo of the range which will provide budding Western authors with source material about how rodeo cowboys used to talk, act and live.

### TEXAS FEUDS

C. L. Sonnichsen's *I'll Die Before I'll Run* (Devin-Adair, $6) is a reprint of a book first issued in 1951 that went OP within a few weeks of publication. This present-day classic contains good accounts of such big Texas feuds as the Regulators-Moderators in the piney woods of east Texas; the Lee-Peacock in north Texas; the Sutton-Taylor and the Jaybird-Woodpecker in south Texas; and Horrell-Higgins in west Texas. There is a chapter on the Marlows and summaries of many of lesser known and shorter-lived affairs. The text of this edition has been revised and expanded, some new photos have been added plus some good drawings by José Cisneros, the El Paso artist-illustrator. The sources and notes are improved and to the great joy of the researchers, an adequate index is included.

### LEWIS AND CLARK MAN

But for the efforts and accomplishments of George Drouillard, it is certain the Lewis and Clark expedition would not have attained the success acclaimed for it today. The Arthur H. Clark & Co.'s Western Frontiersman Series XI by M. O. Skarsten presents the well-documented western history *George Drouillard* ($11.00).

Personal trail companion of Lewis, Drouillard served as hunter and interpreter. Through his diplomatic successes with the Shoshones, Lewis and Clark were able to obtain horses to transport explorers and cargo across the mountains between the Missouri and Snake Rivers.

Son of a French-Canadian and Shawnee mother, Drouillard spent his early life near Detroit and fortunately received some education from his French-Canadian stepmother.

After his useful services with Lewis and Clark, George Drouillard became a fur-trading partner of Manuel Lisa, in company with John Colter and others on the Yellowstone, Big Horn and Three-Forks of the Missouri. He was killed by Blackfeet Indians in April, 1880.

Considerable new material has been added to the little known history of this rugged, wiry and capable mountain man, including his trial for the murder of Bissonette.

Attractively printed, the book comes with seven documentary illustrations, a reproduction of Captain Clark's folding map and notes on the Missouri headwaters area in 1809, and a specially prepared map of Drouillard's travels.

### ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. **Nut cracker**
   *Reynolds Collection, Wichita, Kans.*
2. **Civil War mess kit**
   *Hastings Museum, Hasting, Nebr.*
3. **Betty lamps (grease burning)—The "Double Phoebe"** *Longstreet Collection, Scottsdale, Ariz.*
4. **Hand-pumped vacuum cleaner**
   *Sheridan Co. (Nebr.) Historical Society*
5. **Hearing aid**
   *Sandhills Museum, Valentine, Nebr.*
6. **Horse hobble**
   *Harbaugh Museum, Wellington, Kans.*
7. **Pencil sharpener**
   *Sheridan Co. (Nebr.) Historical Society*
8. **Pepperbox (hand gun)**
   *Tom Green Collection, Hutchinson, Kans.*
9. **Ice shaver**
   *Sandhills Museum, Valentine, Nebr.*
10. **Bathtub**
    *Longstreet Collection, Scottsdale, Ariz.*
11. **Christmas tree candle holders**
    *Beeson Museum, Dodge City, Kans.*
12. **Candle snuffer**
    *Harbaugh Museum, Wellington, Kans.*

### THE GENERAL GOES WEST

*The West of William H. Ashley* (The Old West Publishing Co., $35) is the most important book to date by that genius of western writing and editing, Dale L. Morgan. Two other great Western bookmen, Lawton Kennedy, designer and printer of many fine volumes and Fred A. Rosenstock, publisher and Western Americana dealer, did their part in making the Ashley book the top Western publishing event of the decade. Dale Morgan went to the primary sources for his information about Ashley's West—diaries, letters, reports, inventories, payrolls and price lists. Most of them are printed in this huge folio volume and tell their own first-hand stories.

There is a biographical sketch of Ashley, long prominent in Missouri affairs, but Dr. Morgan wisely concentrates his attention on the contributions of the General to the fur trade. Ashley was responsible for the American Mountain men, the only real competition offered the British traders in the Northwest. He originated the rendezvous. At various times, Andrew Henry and Jed Smith were his partners and he had as associates, to head his trapping parties, such well known mountain men as Thomas (Broken Hand) Fitzpatrick, James Clyman, Zacharias Ham and John Weber. They got the best furs, and the Ashley beaver was the finest on the market.

The numbered and signed deluxe edition of 250 copies was exhausted before the date of publication.

It's enhanced with watercolors by Bodmer, drawings by Catlin, three maps, numerous notes by the scholarly Morgan and an index. Tremendous in every way!

### COWBOY SPORTS

A gem of a book, *The Great Endurance Horse Race* (Stagecoach Press, $4.50) by Jack Schaefer, author of *Shane*, deals with the exhausting race where 25 men rode 600 miles from Evanston, Wyoming, to Denver, with each man riding one horse all the way. Schaefer has wrapped himself deeply around his story and carries his readers realistically over every exciting mile of the race.

Tempted by several good cash prizes offered by the *Denver Post*, a miscellaneous group of cowboys from the Great Plains and West entered the race. Thirteen of the mounts were coldblood western range horses, six were hotbloods and six were half and half. One of the winners, an ugly hammerhead, had been successively a cow horse, rodeo saddle bronc and work horse. The old boy had the guts for endurance racing. Not a horse was lost but only a few lasted the complete ride to Denver.

The present book, limited to only 750 copies, is an enlargement of the 1960 edition. This little item is worth the money and will be hard to find one of these days.

*If I Can Do It Horseback* (University of Texas Press, $5) has an appropriate subtitle, "A Cow-Country Sketchbook" since it reprints a series of articles by John Hendrix that appeared in *The Cattleman*, official publication of The Texas-Southwestern. John was riding the range at fourteen and later operated his own ranch thus following in the footsteps of his father and of his maternal grandfather. John came along after the end of open range-trail driving days but he knew many of the old-timers and was an avid collector of cow country lore. This reviewer got acquainted with John in the early Thirties, and in 1936 we both moved to Fort Worth where for six years we met frequently. We were both interested in range books and John was writing his series for *The Cattleman*. We both hoped the articles would become a book. They do make a good book but John has been gone a dozen years now. Wayne Gard provides a good introduction, Malcolm Thurgood some appropriate drawings, and there is a fine index. It turned out real good, John!

Most of us know Andy Adams as the author of the remarkable *Log of the Cowboy* (Boston and New York, 1903) the most pleasant reading ever required by our College English and writing professors. Now we are pleased to recommend the introspective biography, *Andy Adams—His Life and Writings* (SMU Press, $5) by Wilson M. Hudson which gives us the best ever written about Andy, the scribbling cowboy.

Through the medium of realistic fiction, Andy became a historian of the passing cowboy era, and he awakened nostalgic reminiscences among cowboys and travelers who had seen the unfenced range country with trail herds on the move. He was proud of his reputation for having been true to the West.

The author includes a bibliography of Andy's writings which reveals a far greater production and variety than we suspected. The *Log of the Cowboy* is his most distinguished work. He wrote several other books, some bad plays, numerous short stories and novels and a number of his lectures on cowboy themes have been preserved. When Andy hung up his saddle for a writing career, he settled in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and lived there the remainder of his life. His declining years were spent at the Alamo Hotel where he loved to tell his campfire windies to impromptu audiences, occasionally including this reviewer, fortunate enough to hear him.

It seems quite appropriate that a new edition of *The Log of a Cowboy* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.50) by Andy Adams be issued practically simultaneously with his biography. *The Log* was and is Andy's masterpiece and certainly fully merits the classic tag assigned to it years ago. It is this reviewer's opinion that no one has as clearly set forth its historical value as J. Frank Dobie—"If all other books on trail driving were destroyed, a reader could still get a just and authentic conception of trail men, trail work, range cattle, cowhorses, and cow country in general from *The Log of a Cowboy*. . . . It is the classic of the occupation . . . the hands talking as naturally as cows chew cuds, every page illuminated by an easy intimacy with the life." This is high praise indeed from the all-time top critic of range literature. *The Log* should never be permitted to go OP. A Charles M. Russell painting in color is used to illustrate the wraps, the type is large and clear and the price is right.

### THE TRUTH WILL OUT!

*The Fabulous Frontier* (The University of New Mexico Press, $5) is the revised and enlarged third printing of a tremendously valuable volume of New Mexico lore by William A. Keleher, Albuquerque attorney and historian. When the first edition came out in 1945 this reviewer wrote the author about a slight mix-up in the names of two Texas towns—Gatesville and Gainesville—and suggested that he correct the mistake in the second printing. Shortly a letter came back from modest Bill Keleher saying "thanks" but opining that there would never be a second printing. There was, however, in a very short time and *The Fabulous Frontier* came to be, in the next few years, one of the most avidly sought volumes of modern Western Americana. Through its pages march the giants of New Mexico's territorial days—John Chisum, Tom Catron, Pat Garrett, Oliver Lee, Judge Albert Fountain, Albert Bacon Fall and others. There is a chapter on writing men—Ash Upson, Major Caffrey, Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Jack Thorp among others—for which this reviewer has a particular affection. This third printing has a new preface, some additional photos and about twenty additional pages of text and notes. It is good to have this great book back in print at a price within the reach of all.

*Burs Under the Saddle* (University of Oklahoma Press, $20) by our amigo, Ramon F. Adams, has a subtitle "A Second Look at Books and Histories of the West." A more appropriate subtitle might have included a few additional words, as the over 400 books scrutinized by the eagle eye of Ramon are almost exclusively those written about outlaws, gunmen, the more flamboyant frontier peace officers and the notorious, rather than the real settlers and builders of the West. Thus the books about such characters as Billy, the Kid, Sam Bass, Clay Allison, Curly Bill, the Earps, Wild Bill Hickok, John Wesley Hardin, the James Boys, Bat Masterson, Calamity Jane, Belle Starr, Ben Thompson, and the Youngers receive particular attention. This is a big book (over 600 pages) and represents a tremendous amount of research. That it will stop the growth of the legends about the folk heroes created by the books debunked by Ramon is to be doubted. However, the serious researchers and historians now have a real guide to use in their attempts to separate fact from fiction and myth.

This is such a major contribution toward setting the record straight that it seems almost unkind to quibble about any part of it. But also in the interest of keeping the record straight, consider Ramon's comments on Thomas Edgar Crawford's *The West of the Texas Kid* issued by his own publisher: he devotes almost two pages to the errors in it and seems to infer that it was foisted on the public as true when as a matter of fact the readers were fairly warned in an introduction by Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes—an introduction included at the insistence of the publisher. One more example illustrates the difficulty of keeping all the facts in mind—in discussing *Cattle Kings of the Staked Plains* by George A. Wallis, Ramon states. "When Billy, the Kid's gang killed Sheriff Brady and Deputy Hindman . . . he (Wallis) writes . . . 'Billy, the Kid was wounded' but the shooting was all on one side and the Kid was not wounded." There is strong evidence that Billy Matthews did a little shooting for his side and Dr. Ealy, medical missionary, (page 205) recorded drawing a silk handkerkchief through a thigh wound and binding it up—the result of Matthews' marksmanship. Garrett, often in error, says that it was the Kid that Matthews shot but Dr. Ealy does not identify the victim. There is an index but no bibliography—this seems a serious omission in a book of this kind as its readers are entitled to know the sources that the author used and regards as reliable.

### DISTINGUISHED REPRINT

*Forty Years at El Paso* 1858-1898 (Hertzog, $7) by W. W. Mills is a much improved reprint of the first edition issued in 1901. Three El Pasoans share the credit for this second printing—artist Tom Lea for a series of fine drawings; artist Carl Hertzog, the great Texas typographer, for the beautiful job of bookmaking, and historian Rex Strickland. As substantial as are the contributions of Lea and Hertzog, a team responsible for many fine volumes in the past, this reviewer believes that most of the plaudits should be reserved for the historian, Professor Strickland. His informative introduction sheds new light on the character and career of Mills, brother of General Anson Mills, the author of another privately printed volume of memoirs, *My Story* (Washington, D. C., 1918). The annotations both correct and supplement the text and the Professor did a tremendous job on the biographical sketches of the ante-bellum residents of El Paso (Appendix I). Of the residents mentioned by Mills in his book, Strickland was able to trace the careers of nearly eighty—a remarkable accomplishment. There is a good index. For the dedicated Lea-Hertzog buffs there is a handsome edition of 100 copies, numbered and signed by Lea, Hertzog and Strickland, boxed and accompanied by a print (suitable for framing) by Lea at $100.

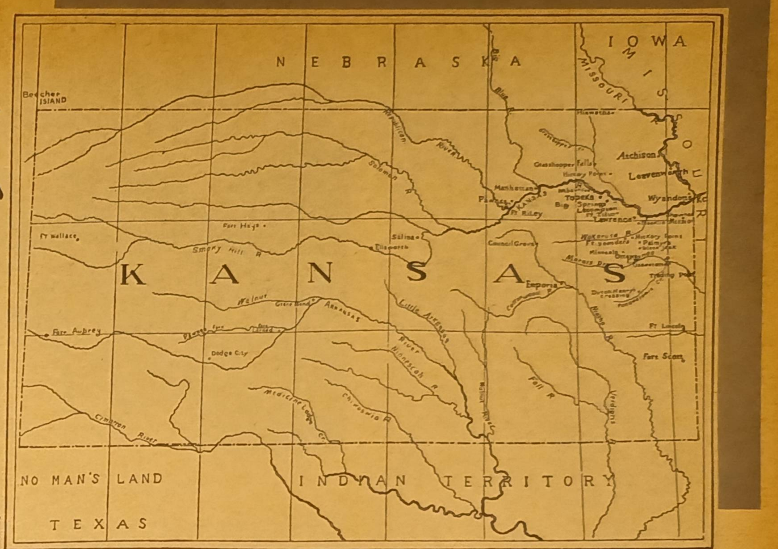
### MONTANA PALS!

*Recollections of Charley Russell* (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) is by Frank Bird Linderman. Linderman died in 1938 and the pleasant chore of preparing this book for publication fell to scholarly H. G. Merriam, teacher, bibliographer and magazine editor.

Russell and Linderman were close friends for many years and this is a very human document—and quite revealing in spots. Russell illustrated two of Linderman's books, *Indian Why Stories* (New York, 1915) and *Indian Old-Man Stories* (New York, 1920) and did a drawing for the dust jacket of a third, *Bunch Grass and Blue Joint* (New York, 1921). Linderman used two of Russell's stories in *On a Passing Frontier* (New York, 1920).

In addition to much visiting back and forth in Montana, they were next door neighbors in Santa Barbara one winter. They hunted, camped and trailed together and this record of man to man contacts is well worth having. Each of Linderman's three daughters contributed to the chapter, "As We Remember Mr. Russell." There are numerous illustrations including four in color, of which "Roundup" between pp. 36 and 37, is from the well known private collection of Old Bookaroo Fred Renner. Merriam contributed an introduction in which he gently chides the Russell biographers for not using the Linderman material—the truth is that it was not available to them. And perhaps the Linderman heirs were wise in saving it until now. Recommended.

# Early Days of FORT SCOTT



From "A History of Kansas," Prentis, 1909
**Kansas as the author knew it**

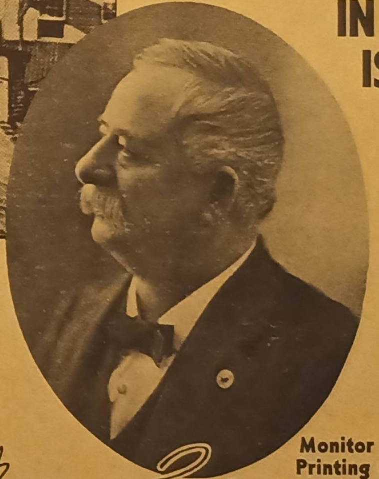
## $15.00 BOOK BONUS!

## COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

Market Street, Fort Scott, 1863. Two-story building in background is fort hospital.

## MEMOIRS and RECOLLECTIONS of

## C. W. Goodlander



**Monitor Book and Printing Company**
**Fort Scott, Kansas, 1899**

**From April 29, 1858 to January 1, 1870, covering the time prior to the advent of the railroad and during the days of the ox-team, and stage transportation**

Photos from "Early Days of Fort Scott" and other sources, as credited

I CAME from Pennsylvania to St. Louis, and then took a boat to Kansas City via the Missouri River. Arriving at Kansas City on the evening of the 29th day of April, 1858, and taking my tool chest from the boat I put up at the commission house of Crowell Bros., and then went to the Gillis Hotel situated on the levee (the principal hotel in Kansas City at that time). I remained there all night, and the next morning looked up the stage office, which was then located in the basement of what I now remember as the Watkins Bank Building, at Second and Main Streets, Kansas City.

I learned that the stage line had only been established some two weeks, and was getting very few passengers. I engaged passage, for which I paid $15.00, and found that I was the only passenger for Fort Scott. But I had one companion, a Mr. Squires, who was taking out express for the first time—in fact, it was he who established the express line. The stage left the office about eight o'clock in the morning, and the route was along Main Street to about Thirteenth Street, where they crossed lots to Grand Avenue.

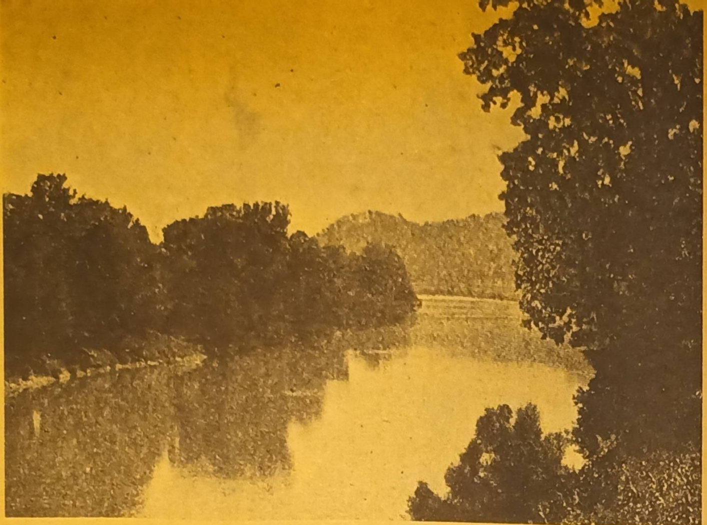
Kansas City, then, I judge, was a town of some three thousand inhabitants, the principal businesses being on the levee and on Main Street, where the City Hall is now located. Out on Grand Avenue at about Thirteenth Street, on the west side, I remember seeing, at that time, the foundations for some eight business houses, and I think part of those foundations are still standing there just as they were then, as I remember seeing a relic of them only a few years ago. The East and West Bottoms were covered with heavy timber, as were the hills on either side. Westport at that time showed more life than Kansas City. From Kansas City we went to Westport, and from Westport to Shawnee Mission.

A few miles beyond Shawnee Mission we struck the prairie and thereafter saw few settlements. At noon we stopped at a place called Squiresville for dinner, which place consisted of one store, one house, blacksmith shop and stage stable. The dinner consisted of salt pork, beans, dried apples and coffee. Squiresville, I think, was near where the town of Olathe is now situated. After leaving Squiresville, the settlements became more scattered. We reached Osawatomie in the evening and put up there for the night.

We got an early start next morning and reached Moneka for dinner, a point some few miles north of the present Mound City. The dinner at Moneka was an improvement on that of Squiresville, as they had some vegetables. By the way, the people who settled this town were vegetarians. and the women wore bloomer costumes. This town was about the same size as Squiresville.

The stage rolled away from Moneka at early noon. The driver said he would get to Fort Scott at six o'clock. We crossed the Osage at a place called Rayville, and crossed the Marmaton at the old Military Ford at the mouth of Mill Creek. We came up into Fort Scott from the river bottom, about where National Avenue now is, and from there on over to Fort Plaza, stopping at what was then known as the Free State Hotel, which was the building that Squire Margrave now occupies as a residence. As the stage rolled up, all the occupants of the hotel were on the sidewalk to receive the new arrivals.

There were two parties in the small crowd whom I knew before I came to Fort Scott—they were George A. Crawford and William Gallaher. They soon made me acquainted and at home with the balance of the boys. The persons who were in the crowd to welcome newcomers were, I remember, George A. Crawford, William Gallaher, Ben McDonald, Ed Smith, Bill Bentley, Charlie Bull, Burns Gordon, Charlie Dimon, Jim Jones, Tom Roberts, Ed Bowen and Joe Ray.



From "A History of Kansas," Prentis, 1909

View on the Marmaton, Bourbon County, Kansas

After congratulations were over, Ray called me aside and said: "You appear to be a nice kind of a fellow; come along, and I will set up the drinks."

I walked along with him, going down the sidewalk to the present row of buildings facing the Plaza, and then across to the house east of the present calaboose where a saloon was kept by a man named Head.

On the way to the saloon Joe Ray felt around in his pockets and said: "By the way, I have no money, will you loan me a quarter?"

I reached in my pocket, and brought out an old worn quarter, which in those days was only worth 22½ cents, and by the way, it was the only money I had left after paying my fare and expenses from Kansas City to Fort Scott, and handed it to him, not letting him know but that I had plenty of money.

In after years when speaking to Joe about not paying me back the 25 cents, he would say: "I passed the 22½ cents on the saloon keeper for a quarter and he wanted to have me arrested," but he never did pay it back to me.

Joe proved to be the wag of the town. From Head's Saloon I went back to the hotel and became a full-fledged boarder. After getting my supper, I made inquiry among the boys as to the prospects for my securing work at my trade. They said there was "not much going on, but I guess after you have been here a few days you will find something to do."

This was not very encouraging to me, as I had to earn something, for I was dead broke. At bedtime George A. Crawford said: "You can sleep with me," and when we went to bed he said: "Here is a gun; lay it alongside of you."

I said: "What's that for?"

"Oh," he said, "We may be attacked by the Jayhawkers before morning, and you must use it."

"Well," I said, "as I am into it, I will do as the balance of you do."

THE NEXT MORNING I thought I would make myself acquainted with the town, and what the boys at the hotel did. I found that Col. Campbell was landlord of the hotel—father of Albert Campbell. Wm. Gallaher was hotel clerk and postmaster. And, by the way, I think Gallaher started the first free mail delivery system in America, as he used to carry the letters around in his hat, and as he met the boys give them their letters. George A. Crawford was president of the Town Company, and Ben McDonald and Ed Smith had something to do with the Town Company, as Ed was a surveyor and Ben his assistant to carry the ax and drive stakes. Ben looked like the dude of the crowd, as he wore a Daniel Webster blue coat with brass buttons.

Burns Gordon and Joe Ray clerked for Col. Wilson. Jim Jones was editor of the *Fort Scott Democrat*, and Charlie Bull was boss printer. Bill Bentley had charge of the vantoon game the boys played when not at work; the latter they did not do much of. A. R. Allison was the undertaker, Charles Dimon was the Democratic politician, and Tom Roberts was the Republican politician. These two did most of the talking.

My recollection of the town as it was, is that the four officers' quarters now stand as they did the day I came. At the west end across from where Squire Margrave lives, was a one-story building where the Lyons property now stands, called the commissary building. Out on the bluff on the east was a corral for the livestock of the Government. And on the side of the hill was a corn mill operated by horse power. On the east side of the Plaza, where the Hawley house now stands, were soldiers' quarters. Where the Western Barn now stands, a cavalry stable some two hundred feet long was located. On the south side, in the rear of Dilworth's store, was another soldiers' quarters, and the building now occupied as Mrs. Terry's 'bus barn, was the hospital. And where the calaboose is now located was the guardhouse. Over the well on the Plaza was a fine canopy of Doric architecture, and on the Plaza opposite stood a brick and stone magazine. This completes my recollections of the fort as it was then.

As to what there was of Fort Scott at that time, outside of the fort, was the Town Company office and printing office on the lot across the alley from Bamberger's, facing on what is at present Market Street. Some two or three lots farther west on Market Street was a one and a half story building owned by John S. Calkins, an old bachelor, and farther west on Market Street, about where Prichard's store now stands, was a store building owned by Dr. Hill. This building fronted both on Market Street and the Plaza. It was occupied as a general store.

Still farther west was the bakery shop of Dutch Shubert—about where O'Brien's harness shop is now. About where the Star Hotel stands, or did, was a double log house occupied by H. T. Wilson as a store, which had been the sutler store of the post. On the corner of National Avenue and First Street, where the feed store now stands, stood what was called Fort Roach, a good-sized log house.

Diagonally across the street on the same lot that the Tribune Building now occupies stood a house about half finished. The builders fell by the wayside for the want of funds. Out about where the Presbyterian Church now stands was what was known as Government Field. Where stands what is now called the Robley Building, occupied by W. C. Gunn, was a blacksmith shop, belonging to a man named Kelley. Back and north of the post buildings was a log house in which Squire Margrave lived. This comprises all there was of the town west of Buck Run, except the sawmill put up by Alex McDonald and Ed Bowen, and it stood at about First and Ransom Streets, on the East Side.

The only building that I recollect as being over there then was a house somewhere near First and Margrave Streets, occupied by Charles Haynes and family. This house had its sides as well as its roof shingled, and being a carpenter, my attention was drawn particularly to that fact. The only other house that I recollect on the East Side, was occupied by a man by the name of Winfield, that stood about in the neighborhood of Engineer Fisher's house on Wall Street. The ground between where the Tremont house stands and the bluff where Fisher's house is located, was densely covered with trees and underbrush. There was only a pathway from the Haynes house and the Winfield house to the west part of the town at that time.

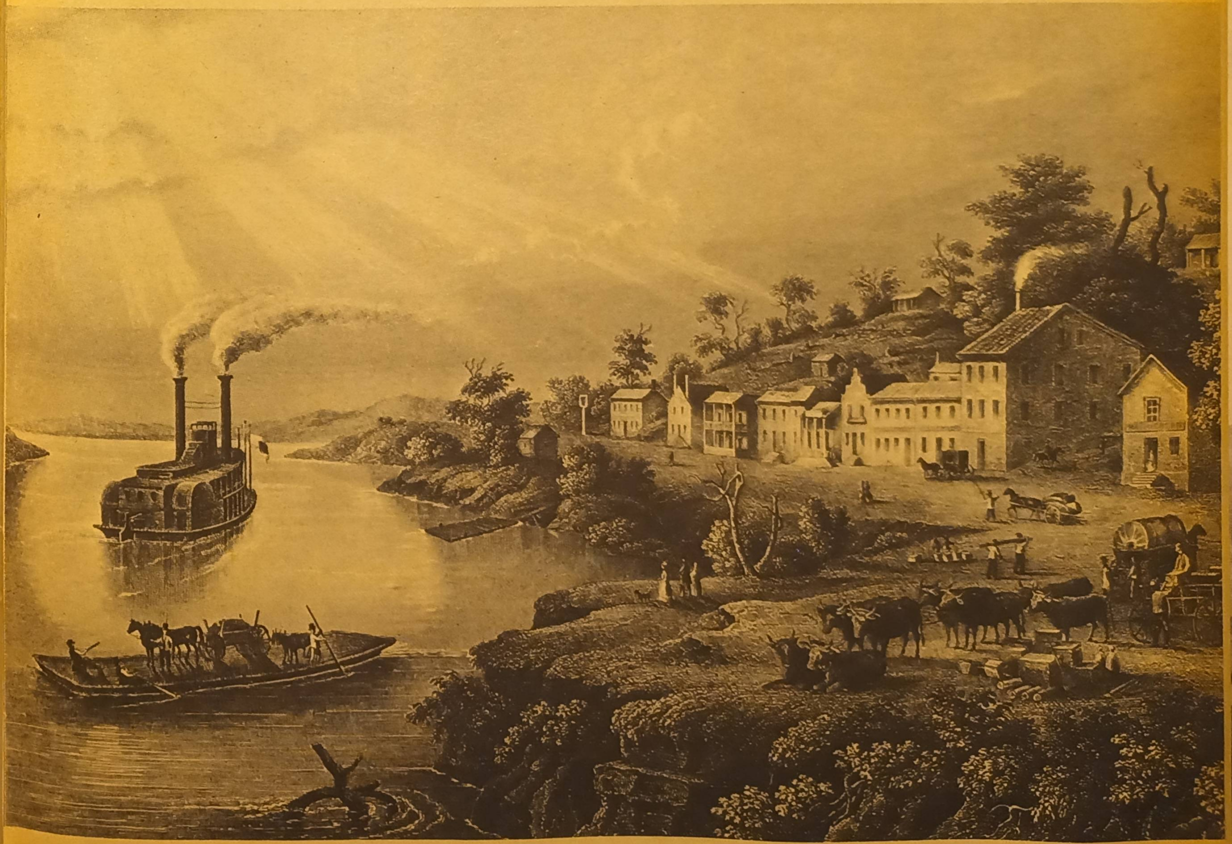
Those who were then living here, as I recollect, besides the parties mentioned who were at the Free State Hotel, were Governor Ransom and family, Judge Joe Williams and family, Sam Williams and family, George W. Clark and family, C. H. Haynes and family, H. T. Wilson and family, Squire Margrave and family, T. W. Tallman and family, Dr. Couch and family, B. F. Riggin and family, Blake Little and family, Dr. Hill and family, Dr. Bills and family, Old Roach and family, Jack Harris and family, Squire Bullock and family, Bill Linn, J. S. Calkins, Solomon P. Hall, Kelley, the blacksmith, Ed Wiggins, Dutch Shubert, the baker, Charles Osbun, Lawyer Simms and Old Funk, the fisherman.

As far as I can recollect, the population was only increased during the year 1858 by the following arrivals early in May: George Daniels, A. F. Bicking, Dick Phillips, all carpenters. Also in the same month came Alex McDonald and wife (he had been here before, but went back for his family), Uncle Billy Smith and family, Jake White, Bill Dennison, Saul Eaton, and in June came C. F. Drake, and later on Ed Marble. As far as I can recollect this comprises the arrivals in 1858, after my arrival.

The politics of the inhabitants at that time was border ruffian, pro-slavery Democrats, and free-state Democrats. There were only two Republicans, Tom Roberts and Old Roach. The free-state and pro-slavery Democrats were about equal in numbers. The border ruffian element, sometimes here and sometimes away, was Ben Hill, Brockett, Hamilton, Roof Roach and Joe Price. There were others, but I do not remember their names. Almost all the inhabitants lived

Early lithograph of Kansas City as it appeared in 1854

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



in the old fort building, the soldiers' quarters on the south side of the square, in the rear of Dilworth's store. It was then called the Pro-Slavery Hotel, and was kept by Jack Harris and Bill Linn. The foregoing comprises my recollection of Fort Scott and its inhabitants in 1859.

IT WAS Thursday evening when I arrived at Fort Scott. On the next day I had a conversation with George A. Crawford, looking to my future welfare.

He says: "Charlie, the first thing you do, pick out a claim, as all the boys have their claims."

By the way, the land here had not been surveyed by the Government, and was not until 1860. Some of the boys said they knew a claim that a party had taken, who had left the country. This claim was one-half mile west of the present Harmon Catt farm. The manner of taking a claim was to lay four logs in the form of a square. So I went out and moved the old logs some fifty feet and laid the new foundation, as we called it then, "a new right to the land." This foundation was supposed to hold the claim for a short time. And before this time ran out, if you wanted to preempt the land, you had to build a house or a shanty some ten or twelve feet square and make it your home, or call it your home, and live there for six months before you could use your preemption right. Before my foundation rights ran out I had a load of lumber, mostly slabs, picked up at McDonald & Bowen's mills, hauled them out and made a bargain with A. F. Bicking to come out and help me build.

I took my dinner with me and went out to build my shanty, but Bicking failed to keep his contract, and as I had no help I came away and never did build a shanty, or use my pre-emption right. I afterwards made up my mind that when the land sale came later on, I would enter the land, as I found that, owing to the border ruffianism and Jayhawk troubles, there was not likely to be many people here to buy Government land at the land sale, which came, I think, in 1860.

In the meantime I had bought, by giving my note, of John Kaufman of Milton, Pennsylvania, an old soldier of the War of 1812, a land warrant for 160 acres of land. So I paid for my 160 acres with this warrant, and at last got myself a farm, which was the height of my ambition when I left my Pennsylvania home.

Well, as I had settled my claim on the 31st day of May, Saturday, I made inquiry for something to do. On Sunday J. S. Calkins, who was then carrying the mail from here to Coffeechee, forty miles west on the Neosho River, said: "I am sick, and can't make the trip this week," and asked me to make the trip for him, and that he would furnish me a horse and sulky and pay me $5.00 for the trip, which I could make in two days. I jumped at the offer.

So on Monday, June 2d, I started out with an old roan horse, rope harness and an old sulky. I was told to stop at Turkey Creek, near where Uniontown now stands, and have the postmaster there take the mail bag and get what mail there was in the post office. I drove up about noon and saw a woman washing and asked her if the postmaster was in.

She says: "I will attend to it."

She opened the mail bag and behold, all the mail there was in the bag was one copy of Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune*, and it was for the postmaster at Coffeechee.

AFTER leaving Turkey Creek I had some twenty miles to make. Some six or eight miles west of Turkey Creek the roads forked; one road led to Le Roy, the other to Coffeechee. When I got a mile west of the forks of the road, my old horse balked and would not go any farther. So I thought I would let him graze awhile and then likely he would go on. I laid down on a gopher hill for about an hour. and then tried to get him to go, but he would not move. I was in a dilemma, not knowing what to do.

I turned the horse around with his head toward Turkey Creek to see if he would go that direction, and found he would. As it was getting late and having some fifteen miles yet to make to reach Coffeechee, and fearing that I would have to lay out all night on the wild prairie, I decided to go back to Turkey Creek and stay all night and take a new start in the morning.

I started my horse and jumped in and the old horse went back as though he enjoyed it, showing that he would rather go east than west. I reached Turkey Creek, and the postmaster whom I stopped with said: "What is the matter?" and I said: "My horse would not go west and I came to stay with you tonight and make a new start in the morning."

In the morning I says to the postmaster: "Will you please keep my horse until I return?"

"Why, boy, what do you mean?"

I said: "I won't be bothered any more with that horse, as he does not like to go west. I will take the mail bag and foot it to Coffeechee; I've got the whole day before me, and horse or no horse, I'm bound to carry this mail according to contract."

"Oh," he said, "you are foolish; take the horse and try it again." And he persuaded me to do so.

I did, but behold! When I got to the same gopher hill the old horse stopped again. The point where he stopped was just at the foot of a hill on the prairie, so I took hold of the bridle and finding that he would lead, led him up the hill, and when it commenced going down on the other side, I started him off on a walk and jumped in the rear of the sulky so he could not see me, and away he went without any more trouble.

Reaching Coffeechee about five o'clock, dry and hungry, I drove up to the hotel—store—dwelling house and post office all combined, and handed the postmaster the mail bag, feeling proud that I had so far finished my contract. All there was of Coffeechee was a hotel, store building and the universal blacksmith shop, and I guess, a small house or two. The usual loungers' flat rail was found in front of the hotel.

After supper as I was sitting on this rail, a man rode up on a horse, tied him to this rail and went into the store. He had not been gone ten minutes before another man came up, unhitched the horse, and rode him off east. I thought there was nothing peculiar in the incident until a few minutes later, when the man who tied the horse to the rail came out and said: "Young man, where is my horse?"

"There he goes," I says, pointing east. "I guess one of your friends is playing a joke on you."

He ripped out an oath and said a thief was stealing his horse. He fussed around and got another horse and started away after his horse. I began to think I had got into a hard country. And as I had a pistol which I had borrowed from Ben McDonald (never having carried a pistol before or since), I went down on the banks of the Neosho River to practice.

On my return to the hotel I found that the fellow who had gone off after his horse had come back and claimed that the thief had got away, and showed a fresh hole in the horse's ear, saying that the thief had shot at him and that he had had a close call.

The following fall I met a party from Coffeechee and told him the horse thief incident. "Oh, I will explain that," he said. "There was a gang of horse thieves stealing horses from the Verdigris River country and the program was for one man to ride a horse into a town the same way this happened, where another of the gang would be on hand to ride him away as the fellow did at Coffeechee."

I left Coffeechee next morning, Wednesday, and as my horse liked going east better than going west, I got back to Fort Scott Wednesday night with my face all blistered up by the sun, as I wore an oilcloth glazed cap. Having expended $2.50 for expense, I had $2.50 left, the first money I had earned in Kansas. At this time there were no settlements between here and the Neosho River except Turkey Creek.

When I returned to Fort Scott the United States Court was in session, and Jim Jones acting as marshal, summoned me as a juryman. Judge Joe Williams held United States Court here twice a year. And as the jurymen summoned from a distance hardly ever came, it was a soft snap for the boys each spring and fall to get to be jurymen and draw two dollars a day. The principal business of the court was Indian business. As the court held eleven days I got $22.00 paid in scrip. This I turned over to Col. Campbell to pay for board. So the second money I earned in Kansas was from the Government crib.

I NOW looked around for something to do at my trade. William Gallaher concluded to move the post office from the hotel to the first story of the Town Company building. I made arrangements with him at $3.00 per day to fix up the office. That gave me a job for ten days. I carried the lumber for the work from the sawmill on my back. I made the boxes of walnut lumber, as that was the best we had in those days for that kind of work. To get lumber suitable to make a batten door which was needed in the building, I had to use six different kinds of lumber. After the post office was fitted up, Gallaher and I slept there for some months during the summer of 1858. All we had for bedclothes were the mail bags and a sheet or two. When the sheets got dirty we burned them instead of getting them washed. After getting the post office work finished I picked up odd jobs for a while.

In June I commenced to build myself a shop and called myself a full-fledged contractor. This shop was built where the building now stands which is occupied by Hurst & Co.'s poultry business on Scott Avenue. About this time Ben McDonald and Al Campbell, capitalists, concluded to build a house and contracted with me to boss the job at $3.00 a day—and they were to be the helpers. This house was built where the present Hill block is, and at that time was away out on cheap lots, and you bet it was a cheap house. Al Campbell made the shingles for the house. McDonald & Campbell were both very crude carpenters. Ben did not like the idea of getting on a scaffold, and he proposed he would cut the siding while I nailed it on. Ben was a great fellow to shirk hard work or danger.

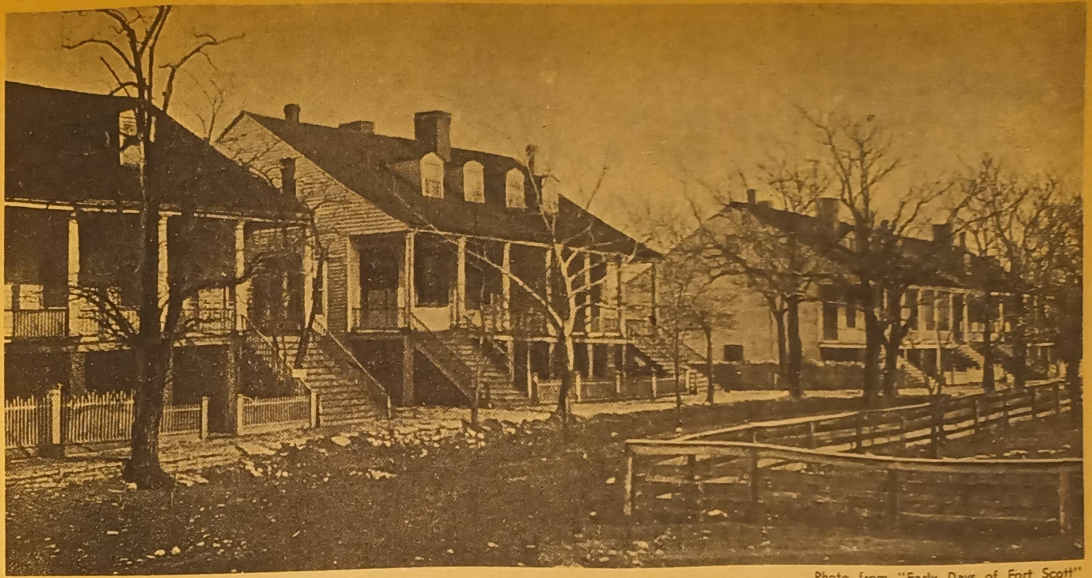


Photo from "Early Days of Fort Scott"

Officers' Quarters, Fort Scott, built in 1843. The structures were vacated by the Government in 1855 and reoccupied in 1858 by citizens. Left, the Free State Hotel; Colonel Wilson and Sam Williams occupied center quarters; Governor Ransom and Alex McDonald resided in next building. Quarters at extreme right were the residences of George Clark and Willis Ransom.

The next job I got was a contract to build a house for Dr. Bills, with whom I boarded at this time. I was to take my pay in board and fruit trees, which I was going to put on my claim. This house was built on a lot where the Lotterer building now stands and is now occupied by Cheap Charley. In later years Charley Drake moved the house to the lot where the building occupied by Randolph's store now stands, and Drake lived there until he built his present home.

In the fall of the year I contracted to build what was then considered a large building for Ben Riggins for a store house, on the lot where the present McCord building now stands, corner of Market Street and Lincoln Avenue. This was a full two-story building, 18 x 60, and my profits on this job made me feel as though I was on a fair way to riches. To make the sash doors for the front I had some old walnut columns, which were left from the fort buildings, taken to the sawmill and made into two-inch lumber. I finished this building in December. To the best of my recollection the buildings here mentioned were all that were built in 1858, except the house which Uncle Billy Smith built for himself at the corner of Scott Avenue and First Street, where Bearman's Mattress Factory is now located.

INCIDENTS that occurred, to my recollection during the year 1858, in Fort Scott, were as follows: The day before I came, the border ruffian crowd ordered George A. Crawford, William Gallaher and Charley Dimon, free-state Democrats, to leave town under penalty of death if they did not. They did not leave, nor did they get killed. The same crowd of border ruffians, after the Marias des Cygne massacre in Linn County (which occurred a short time after my arrival), in which there was every reason to believe they took part, left the country for the country's good. There were continual rumors that the Jayhawkers were coming to burn the town.

One Sunday, I think it was in June, a crowd of some sixty men, headed by John Hamilton, no relation to the border ruffian Hamilton, came rushing across the Plaza to General Clark's house, which is now known as the Blair house, to arrest said Clark—for what cause I do not remember. At that time there was a battery company, commanded by Lieutenant Finch, camped about the south side of Market Square. Lieutenant Finch interfered with the crowd and took General Clark from them and said he would be responsible for him. General Clark was the receiver of the United States land office and claimed the protection of the Government troops. The crowd left town without any more demonstrations.

A few days after this Sunday raid, we received word from the Jayhawkers to meet at Rayville on the Osage to attend a meeting of the citizens of Bourbon County to try and adjust the troubles that were going on. All the free-state boys that were here and who could get a horse to ride, under the leadership of Jim Jones, went up there and met quite a crowd. Jones was the spokesman for our side, and Montgomery for the other side, assisted by a large blacksmith—don't remember his name—who had more to say than Montgomery did. The Montgomery party beat us on every vote that was taken on motions and resolutions proposed. The vote was taken by the crowd dividing. We were out-voted three to one, so we left without anything being accomplished to settle the trouble, but we rode home feeling that we had done our duty.

About a month after this meeting at Rayville, Governor Denver came to Fort Scott to see if he could not quiet the troubles in this county. He had given notice of his coming and most all the settlers of the county came to attend the meeting. Denver, after making quite a conciliatory speech, asked all the old county officers to resign and have the people select who they wanted for officers in their place. He then appointed the parties selected by the people for office, and after his return to LeCompton, then the state capital, sent them their commissions. This was called the "Denver Compromise," but this compromise did not last long, as the following incidents prove that the Jayhawkers were still alive and full of mischief.

Later on in the summer, Montgomery's gang ran a load of hay up against the west side of the Pro-Slavery Hotel and then, to keep anyone from extinguishing the fire, kept up a continual firing at it until it burned up. The siding of the building being thick oak lumber, the hay outside burned up so quickly that it did not set the building on fire. Montgomery's men fired from long range with their Sharps rifles from a point west of the Star Hotel, where there was a lot of timber to conceal them, but left immediately after the hay burned up.

IN JULY, 1858, while I was building my shop, and before it was completed, I had a shed at one side to work under, and had got an order to make a coffin, among other odd jobs that I had to do. This coffin was for a man by the name of Hart. I made the coffin of green walnut lumber and covered it with alpaca. In those days this was considered a fine job. I had stood the coffin up against the side of my shop. That night there came up a terrible thunderstorm, and about midnight, thinking the coffin I had made might blow over and roll out from under the shed and get wet, and that I would have to recover it to save it, I determined to see if the coffin was safe and went boldly down to the shop.

It was so dark I could only see when it "lightninged" and upon arrival found the coffin had, as I feared, blown over and I only got there in time to save it. It being very heavy, it was just as much as I could do to get it into a safe position. While there, all I thought of was to save my work, but when I got through and started away the situation flashed on my mind, and I became so frightened and shook so I could hardly walk to my room.

When I came to Fort Scott the Osage Indian Tribe was located at Osage Mission, now St. Paul, some thirty-eight miles southwest from Fort Scott. The summer of '58, members of that tribe used to come to Fort Scott to sell their ponies and robes and do their trading. They would close out their stock at so many buttons, each button representing one dollar in money, then they would buy what goods they wanted at one dollar's worth at the time until they had traded up all the bullion they had got for their ponies and robes.

The bucks were fine specimens of large, healthy looking fellows; the squaws were not so imposing looking as the bucks but did all the work of taking charge of the goods and packing the ponies. The young bucks, or sports of the tribe, were pretty lively at times—especially when they got hold of firewater. They were inveterate gamblers. I have seen them sitting on the banks of the Marmaton playing poker, using tobacco, jack knives, belts, beads or any other article they might posses as stakes.

Several times during the years 1858 to 1860, the Osages came and gave us their Indian dances on the fort parade, which is now called the Plaza. It was not long until a lot of our boys became expert Indian dancers, and at some of our jubilees, especially after firewater had flown freely, went through all the phases of the Indian dance. They could discount the Indians, especially as to the length of time dancing. Bill Norway, Ken Williams and myself were generally the leaders in these Indian dances, and George Clark beat the tom-tom. These dances were held quite frequently, especially for the tenderfeet that came among us.

The first church service I knew of being held in Fort Scott was in the spring of '58. A Southern Methodist circuit rider used to hold services occasionally in the old hospital building. One night at church, the room was well crowded, especially the front part. Col. Arnett, the father of Mrs. Kendall and Jack Arnett, as most of the old settlers remember, got up in the rear of the room and said: "You'ns in front revert back here where there is more room."

It was but a few moments after the old Colonel made this remark that he dropped dead from heart failure. This incident broke up the meeting. Of course there was a chaplain in the Army whom we used to hear preach occasionally.

The families of Ransom, Clark, Haynes and Campbell, being of the Episcopal faith, and Chaplain Reynolds of the Army being an Episcopal clergyman, decided to organize an Episcopal Church that summer. This, I think, was the first church organized here, aside from the South Methodist, which was in existence at the time. A few months later, Aunt Jane Smith, Mrs. Jewell, and a few other ladies and one lone man, J. S. Calkins, an old bachelor, organized the Presbyterian church. The hospital building was used for different church services until later years.

Chaplain Reynolds in organizing the Episcopal Church took George Clark, Willis Ransom, C. H. Haynes, Ben McDonald and myself, to make the five vestrymen needed to organize the church. We met in the old land office building, and as we came out, we met Soloman P. Hall sitting on the steps of the land office.

He says: "Boys, been having a game?"

"No," says Willis Ransom. "We have just organized an Episcopal Church and us five are vestrymen."

Hall says: "You are a hell of a set to start a church; you are better suited to run a saloon or variety show."

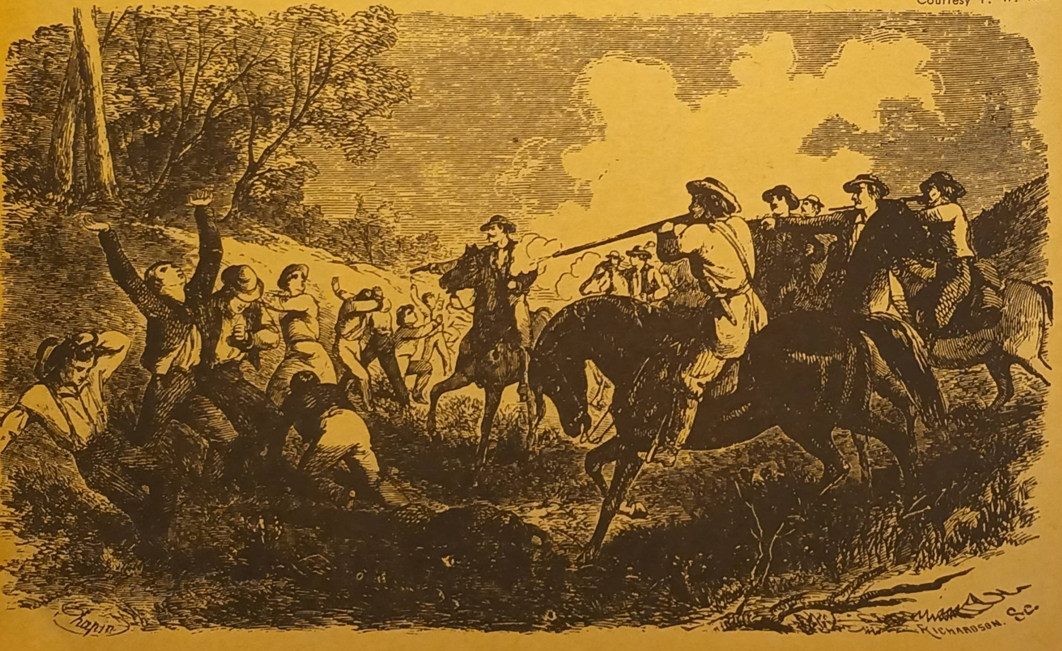
I served as a vestryman, I think, from 1858 'til about 1863, when they put me out and put E. M. Hulett in my place (and by the way, I never considered Hulett much of an improvement over myself). In the early days of the Episcopal Church, Mrs. C. H. Haynes took the lead the same as she does at the present time, and Aunt Jane Smith was the leader of the Presbyterian Church. I suppose owing to the character of the first vestry, Joe Ray and Jack White used to call it the "Whiskeypalian Church."

AS TO LODGES—there was when I came here only the Masonic Lodge in existence, and it did not do much toward getting new members until the year '60 and '61. I took the first degree in February, 1861, and before they held another meeting the war broke out, and the lodge did not meet again until after the war, when Charley Van Fossen, Sheriff Wheaton, and some more kindred spirits run it for all it was worth.

I never had any desire to go any farther into the mysteries of Masonry. The Odd Fellows Lodge, I think, was organized in the year 1866. John Crow, S. A. Williams, Shannon, and some others, I think, organized the lodge here. In 1866, I, with C. H. Osbun and John G. Stewart, took the first degree in the lodge; but I never went further. I found I had enough business to attend to, both day and night, without wasting any of my time with lodge affairs. So the only lodges or secret societies of which I have been a full-fledged member was the Sons of Malta, in 1860, and the Hoo-Hoo of the present day.

**The Marais Des Cygnes Massacre, Kansas, May 19, 1858. This illustration is taken from the original wood engraving in the book "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1873.**

Courtesy F. W. Kost



There was a vigilance committee in the country during the fall of 1858, and some time late in the fall they arrested a man by the name of Ben Rice. He stole Squire Redfield's horse over in Missouri, some ten miles east of Fort Scott, and brought it to Kansas. Rice was caught with the horse in his possession, and was locked up in the Free State Hotel where he was held as a prisoner. On the morning of the 16th day of December, 1858, at daybreak, about one hundred men belonging to the Jayhawker gang under Brown, Montgomery and Jenison, came in and released Ben Rice, robbed Blake Little's store, killed his son, John Little, and fired on other parties promiscuously.

They ordered breakfast at the Pro-Slavery Hotel and then were afraid to eat it for fear of poison. The night before they came in they camped at Hell's Bend on the Marmaton and held a conference as to who should be leader—Brown, Montgomery or Jenison—and they selected Montgomery. This selection was a good thing for Fort Scott, for if Brown had been leader he would have burned the town, being very vindictive, and Jenison would have robbed everybody, as that was his part.

Montgomery was a very strong abolitionist, but strictly honest in his views, cool in behavior, and had good control of his men. Jenison was along and did some big stealing on his own hook. Brown would not come along because he could not be in command, but the same parties that were hanged with Brown at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, were with him here and did some loud talking, and said the time was not far distant when they would see Missouri overrun with blood. Their prophecy was not long in coming true—a few years later.

At the time of the above raid I was boarding with Alex McDonald, who lived in the west end of what was called the Blair House on the Plaza, and was sleeping in the parlor in the front of the house. Hearing a noise, I looked out and saw parties arresting Governor Ransom. He lived in the east end of the same house. I awakened Alex McDonald and Ben McDonald and Jack White, who slept upstairs. I told Alex what was going on and he thereupon opened the front door to look out.

He had no more than done so when a party behind a tree, in front of the house, said to him: "Surrender!"

Alex said: "Be damned if I do," and stepped in and closed the door.

As he did so, the party put a Sharps rifle ball through the center of the door; but as Alex had stepped to one side of the door, the ball did not hit him. I was standing at the time in the door leading from the parlor to the hall. The bullet struck the hard studding of the partition and rebounded and fell on the floor of the hall. The party that shot at McDonald returned to the crowd and remarked that he "had plugged one border ruffian." This party proved afterwards to have been Col. Jenison.

After this shooting I looked toward the Free State Hotel and saw a great crowd there; so Ben, Jack and I concluded to go down and see what was going on. When we got there we walked right into the crowd and the first thing we knew we were among a lot of the Fort Scott boys who were surrounded by a lot of Jayhawkers with their Sharps rifles. Bill Bentley and Bill Dennison said: "Boys, I guess you are prisoners with the balance of us."

I said: "I guess not," and remarked to Ben and Jack, "Let's go back to the house."

We started, and the Jayhawkers stopped Ben and Jack, but did not stop me. The Jayhawkers shot at different parties that morning, among others a man by the name of Ed Marble, going across the Plaza. They battered away at him, but did not hit him. This caused Joe Ray to make the remark that the Jayhawkers were very playful that morning, as they were shooting Marbles on the Plaza.

This wound up the Jayhawk troubles for 1858. At this time all the citizens of Fort Scott were either pro-slavery or free-state Democrats, except Tom Roberts and Old Roach, who being the only Republicans, naturally were quite intimate. Roach and his wife used to quarrel a great deal, and one time Roberts fixed up a compromise between them, but it did not last long, as one morning Old Roach came over to the hotel all covered with blood and some of the boys said: "Roach, what is the matter?"

He said: "The old woman hit me over the head with a rolling pin," which was the result of misplaced confidence in Tom Roberts' compromise.

Mrs. Roach and her daughter were the washerwomen for all of us boys. We used to mark our shirts with a stitch of different colored thread. Fort Roach, as we used to call the house the Roach family lived in, was a resort for the boys where they danced on the puncheon floor. Roach and his family were from Posey County, Indiana, and the music at the dance was generally to the tune of *Hell on the Wabash.*

ABOUT all the people who were here in 1858 when I came, who are now living, are our present citizens: Squire Margrave, Mrs. Mary Brumbley, C. F. Drake. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Tallman, Mrs. Dr. Couch, Mrs. C. W. Goodlander (nee) Wilson, C. H. Osbun, Mrs. T. F. Robley (nee) Wilson, Mrs. S. A. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, E. L. Marble, B. P. McDonald; and to my knowledge others now living are Alex McDonald of New York, Jim Jones of New York, Ed Smith of California, and Bill Dennison of Vernon County, Missouri, Tom Roberts of Ohio, George Clark of Toledo, Charley Bull of White Oaks, New Mexico, Bill Linn of Wichita Falls, Texas.

As Marshal Little had been killed in the Jayhawk raid of December 16, 1858, Col. Campbell was appointed United States Marshal for this place. So the fore-part of January, 1859, he organized three marshal's posses with John Hamilton, Alex McDonald and himself as captains. This was done by order of the Government, thinking it would be the most effective way to keep quiet in this territory.

John Hamilton had been first sergeant in the regular Army and was well posted in military tactics, and he used to put us through the drill on the fort parade ground. There was a guard posted at three different points at night, one east of the fort grounds and one west, and one at what was called Fort Roach, where the Roach family lived, which is now the northwest corner of National Avenue and First Street. This at that time was considered a great distance out and most of us did not like to be sent to that post.

The upstairs of the old hospital building was used as a guardhouse, where those that were not out on guard would keep up a pretty lively time at night. One night there was an alarm about eleven o'clock that the Jayhawkers were crossing at the Military ford, near the mouth of Mill Creek. Captain McDonald was ordered to take his company down there.

At that time there was a road in the bottom to the fort, through a dense timber and undergrowth, so that you could not see twenty feet from the road. I was a member of McDonald's company, and when we came near the ford we heard some parties on the bank of the river. As we marched up toward the party, McDonald in a loud military demand said: "Who is there, friend or foe?" when lo and behold, it was nothing but an old couple camped for the night, and Captain McDonald's demand scared them from their peaceful slumbers.

McDonald marched his company back and reported to Marshal Campbell that all was quiet on the Marmaton. This marshal's organization was kept up during the winter and summer of 1859. During the same time there was a vigilance committee kept up in the county.

Early in the fall between the marshal's posse in town and the vigilance committee in the country, there were several parties who were arrested for horse stealing. Marshal Campbell ordered them to be taken to Lawrence under guard selected from Captain Hamilton's and Captain McDonald's companies. Captain Hamilton and Captain McDonald were ordered to take charge of said guard, while Marshal Campbell took charge of what was left of both companies to protect the town in the absence of Hamilton and McDonald.

All went well with Captain Hamilton and party till they reached the Wakarusha Bottom south of Lawrence. There Jim Lane, who had been informed of the coming of this posse and prisoners, raised the cry that the notorious border ruffian Hamilton was coming with free-state men prisoners, and he, Lane, raised a mob and went out and met Hamilton and his guard at the edge of town, and released the prisoners and marched Captains Hamilton and McDonald and their men into Lawrence as prisoners. It was soon explained and Lane ordered Hamilton and party released and they came home quite crestfallen. This was the end of the marshal's posse, as at this time there was a company of United States regulars sent here to back up Marshal Campbell.

APRIL 18, 1859, was the first city election. Joe Ray was elected mayor for two years; Alex McDonald was elected treasurer; Sam Williams, clerk; Uncle Billy Smith and two others, councilmen—I don't remember their names—Charley Bull, marshal. Ray, during his term of office, pre-empted the land that was subsequently used for the Fort Scott town site, for the town company.

During Joe's term of mayorship in the summer of '59, Colonel Jim Lane came here to make a speech on the ruling troubles of the times, and a meeting was called; and Joe, being mayor, we claimed it was his place to introduce Jim Lane. Now, Joe disliked Lane so much that it was a bitter pill for Joe to swallow. The meeting was called in front of the land office, a building that stood where Brown's lumber yard is now located.

There was a large two-story porch in front of said building, and this porch was crowded with people, and a large crowd was on the ground in front of the building. Joe, being of a very timid nature and being very much confused in his position of chairman, and intending to advise some of the people to leave the porch, blunderingly reversed what he intended by remarking: "There being so many on the ground, some of you will please come upon the porch where there is more room."

This started the people to laughter, and confused him more, but again gathering courage and just as he started to make his speech introducing the speaker Jim Lane, a large mule, attached to a wagon nearby, made an unearthly bray. This again upset Joe, and when the mule had finished he said: "Mr. Mule, if you wish to monopolize this meeting, I think you are more suitable than I am to introduce the honorable gent, so I will retire in your favor."

This was the outcome of Joe's first attempt as mayor to introduce a speaker. As I have said before, Joe was the wag of the town. He made a great many witty remarks and committed a great many blunders.

There was more or less building during the year of 1859, and the number of inhabitants increased. I built that year a large house for Ben Riggin on a farm east of town. Later, Dr. Couch bought this farm, and I think the Widow Couch now lives in this same house. The same year I built a storehouse for Alex McDonald on the corner of Wall Street and Scott Avenue, where Nelson & Weedon's grocery now stands.

The latter part of '59 and the early part of '60, Colonel Wilson had a large store built about where John Glunz's building now is, and Squire Margrave built a building for saloon purposes about where Aronson's store now is. This was the first building built for a saloon and sporting purposes in the town. The front part was used as a saloon and the rear part for the "national game."

The first keg beer that was brought to Fort Scott was distributed to the boys from Margrave's Saloon and was the great event of the day. In the summer of 1860, when the winds were so hot you had to get in a room and close the doors to keep cool, we mostly selected Margrave's Saloon for this purpose, and filled up on cold beer.

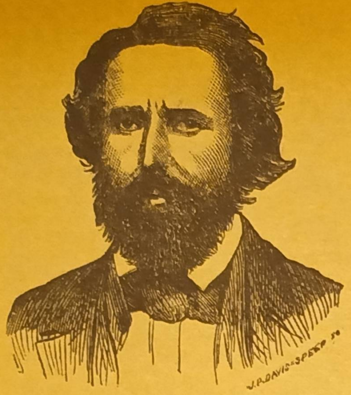
The drouth of 1860 has passed into history as all know. As a sample of it, I will say the water in the Marmaton did not run over the fording places for eighteen months. About the only thing that grew, to my knowledge, was sorghum cane. It was about the only crop that season, except some rattlesnakes, that I raised on my claim.

I had planted several acres of potatoes that spring and about the time I thought there should be some potatoes I was going past the place with Dr. Redfield on his way home from seeing a patient from Drywood.

I said: "Doc, let's get a good mess of potatoes."

We opened up a half dozen hills and we found in three of the hills a rattlesnake each, and in the others we found nothing. My potato crop was a failure. Dr. Redfield was somewhat like my friend Aikman. When he went to see a patient in the country he always liked to call someone to go as company.

The year 1859 brought quite a number of good citizens to Fort Scott, about all free-state Democrats. Among the arrivals in '59 were General Blair and family, Robert Stewart and family, Mr. Jenkins and family and Wm. Dorey, and numerous others whom I do not now remember. Fort Scott by this time was getting to be quite a society place, as the following invitations to a cotillion party July 22, 1859, and New Year's Ball in January, 1860 will show:



From "Beyond the Mississippi," Richardson, 1873

James Montgomery

### COTILLION PARTY

MISS ELIZABETH WILSON:

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited to attend a Cotillion Party at the Western Hotel, Messrs. Linn & Harris, proprietors, Fort Scott, K. T., On Friday evening, July 22d, 1859.

### INVITATION COMMITTEE

Burns Gordon
J. J. Farley
E. A. Smith
B. P. McDonald
J. W. Buchanan
L. A. McCord
W. C. Dennison
A. H. Campbell

### MANAGERS

E. W. Finch
John Dillon
C. F. Drake
Joe Ray
A. R. Allison
C. W. Goodlander

### MUSICIANS

Messrs. Mottram & Gee

★ ★ ★

### NEW YEAR'S BALL

MISS E. C. WILSON:

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited to attend a New Year's Ball, at the Western Hotel, Fort Scott, K. T., W. I. Linn, proprietor, on Monday evening, January 2nd, 1860.

### COMMITTEE ON INVITATION

Joseph Ray
C. F. Drake
H. Harkness
Isaac Stadden
Moses Fisk
J. M. Hoffnagle
B. P. McDonald
John Dillon
W. C. Dennison
John Denton
Jos. Custard
W. H. Norway

### COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

A. J. Waterhouse
Wm. Bentley
T. M. Williams
C. W. Goodlander
A. R. Allison
R. L. Phillips
J. W. Buchanan
Wm. Judson
Jos. Williams

### FLOOR MANAGERS

E. W. Finch
Wm. Gallaher
Chas. Bull
S. B. Gordon
E. A. Smith
Chas. Dimon

Music by the "Fort Scott Quadrille Band"

These invitations are now in the hands of my wife, preserved by her as her first invitations to a dance, at the age of ten years. These two parties were the first public dances held in Fort Scott. At that time a girl of ten years or a grandmother of eighty was eligible to be invited to a ball, in order to equal the number of the opposite sex.

IN 1860 I built a residence for Alex McDonald on a lot where the Union block now stands. This was the first residence built of any pretensions, outside of the Government quarters, and at that time was considered the palace of Fort Scott. Alex made this residence a welcome place for all his friends, and many lively times were had there within its walls. New Year's calls in those days were quite a fad, and what few families were here always kept open house. This house of Alex's is the one where a lot of us were calling on New Year's Day, when a young tinner by trade, now a staid banker of Fort Scott, rode his horse up the steps and into the dining room, took his drink from the hostess on horseback, rode around the table and out the same way he came in and did no damage to glassware or anything else. He claimed that John Robinson, circus rider, was not in it with him.

These New Year's calls in Fort Scott, in those days, were hard to beat for genuine hospitality, and were well kept up until the close of the war. In those days there were no cranks to dictate to the majority what they should do. Everybody was honest and paid their debts, and did as they thought best.

The late fall of '59 was very quiet as regards Jayhawk troubles and, as we needed some excitement and amusement, Willis Ransom, Salmon P. Hall and George Clark proposed to establish the Sons of Malta Lodge, which at that time and previous thereto in New York and eastern cities was quite a rage.

Willis Ransom had secured one of the rituals of the lodge, so in November, 1859, Willis Ransom, Salmon P. Hall, George Clark, a lawyer by the name of Simms, B. P. McDonald, William Gallaher and myself. making seven in number, necessary for charter members, perfected an organization. This lodge was kept up until April, 1860, when we had succeeded in initiating about every man that was in town.

At the closing up they had a torchlight procession and marched around the fort parade ground several times, each member carrying a roll of paper, and then marched to the center of the parade ground. After a speech by Willis Ransom, who was the grand master, explaining that the object of the lodge had been accomplished. and for fear the outside world might get hold of the records, he would now burn them, he touched a match to his roll and threw it on the ground and all the balance in solemnity marched around and threw their rolls into the fire and the records were destroyed.

They then marched back to the hall and finished up with a dance, where the ladies, young and old, were to meet us after the burning of the records. All members of the lodge wore black dominoes, and the dance was a big success. The dances were generally plain quadrilles to the tunes of *Hell on the Wabash* and *Arkansas Traveler* and sundry tunes that all were familiar with. The dance wound up with refreshments in Race Harkness' restaurant which was kept in the first story of the same building where the dance was held.

The Sons of Malta Lodge was organized in the early '50s after the failure of General Lopez's invasion of Cuba and was claimed and supposed to take revenge on his enemies who prevented his successful invasion of Cuba. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will give some portions of the ritual.

First, the room was prepared with the officers and members sitting around in place with the customary mask. In the center of the room was a skeleton laid on a table, with two persons dressed as soldiers guarding the same, one walking one way on one side and the other, the other way on the opposite side. All officers and members were dressed in black dominoes and masks.

Willis Ransom was grand master, J. C. Simms and Salmon P. Hall, his aides. Ransom, Hall and Simms were all large men and looked very imposing in their costumes, especially Simms, who was a man six feet six, and looked like a mountain. The victim to be initiated was brought in, not blindfolded, so he could see all.

The first degree was very solemn, and the words the victim heard impressed on him the fact that the step he was about to take was a very serious affair; and he found it so by the time he got through. After the victim was taken out, all things in the room were changed and prepared for action.

The victim was then brought in blindfolded and taken before the grand master who put several questions to him. Among others he was asked if he were going to attack Cuba, would he lie and wait and steal in upon it, or would he make a bold dash? The victim generally said he would lie and wait and steal in upon it. This remark would be taken up by the recorder, who, speaking through a large trumpet, would say, "He lies and steals, let it be recorded"—all members saying the same in solemn voice.

Next the grand master would say, "Try his marching qualities."

The victim was then marched around the room with every object imaginable thrown in his way, so that by the time he got around the room he began to think the subjection of Cuba a hard undertaking.

Next we would try the candidate's climbing qualities, as there would be more or less of that to do in scaling forts. A ladder was put in position, one end on the floor and the other end on a high box, some five or six feet high. A member on each side of the victim guarded him to catch him in case he fell off.

It was a hard struggle for him to keep on the rounds of the ladder and step over bayonets purposely placed for him to climb over. He would reach the box about exhausted. While standing on the box to rest before the next ordeal, the grand master gave a lecture about the importance of knowing how to swim in case he got shipwrecked going to Cuba.

After this lecture he was told there was a large tank of water before him and he must jump in and show his swimming qualities. Now, the supposed tank was a large tarpaulin some twenty feet square and held by the members. As the victim jumped into the tarpaulin he was tossed up several times as high as the ceiling.

After going through several more trials, too numerous to mention, he was pronounced a fit recruit to attack Cuba and, as he passed through the ordeal so well, he was eligible to a seat of honor. He was taken to a seat and told to sit down. This seat of honor was a wet sponge about the size of a half bushel. After this he was told to sign the register, which proved to be an order on Race Harkness' restaurant for a supper for the members of the lodge.

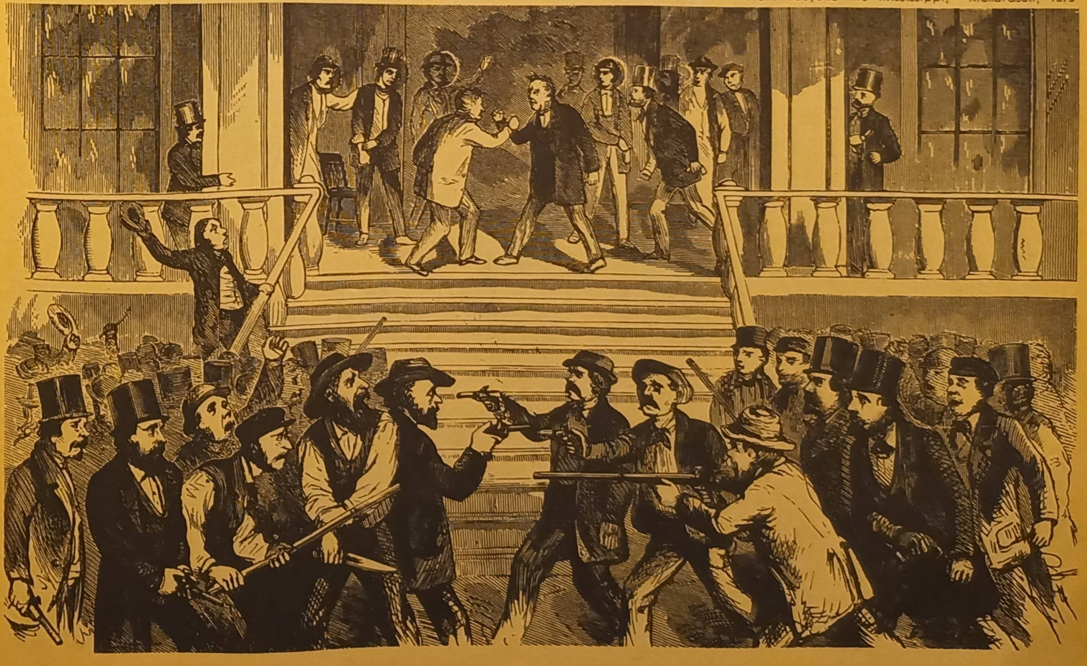
Then he was told to read the by-laws. A card some twelve inches in diameter was shown him. The card had a large figure of an eye in the center and around the circle of the card had letters placed as follows—by reading one way, using the eye in the center, it read: "I am a son of Malta"; then reading the other way, using the eye in the center, the words read: "I am sold."

At one of these initiations A. R. Allison weighed 125. Harkness was tossed in the tarpaulin first and, being so heavy, the members were not able to throw him very high. Allison coming next, being so light and using the same exertions they did with Harkness, they threw him up against the ceiling some fourteen feet high and broke his arm.

Each victim after being initiated always did his best to get some new one to join, so as to get his revenge. The lodge was a grand success for the winter's amusement.

IN THE SUMMER of '60 there was a dearth of excitement and as Ransom, Hall and Clark were always ready for fun, it was suggested that as an old man by the name of Cripen had recently opened up a pie, candy and nut store on the east side of the Plaza and as he was more or less disturbed by some one purloining his goods, he should complain to Ransom and Hall.

The old man was a little off in the upper story, but he made his complaint and Ransom suggested that someone be arrested and we have a mock trial for amusement; this was agreed to and it



A Peace Convention at Fort Scott, Kansas

From "Beyond the Mississippi," Richardson, 1873 was decided to arrest bachelor Calkins. Calkins was arrested and court was established, with Salmon P. Hall as judge, Willis Ransom as clerk, George Clark as sheriff, and George A. Crawford as prosecuting attorney, while Lawyer Simms and Lawyer McCord were Cripen's lawyers. There was a jury empaneled, and all the paraphernalia of a first-class court established.

The trial lasted a week, as it was only held at night, and as Judge Hall and Ransom had charge of the land office here they told Cripen they had to attend to their land offices during the day. There were quite a number of witnesses for Cripen, but only a few for Calkins. The oath that Judge Hall had the witness take was as follows: "You swear you will not tell the truth, or nothing like the truth, or if you could you would not tell the truth, so help you God?"

As Cripen was partly deaf, he did not know the difference. Jack White, Bill Bentley, Joe Ray, Charley Bull and myself were summoned by Cripen as his witnesses.

Cripen charged that one Calkins, he had reasons to believe, was from time to time stealing his pies. Calkins was a crank on pie. Jack White said Calkins grumbled at the boarding house because they did not have pie; Bill Bentley testified that Calkins said he must hunt up a boarding house where they had pies to eat; Joe Ray said that Calkins asked him to take him out to some of his farmer friends in pumpkin season so he could get some pumpkin pie.

Charley Bull said he heard Calkins make the remark: "If I only had pies like my mother used to make!"

Up to this time the evidence was purely circumstantial and it looked as if they had no case against Calkins, so they called me up as the last witness. I testified that one morning before daylight I was going to my shop to make an early start to make a coffin and as I passed Cripen's store, I saw Calkins coming out with pies in his hand. This was considered conclusive evidence against Calkins.

Mr. Calkins produced no witnesses and, being an old blue-stocking Presbyterian, he said he considered his word of honor as an off-set to the gang of liars that testified against him. So after three nights of argument by the lawyers, the case went to the jury. The jury brought in a verdict that Calkins set up the drinks for the court, the attorneys, jury and witnesses at Race Harkness' saloon. which was in the basement of the building where the court was held; and also he was to send in, when pumpkins were ripe the coming fall, a load of them to Cripen to make his winter's supply of pies. The attorneys made some masterly arguments and all in all it was an enjoyable week for the gang. So ended Cripen's mock trial.

THE SUMMER of 1860 passed undisturbed by Jayhawk troubles and we felt that we were through with them and the town was gradually improving and business increasing; but in October the trouble broke out again. United States Court was to be held the first of October, and there were several prisoners that were to be tried that belonged to the Jayhawker crowd, so Montgomery's gang came into town and broke up the court and Judge Williams left for Missouri for safety.

The same month was the advertised land sale for the lands that were in the market in this district, but the Jayhawk troubles kept land buyers away, so there were no sales except to parties that had claims and had not used their pre-emption right. They located land warrants on the claims they held.

I was one of those that took my chance at locating a warrant on my land when the land came into market instead of using my pre-emption right.

Along about November 1, 1860, two traveling musicians came along, one by the name of Signor Forillo and the other by the name of George Peabody; Forillo was a fiddler and Peabody, a banjoist. After they had played several times for the boys, we concluded to hire them by the month to give concerts for our amusement. We made a bargain with them for $100 a month, but after the first month we let Peabody go.

Signor Forillo claimed to be a dancing master, so we hired him until spring to run a dancing school, and that is how all the early inhabitants of Fort Scott, both old and young, learned all they knew about dancing. The school was kept up until the spring of 1861, when the war broke out. Once a week we would have a dancing party and it was a great success.

Captain Lyons, afterward General Lyons, who was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri, was stationed here that winter with his company. He was a red-headed bachelor, and he became one of Signor Forillo's scholars and took a great interest in the dancing until spring, when he with his company was ordered away.

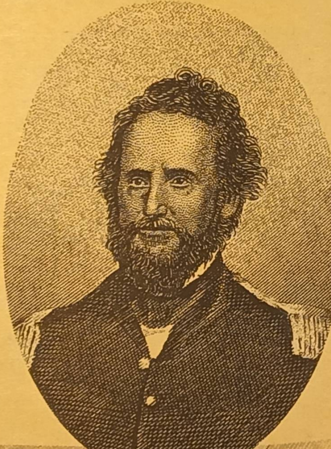
Captain Lyons was a very strict disciplinarian. At one time, to punish one of his men, he made him walk in the hot sun with a barrel over his shoulders and arms, leaving his bare head exposed to the hot sun and flies, with no chance to use his hands to drive the flies away. Aunt Jane Smith and some other sympathizing ladies went to Lyons to intercede for the poor soldier, but it did no good.

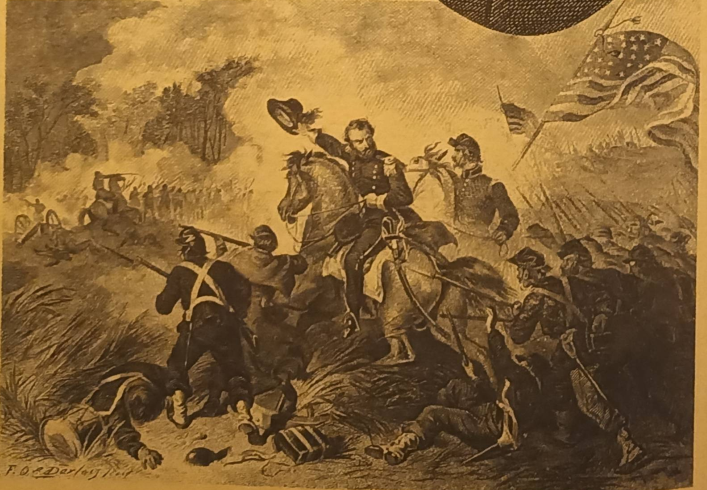
Many nights after dancing school was over, the men adjourned to the Free State Hotel, and after visiting Harry Hartman's bar they would frequently wind up with a stag dance in the office of the hotel—young and old. Captain Lyons, Judge Williams, Colonel Judson, and other older parties joined in with us younger ones and made the tail end of the night lively.

In April, 1861, the second city election was held. Alex McDonald was elected mayor, and I was elected treasurer, Uncle Johnny Miller recorder, and Jack White marshal. Alex having been city treasurer prior to this, turned over to me $12.50, and this was all the money I received while treasurer, except one-third of $25.00, which Jack, as marshal, collected from a prizefight. When Jack handed it to me he said that he and Uncle Johnny would keep the balance for their fees.

**At right. Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon. Old engraving by Darley, below, depicts General Lyon's charge at the Battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri.**

From "The Great Rebellion," J. T. Headley





IN APRIL, 1861, as all know, the Civil War broke out, and Kansas, which was still a territory, was as patriotic as the balance of the North. A company of 108 was raised here for three months' service by Charles W. Blair, who was made captain. A. R. Allison and I, being partners at this time in the building business, both enlisted; he being elected a lieutenant, I nothing but a private. He afterwards persuaded me to stay at home and take care of the business while he went with the company, as he was an officer, so I stayed at home.

The company left here for Leavenworth to be mustered in, but when they got there the order was not to take any more three months' men, so Captain Blair and some of the company were mustered into the Second Kansas for three years, and my partner, Allison, and some others not liking to go in for three years' service, returned home. During the summer of 1861, and by September 1, some 3,000 troops, more or less, collected here at Fort Scott. What troops were here then were under command of General Jim Lane, who ran things in rather a loose way.

In the summer of 1861, Jim Lane had built a fort on the north side of the Osage River, and named it Fort Lincoln. It was built on low bottom land at a point which was no more of a fit place for a fort than where Knapp's Park is now located. This fort consisted of a stockade and a large blockhouse. In later years this stockade and blockhouse were moved to Fort Scott and located about the junction of Lowman and First Streets.

On Sunday, the second day of September, 200 mules were grazing about where T. W. Tallman's farm is located, and a detachment of Colonel Wier's regiment was in charge of them, when about noon a large number of Rebel cavalry came from the east and captured the mules and drove them off to Missouri.

The alarm was given and all the cavalry that was here was ordered to give chase to the Rebels and try to recapture the mules. The mules were driven by the Rebel cavalry to the east side of Big Drywood, at what is called the Lambert Crossing. The Union cavalry, which was in pursuit, followed to the west side of the Drywood, when lo and behold, they found all of Price's army in camp. It appeared that after the battle of Wilson Creek in August, the victorious army of the South under Price had been ordered to come and capture Fort Scott.

That Sunday night when the cavalry from here went after the mules they expected a fight, and what ambulances that were connected with the hospital here were ordered out; and the surgeon in charge called for volunteers and citizens to go out with the ambulances. Charley Bull, Joe Ray, Pete Smith and myself went out with one of the ambulances and stopped on the hill about where the east of Wall Street is now, to await developments.

Shortly after we got there, Joe Ray said: "Lord, boys, we must have some whiskey to keep up our courage."

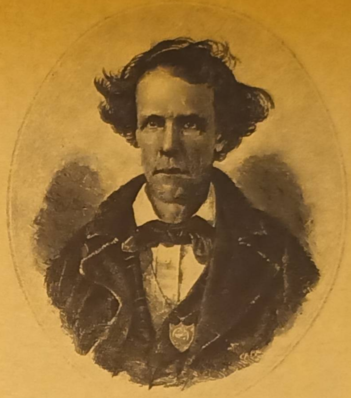
Joe rode his horse out while we rode out in the ambulance, and Joe said to Smith: (By the way, Smith was just over from Sweden, and his English was not of the best.) "You take this dollar and my horse and go to the hotel and get us a quart of whiskey."

Smith said: "Me tank I not like to go all alone."

So Joe said: "Oh, hell, go on!"

Smith started and soon returned, and as he was getting off the horse in his awkward manner, he let the bottle of whiskey fall on the rocks and break. You bet Joe made the air blue cursing the poor Swede.

ABOUT nine o'clock we were ordered back to town, as our cavalry returned without any wounded for us to take care of. On Monday, the 3rd, all the cavalry that was here was ordered out to reconnoiter and advise us of the movements of Price's army. Price's cavalry met our cavalry on the west side of Drywood and then occurred what was called the Battle of Drywood.



From Century Magazine, 1887

**James H. Lane**

I think in this battle a few were wounded on each side and a few horses put out of the way, which was about all the casualties. In the afternoon of said day, word came that Price's whole army was coming toward Fort Scott and to get all the infantry and artillery that was here out on the hill east of town. The artillery that Lane had was composed of three pieces, as different in size as an elephant and a pug dog.

The cannon were in charge of some foreigners they had picked up as artillerymen, and there was about the same contrast in them as there was in the cannon. Lane that day ordered all citizens here to be mustered in for emergency service for the period of fourteen days.

There were some forty men, including Ben McDonald, Charley Drake and myself, who were mustered into service under command of Alex McDonald as captain. And by the way, McDonald, Drake and myself were never mustered out, so I suppose we are still in the service.

After Lane had ordered all the troops but our company to the front, he ordered our company to open ammunition and load it in wagons. After we had done this, we were then ordered out on the hill with the balance of the troops. As we were marched out, we met the cavalry returning from the Battle of Drywood, they telling us that Price's army was coming and we would catch hell.

It was about dark when our company reached the balance of the forces. We had not been there long until it was found that Price's army was not advancing, so Lane gave the order to countermarch to town. About this time a very heavy thunder-and-rain storm came up.

That night after Lane held consultations with the colonels of different regiments, he ordered a retreat of all the army to Fort Lincoln, excepting a cavalry company under Colonel Jewell, with instructions to Jewell to burn the town if Price's army came the next day. Colonel Jewell had faggots put in all the buildings so as to apply the torch when necessary.

By the way, our company of fourteen-day men did not follow General Lane to Fort Lincoln, as we saw fit to act on our own hook. That Monday night Sam Williams, A. R. Allison and myself left town about midnight to go north where Williams' family and some other persons were camped, about where the Catholic Cemetery now is. About all the women folks had left town but Aunt Jane Smith and Mrs. Wilson.

We did not reach where Williams' people had camped until daylight, as it rained hard all night and we lay in a claim shanty about where Peter Redinger's house now stands. In the morning after getting something to eat, I told Williams and Allison I was going back to town. I did so, and they with their families and others went north and did not stop until they reached Leavenworth.

I met Alex McDonald in the morning when I returned. The town looked deserted and it was still raining very hard, and we expected Price's army at any time to come and burn the town. Jewell's cavalry kept a lookout, but no army appeared. Tuesday and Wednesday night. McDonald, myself and others went out to a claim shanty on Joe Dillon's claim about two miles west of town. Thursday morning when we came to town, Colonel Jewell told us that he thought Price was breaking camp and moving north. As it had rained every day and night between Monday and Thursday it put the Drywood up so high that Price could not get his army across, and this is the reason Fort Scott was not burned at that time.

Price failing to take Fort Scott as expected, Governor Jackson ordered his army north to attack Mulligan at Lexington. When McDonald and I would come to town each morning, we expected to see the town in ashes, but thanks to the heavy rains which kept Drywood so high, Fort Scott was saved from destruction by Price's army. A short time afterwards. the main body of Lane's army came back to Fort Scott, but left a company or two at Fort Lincoln to garrison it, until later on when it was abandoned and the improvements moved to Fort Scott.

THERE WERE some amusing incidents during the raid by Price and the retreat of Lane's army. One was: my friend, Charley Drake, had tied his horse in the timber along the Marmaton to prepare himself to. retreat before marching out bravely with our company to battle. So when Lane ordered the retreat to Fort Lincoln, Drake, supposing that Price's army had come to take Fort Scott, started to get his horse and ride north.

It was very dark and he did not find his horse till daylight, after traveling around him all night, and when he did find the right place, someone had taken his horse and left an old plug in his place. Charley came back to town and took his chances with McDonald, myself and others.

Prior to the Price raid on Fort Scott, General Lane had been running the army affairs in his own way, but as I learned later, to my sorrow, he did not have legal authority from the Government to employ me, as a bill of some $300 that was due to me for coffins I had made for the soldiers, I never received. The government claimed Lane had no authority to employ me.

It was not long after the Price raid that the Government had affairs reorganized here and made this a depot for supplies and established a regular quartermaster and commissary. Major Insley was made quartermaster and Carter Wilder was made commissary, and affairs assumed a different aspect than when Lane was running affairs. Colonel Doubleday, of the Second Ohio Cavalry was first put in command of the post.

I made many a coffin for the Second Ohio Cavalry. They were a hard set and died off like sheep. They had been mustered in from the slums of Cleveland. The Sixth Kansas Cavalry was organized here with Colonel Judson, and Colonel Jewell commanding. Colonel Jewell was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge. Blair's battery was organized here with Ed Smith captain. During the war, Fort Scott was a refugee camp, and also a camp for soldiers in this section on sick leave. A great deal of this sickness was a hoax, as I worked as high as a dozen of these patients at a time on carpenter work.

Not long after Fort Scott was made a military depot, the principal citizens and officers of the post became quite intimate, and there was no lack of social parties. I remember a masquerade ball held at Captain George Clark's house which was the great social event of that time.

At this masquerade one Charlie Rubican impersonated Billie Barlow. He was not masked, but had his face and clothes arranged in such a way that he looked a perfect likeness of the vagabond Billie Barlow. Being a good singer, he carried out the character by singing the song of Billie Barlow to such perfection that when Charlie came for admission the doorkeeper would not let him in, thinking he was a tramp. His most intimate friends did not know him, and he only got in after telling me who he was; and I vouched for him.

At this ball I impersonated the old Philadelphia Quaker, having had a drab suit made and well stuffed to give proportions, and wearing long white hair and the regular broad-brimmed hat. I made a facsimile figure of William Penn's statue on top of the city building in Philadelphia. There were a great many original costumes and it was a big success for a frontier town.

AFTER THE inauguration of Abraham Lincoln in 1861, David Manlove was appointed postmaster to succeed William Gallaher, who had served under Buchanan's administration. Mr. Manlove, only living a short time after he was appointed, his son, Sam, was appointed to succeed him.

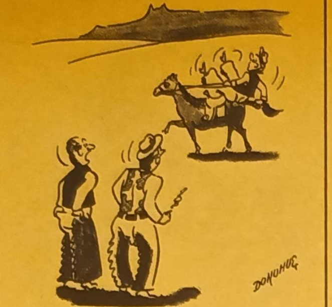
In 1862 I built the building for Sam for the use of the post office on the first floor, and the second floor to be used by Sam for his bachelor quarters. This building stood on the lot where Louis Klingbiel has his saloon today. Sam, being one of the boys, a lot of us used to congregate at his room nightly and amuse ourselves.

One night Sam said: "What can we do to have some fun?" (Dave Emmert and two other musicians were present entertaining us with music.)

I said: "Sam, I have a scheme for fun; I will take the Quaker suit that I wore to Clark's masquerade and put it on reversed, and you lead me around with the musicians following and introduce me as the backsliding Quaker."

As we visited different places, the musicians would play and I would waltz to the music. In our round we visited Mrs. Alex McDonald's house and performed in the parlor.

Mrs. McDonald, not knowing who I was or that the costume was on wrong side front, said: "Aren't you tired? Please take a seat."



"The new rider said he might be a bit rusty."

I said: "I cannot," which was the first she knew of the situation.

We took in the town, especially the saloons, and wound up in the parlor of the Wilder House to the amusement of the army officers and other guests. It was pronounced by the most critical, a masterpiece in the art of masquerading.

In 1862 and 1863, there was a stockade and an earth fort built at the corner of National Avenue and Second Street and at the corner of Second Street and Scott Avenue. At this fort at Second and Scott Avenue there was a blockhouse built, the same that now stands on the rear end of the lot occupied by John Bearman's mattress factory. Uncle Billy Smith lived there at that time, and when the war was over he moved the blockhouse to his lot for a stable. There was also a double blockhouse built on the block northwest of the Plaza. There was a twenty-four-pound cannon placed at each of these forts.

In 1863 there was a fort and barracks ordered built on the high ground about a quarter of a mile east of the old property owned by Uncle Johnny Miller. The barracks were only partly built when the work was ordered stopped. Jack McDonald later became owner of the property, but in a few years the unfinished buildings disappeared.

From the time Fort Scott was made a military depot, all was serene; business and building prospered, and business was good all the time during the war. The spring of 1862, there were no hotels except the old Free State and Pro-Slavery Hotels, and there was a demand for more hotel accommodation.

George Dimon, that spring, decided to build a hotel; so he made brick where the old glassworks were, on the Peter Redinger farm, and commenced the building that is now occupied by Horace Cohn, on the corner of Main and Wall Streets. He named it the Wilder House, after Carter Wilder who was the commissary.

The house was opened early in 1863 with a grand blow-out, and was a great resort for the army officers.

I had about all the work I could attend to at this time. In the summer of 1863 I built the stone block across the street opposite the Wilder House for Dr. Miller, who at that time was south with the army. The same year I built the first church in Fort Scott for the Presbyterians—the same now occupied by Moody's Marble Yard.

Up to this time the lumber used for building was native, such as walnut, oak, sycamore, elm and so forth. When I got the contract for the Miller block and Presbyterian Church, I found I must have some pine lumber, so I commenced hauling some from Leavenworth. I paid as high as $100 per thousand for the lumber at Leavenworth and $60 a thousand for freighting it down here, making it cost me $160 per thousand. I would sell it at $200 a thousand, as I had to make my regular profit of twenty-five per cent.

About this time the first gift enterprise came to town and was held in Uncle Johnny Miller's store. The man had his prizes in a large show case on the counter on one side of the store. A few days after the man started running his scheme, some of the boys complained that it was a gouge game.

Doc Van Pelt, Burns Gordon and myself, being together and having some fun, on hearing this report about the gift enterprise, concluded we would go in and try our luck. Van Pelt caught the man at his tricks and got mad, and notwithstanding our combined efforts to prevent him, we could not keep him from getting up and walking through the show case, which he did, and broke up the gift enterprise.

We all three were arrested by Deacon Jones, who was marshal at that time, and we each paid him $10 for our appearance before the recorder, but we never appeared. Besides this it cost us $100 we had to pay the gift enterprise man, and he left town with his wrecked case of prizes and said the town was too hot a place for him. So, in total, we were out $130.00 for our fun; but money was no object in those days, as fun we would have without counting the cost.

THE SAME YEAR, 1863, I built the City Hall, which cost $4,500. The same was raised by personal subscription. This hall was used a few years for that purpose, and then was offered to the county as a courthouse free for a number of years. They then removed the county seat here, which was at that time located at Marmaton, seven miles west. This offer brought the county seat here and continued it here permanently. The city sold the hall eventually to the county and it was used for courthouse purposes until the present courthouse was built. The stone building was condemned a few years ago and torn down. This building was on the lot on the corner of Second and National Avenues, where the fire tower now stands, and is now owned by the city with the prospect of building a city hall in the future.

The first story was used by the city officers; the second story was all in a hall, which was used for public meetings and exhibitions of all kinds. In the early spring of 1865, just before the close of the war, one of the greatest shows on earth was held in this hall. Like all towns, the church people were hard up and were giving entertainments of every kind to raise money.

The Episcopal and Catholic Churches would have dances to raise money; the Methodists, socials and parties. So about this time the Presbyterian people decided they must raise some money, but they did not want a dancing party and hardly knew what they did want.

J. R. Morley, in those days, was the leader of amusements, and had prior to this time put on the boards some very fair amateur performances with the material there was on hand. Consequently, some of the ladies, Mrs. Aunt Jane Smith, Mrs. Redfield, Mrs. Jewell and Barney Eberhardt, talked to Mr. Morley on the question.

"Well," he said, "what do you want?"

"We don't want any dance, but something different, that has a moral influence."

If I am not mistaken, Morley was never a Bob Ingersoll or a Beecher, but agreed to help the church out, so the ladies gave him carte blanche to get up a performance.

Mr. Morley came to me and said: "Charley, Aunt Jane Smith and the balance of the blue-stocking women want an entertainment, and if you will join with me we will see if we can't get them up something they won't forget."

So Morley and I went to work and decided to have a combination show—the first part to be a circus and menagerie; the second part a minstrel and vaudeville; and the after-piece a railroad wreck or tragedy. Morley and I were about ten days making the property for the show, consisting of lion heads, banners, elephants' trunks, imitations of horses and so forth. The lion head was a huge affair, made of wire and covered with buffalo skin.

Then we picked out all the star performers of the day to help us put the play on the stage. The following were the artists of that memorable performance: J. R. Morley, ringmaster; C. W. Goodlander, clown and lion imitator; Mark Schaffenburg (Van Amberg), the lion tamer; Jack White, bareback rider; Ken Williams, acrobat. In the minstrel and vaudeville were Dave Emmert, vocalist and fat boy; Ken Williams, ballet dancer; Ben McDonald and Charley Clark, Negro comedians—in the play of "Stocks Up and Stocks Down."

In the railroad wreck George Clark was conductor, and the passengers were composed of some of our prominent citizens dressed as Dutch, Irish, Italian, and so forth, and Negroes and market women. And a motley crew it was!

I well remember George A. Crawford represented an old country woman with a squalling baby in her arms; Joe Ray was peanut boy; George Clark had prepared the explosion of the engine, and when the wreck occurred, everybody thought the house would fall.

This closed the show, and it was pronounced a grand success. But when all was over the Presbyterian women said to Morley and me: "Well, boys, you did give us a show, but it was hardly up to church morals; but we can forgive you because of the $700 you put into our treasury, raised without giving a dance that has corrupt influence on the young."

This show was held about the time the Rebellion was at an end, and the town was full of officers and they gave liberally, and everybody felt good over the prospect of the war coming to a close. General Blunt and several other leading officers were present. Jack White and Dave Emmert formed the elephant, and during the performance we had a boy carrying beer by the bucket, which we drew up through a window in the dressing room. Some of the performers got quite full, and especially Jack and Dave, the elephant men, so when they went on in the elephant act, I, then acting as clown, observed that they were pretty shaky, and I expected something that was not on the bill.

When the elephant appeared, I introduced the animal by the name of General Blunt.

Ringmaster Morley said: "Why do you call him Blunt?"

I said: "Because he is a good drinker."

This brought the house down, as all knew Blunt's failing. Ken Williams rode the elephant in regular Hindoo custom. Directly I saw that the animal was getting shaky and knew it would come to pieces.

I said: "Ringmaster, why is the elephant like the Southern Confederacy at the present time?"

"I give it up," said Ringmaster Morley.

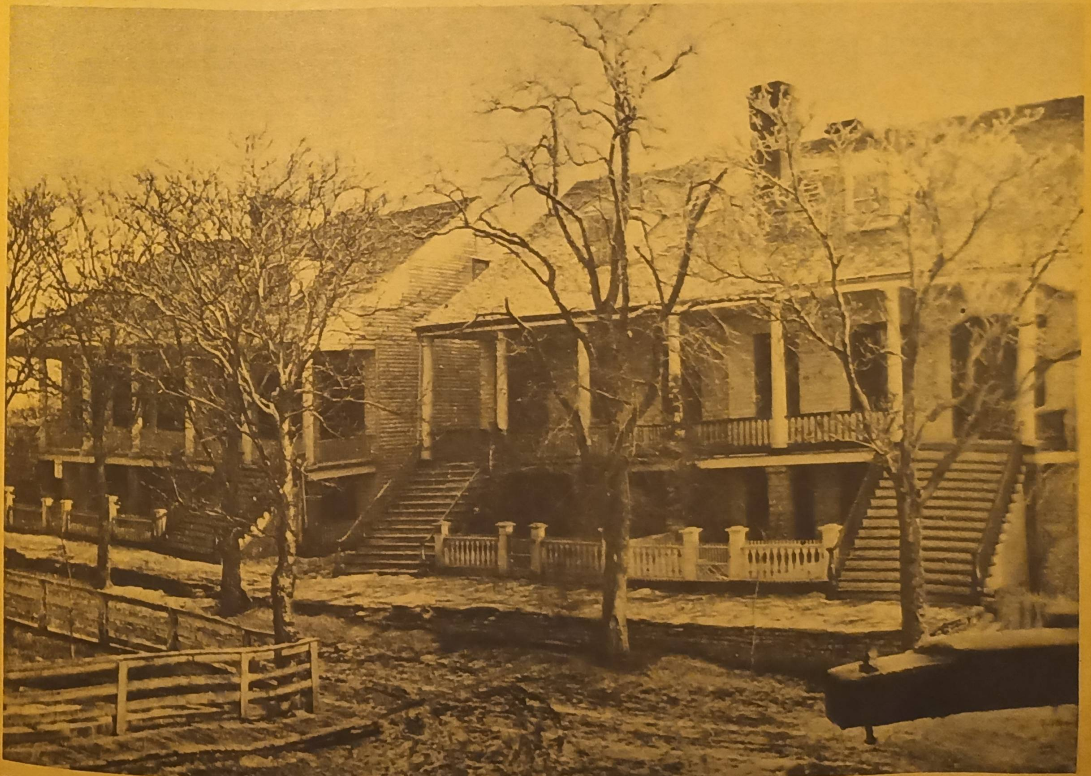
I said: "Because it is falling to pieces."

Just then Dave and Jack commenced falling on the floor, and the elephant collapsed amidst the roar of the audience.

I had covered the hoops with banners for the bareback riders to jump through. The cover was made out of the New York *Observer*, the leading Presbyterian paper of the age, and I would hold them out in plain view to the deacons and deaconnesses of the church to see.

When I took the part of the lion, I had a tight-fitting clown suit on, with a huge tail attached and a lion's head over my head. Schaffenburg would put his head in my mouth, and I would growl and he would feed me on old shoes and boots. With all his caressing and feeding, I was supposed to get mad and drive him off of the stage.

When the show was over, the actors adjourned downtown for refreshments, and made a night of it. We considered this our farewell performance.



Officers' Quarters, Fort Scott, Kansas

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

DURING the year of '65, the McDonald Hall block was built south of the Wilder House, the same building now occupied by the Citizen's National Bank and other business houses. The upper floor of that building was one large hall, with a stage at one end of it. All shows, both amateur and professional, were held in this hall up to the time the opera house was built.

The following program is a sample of one of the shows John R. Morley used to produce in this hall:

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**GRAND ENTERTAINMENT**

Singing, Pantomime & Tableaux,
by
Fort Scott Amateurs,
at
McDonald's Hall,
Tuesday Evening, Sept. 10th, 1869
Directors de l'Orchestre ... Chas. Lamar
Organist ................ B. F. Shurat
Hussiers d'Assemble ... Messrs. Allison, Annable, Highbee and Bayliss
Maitre d'Assemblee .. Dr. G. R. Baldwin

**PROGRAMME**

Part First
Quartette ..... Mr. and Mrs. McKinnie, Mrs. Insley and Mr. Schneider
Scriptural Drama—Queen Athalia
Repeated by request of the Citizens
In four acts.
Queen Athalia .... Miss Blanch Haynes
Jaodo, High Priest .... Miss Ella Terry
Josabet, Princess ...... Miss N. Gannet
Abner, Officer of Judah .. Mr. J. W. Strong
Mathan, an Apostate Priest .. Mr. J. W. Cormany
Nabal, Adviser of Athalia .... Mr. J. Morley
Joas, Young King of Judah . George Kearns
Ismeal, Priest ......... Mr. D. Havens
Zacherie, Son of Josabet ...... Miss L. Strong
Solomith, Zacherie's Sister ...... Miss M. Post
Agar, Attendant on Queen .. Miss L. Stevens
Second Attendant on Queen ............ Miss E. Abeel
Two Levites—Choir of Temple Children.
Scene in the Court of Solomon's Temple.
Interlude
Song ......... Mr. and Mrs. McKinnie

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Part Second
The laughable and amusing
French Pantomime
BOITE DE MAGIQUE!
Pantalon .......... Charlie Goodlander
The popular and well known pantomimist, late of the "Joss Troupe."
Chief du Drama ....... W. A. Cormany
The Unrivaled Artist
Personne's de La Suite . B. P. McDonald & G. A. Scoville
The Versatile Actors

This laughable Pantomime will be presented in a style that is unrivaled by anything ever enacted by the famous Raeel Troupe.

Quartette .... Mr. and Mrs. McKinnie, Mrs. Insley and Mr. Schneider

This entertainment will conclude with a grand and dazzling Tableau of Statuary and Statues, arranged by Miss McComas and Miss E. Wilson.

Admission..50 cents/Children..25 cents
Reserved Seats, 75 cents

Tickets for sale at Cottrell's, at the Wilder House.

Doors open at 7 o'clock
Entertainment commences at 8

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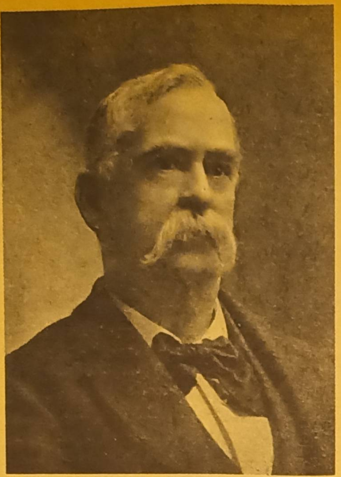


Photo from "Early Days of Fort Scott"
**C. H. Osbun, Vice-President**

THE FIRST BANK established in Fort Scott was in the fall of 1862. I was with Alex McDonald in Chicago in January, 1863, when he bought a safe for his bank. I think this was the first safe brought to Fort Scott. It was all cast iron. The same safe stands in my lumber office today. John Dillon was cashier of the bank. The bank was in the rear end of McDonald's store, on the corner of the alley and Wall Street.

One night John was sitting in the bank with Tom Bridgens, city attorney, and John G. Stewart, Jack White, Sam Manlove and myself had been in Julius Neubauer's saloon, just across the alley, and being in good condition for fun, we saw Dillon in the bank, and at the same time seeing a lot of empty salt barrels in the alley, we concluded to play a trick on McDonald's cashier.

We piled the salt barrels up against the door, so that when he opened the door they would fall in on him. Our scheme worked all right, but we had not concluded on the legal adviser that was in John's company. Lo and behold, the next morning we were all arrested for attempting to take the life of Cashier Dillon. Squire Margrave at that time was city recorder, and we were all marched up to the office by the marshal, followed by quite a number of people. Tom Bridgens, city attorney, presented the case. He had trumped up some witnesses for his side and had made a strong case against us.

Jack White said: "Boys, we have no lawyer to plead our case."

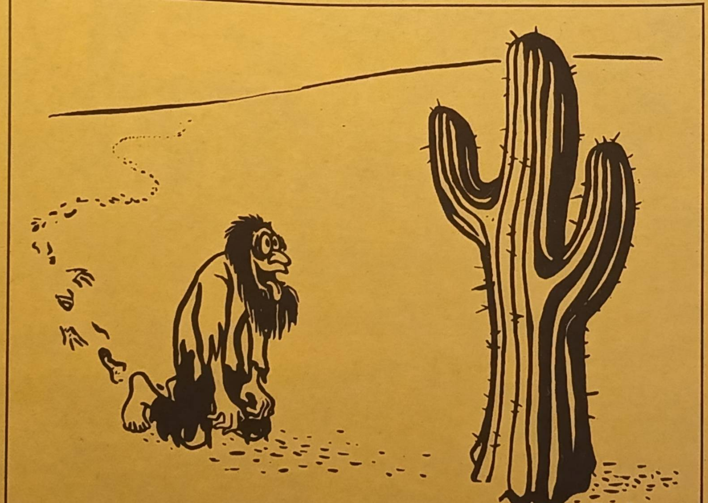
"Oh, pshaw," said Sam Manlove. "No use going to that expense; I am as much of a lawyer as Tom Bridgens is, and I will plead our case and save a lawyer's fee."

After the prosecuting attorney had finished his side of the case, Sam got up and made a great plea, and said affairs had got to a great state in this town if the boys could not have a little fun without being arrested, and he did not see that Cashier Dillon's life was in any danger by the weight of empty salt barrels falling on him, and the whole proceedings were trumped up by Attorney Bridgens just to show his authority.

After Sam had got through with his plea, he said to Judge Margrave: "You were a boy one time, and you know how it is on the frontier, as you have spent all your life here; I submit our case to your honor, and our defense is a good one and you know it."

The judge smiled one of those quiet smiles of his, and said: "Boys, I am sorry that instead of being home in bed you have been making owls of yourselves; a complaint for attempting a fellow citizen's life is a serious affair; but as I want to be as easy as I can, I will only give you the minimum fine I can impose, $5.00 and costs apiece, making the amount of fine $7.50."

We each had to fork over. We kicked, but it done no good. "Pay or go to the lock-up," said the judge; so the lark that night cost us each the court fine, besides the amount it took to get us in condition to attempt a fellow-citizen's life, and in those days that material was not very cheap.



"Gasp! If it isn't Jayne Mansfield!"

We tried later on to get even with Dillon, by having him arrested for carrying concealed weapons, but did not succeed, as his attorney, Bridgens, warned him of the danger of being arrested by us if he did so. He told Dillon to keep his pistol in sight until we got over being mad.

The first advent of the drummer or commercial traveler visiting Fort Scott was about 1862; and in those days, as they are now, they were hale fellows well met. The boys here were always ready to entertain them and give them the best the town afforded. They most always left the town the worse for wear, and loss of sleep and funds.

One day a drummer came who was quite fresh, and he made the remark that he understood we boys got away with all the drummers that came to Fort Scott, and that he was going to hold up the reputation of the fraternity, and said he was able to take care of No. 1. Well, this remark was enough for the boys to take him in charge and deal out to him the best the town afforded.

By midnight he became so beastly full that we decided the best place for him was in the stable; so we took him to the stage barn, he being in such condition that he did not know the difference between a bed of straw in a stall with a halter around his neck, and a feather bed with his wife's arms around his neck.

The next morning some of the boys went to look after our traveling friend of the night before, and lo and behold, he was gone. The stage left early in the morning, and he had got up early enough to catch the first stage and leave town without bidding us goodbye. He never returned, to my knowledge.

Fort Scott had the reputation in those days of entertaining strangers the best they knew how, and I don't think it has lost its prestige in that line up to the present day.

IN 1860, the first wagon scales or hay scales put up in Fort Scott were owned by Joe Ray and Jack White jointly, and were built in the street at the junction of Main and Market, in front of where Rodecker's store now is. Joe and Jack's place of business was just opposite on Market Street, and they alternately attended to the weighing, and the money they took in for weighing they deposited in the beam-box, where they kept a bottle of whiskey. So every time they weighed a wagon, they deposited the proceeds in the beam-box and took a drink. When the bottle was empty, they took their money on hand and replenished it.

Joe used to say: "That is the only way to run a saloon; no one can deadbeat you for a drink."

In 1862 Jack White established the first hardwood lumber yard here. Joe used to joke Jack a good deal about his lumber. As anyone knows, native lumber, especially elm, is more or less of a warpy nature. Joe used to say that Jack had to have a tight board fence to keep his lumber from crawling out of the yard, and that his lumber was so crooked he had to measure it with a corkscrew.

Joe would make the remark every time he entered Jack's yard, that he thought he had snakes, the lumber was crawling so much. Joe was a rabid Democrat and Jack was a rabid Republican, and many a quarrel they would have over politics, but they would wind up with a compromise by going to the scale beam-box and taking a drink. Joe was a great coward, and the boys were all the time playing a great many tricks on him, such as putting terrapins in his bed, coons in his room, and all kinds of tricks.

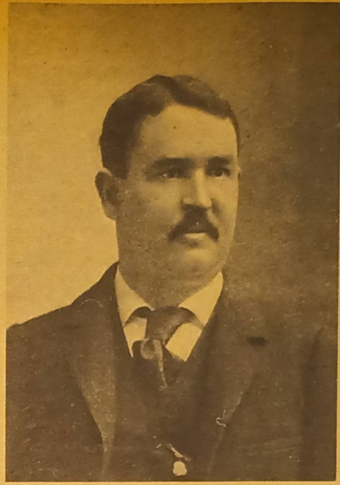


Photo from "Early Days of Fort Scott"
**C. B. McDonald, Cashier**

George Stockmeyer, about this time, as he does now in Fort Scott, sold vegetables and berries, and would go barefooted as a sign of fair weather. He was always more or less of a weather prophet—as he is now. So when the boys saw Stockmeyer barefooted, they concluded it was a good time for outdoor exercises.

One day he came to town with his old horse and sulky and had a lot of gooseberries for sale. A lot of the boys, who were out having a good time, tackled Stockmeyer and his rig and undertook to take him—horse, sulky and all—into Julius Neubauer's saloon.

They could not get the sulky through the door, so they unhitched the horse and took him in. The boys gave the basket of gooseberries to Julius and told him to make a gooseberry punch for the crowd, including Stockmeyer and his horse. After the punch was made they poured a couple of glasses down the horse's throat and then all drank a toast to Stockmeyer. After the proceedings were over, they hitched the horse to the sulky and put Stockmeyer aboard, and having been paid for his berries, he drove off happy that he had made so good a sale.

IN THE summer of 1863, the first Italian musicians made their appearance on the streets of Fort Scott—another sign of civilization. There was a harpist, violinist, flute and piccolo player, and they made the best music we had heard in Fort Scott.

The boys, feeling good over hearing the music, concluded they would use this band and have some fun. George Clark said: "Charley, what shall we do?"

Now, for a year or two, Roach had kept a pet bear chained in the yard of his house, and we used to have considerable fun playing with it. I said: "Clark, let's have a bear parade."

So it was decided that Clark should act as manager; I to be bear tamer and performer, Tom Corbett would lead the bear while marching, with Ken Williams as an acrobat and cannon ball tosser, and Bill Norway as a big Indian. We were all dressed in costume to suit our part of the performance. The bear was no cub—he weighed over 200 pounds.

After getting the Italian band and the performers together, we went up and asked Roach for the use of his bear. He granted the request on promise of safe return. About the time we were ready to start, there was a great crowd ready to follow, so Clark gave the command to march, and ordered all followers to fall into line.

I led the procession looking like a matador at a bullfight; Tom Corbett next, leading the bear, then Ken Williams and Bill Norway, then the Italian band, with the procession of citizens behind. We made quite an imposing appearance. The idea was to march to different points of interest, especially saloons, and there give a performance at each of these places to the music of the band. I would waltz and wrestle with the bear to the tune of the music, then Williams and Norway would go through with their specialties, and Clark, while the show was going on, would expound on the virtues of his show and the great expense he had been to, to import it from sunny Italy.

After each performance, the party we visited would set up refreshments—mostly in liquid form. We first went to the Wilder House, next to the different saloons and the officers' headquarters. Mr. Bear all this time appeared to like the fun as well as the boys.

After winding up at the officers' quarters, I said: "Clark, take us out to John R. Morley's house and let's give a performance there."

Clark said: "What do you want to go there for? There are no liquid refreshments."

I answered Clark and told him there were two young ladies, tenderfeet from Ohio, visiting Mr. Morley, and Jack White and John Dillon were sweet on them. I said: "The boys are out there now, and I think it best to give the girls a taste of frontier amusement."

We marched up to Morley's house—he lived then in the house where Henry Neubauer resides now. The Morley household, hearing the music coming, was all out on the veranda. We marched into the yard in good order, George Clark introducing us in grand style. Norway led off with the Indian dance. Ken Williams followed with his performance, leaving me for the great finale.

Mr. Bear was in great trim and I think Mr. Bear, like myself, wanted to show off to the eastern girls, so we entered into our performance with great gusto. First, we waltzed around and around and curtsied to the ladies and then we went to wrestling and tumbling on the ground.

About this time, unknown to the audience, Mr. Bear sank his teeth through my boot into the calf of my leg; but paying no attention to the bite, I finished up the performance, and then remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bear has given me information that he is tired of this damned show, and I think we will now retire."

I said to Tom Corbett: "You lead the bear back to Old Roach," and to Clark and the other performers: "Go with me to Doc Redfield's."

"What for?" they asked; and I said: "My boot is full of blood, and my leg is sore where the bear bit me."

This was the first intimation they had that I was hurt. This ended the memorable bear show and parade, which was the talk of the town for a long while.

BY THE END of the war, Fort Scott had become a town of some 3,000 inhabitants, and business was good; from the time it was made a regular military depot until the fall of 1864, the troops that were here did not have much to do except routine duty at the fort. There was very little war excitement except a raid now and then that did not amount to much, except the raid at Marmaton by guerrillas from the Indian country. That was a bad one, as they killed several inhabitants of that town and escaped south after doing all the deviltry they could.

This was about all the war excitement until the fall of 1864, which was called the second Price raid on Fort Scott. During the occupation of Fort Scott as a military post and depot it was commanded, as near as I can remember, by Colonel Doubleday, Major Henning, and our old townsman, General Blair, who by the way, at the battle of Wilson Creek, Missouri, took command after the death of General Lyon and the wounding of General Dietzler and Mitchell, and showed himself equal to the occasion, just as if he had been an old regular.

General Price, in the fall of 1864, marched his army north to the Missouri River in the eastern part of Misouri, and then west on the side of the Missouri River to the western border of Missouri. When he reached the Blue River in Jackson County, he marched his army south along the border, being followed by the Union forces under General Pleasanton. Pleasanton's command overtook him in Linn County, near where the town of Pleasanton now stands, and there occurred the battle of Mine Creek.

Price's army was routed and a large number of prisoners taken, including several officers, and one complete battery of artillery. The prisoners, both officers and privates were brought to Fort Scott, also the captured artillery.

I remember distinctly seeing the officers under guard standing at the corner of the Wilder House, now Horace Cohn's store. Among them were General Cable, General Marmaduke, and one General Chester. In later years this same General Marmaduke was elected governor of Missouri, and Cable I met afterwards in Dallas, Texas, of which city he was then mayor.

The privates were put in the blockhouse and stockade which I previously mentioned as being moved from Fort Lincoln, and the officers were placed under guard at the Wilder House and held a few days, when all, both officers and privates, were paroled.

After the capture of a part of Price's army at Mine Creek, the remaining army moved on south with the intention of taking Fort Scott in the retreat. But they were followed so closely by the Union Army that when they got on the hill where the Shinn farm is now located they could see through a field glass that the only ford leading into Fort Scott was well protected with artillery placed on the bluff northeast of the Plaza. If they undertook to force the ford with the Union Army in their rear, they stood a good show of being captured, so they moved east on the north side of the Marmaton and crossed a ford some ten miles east in Missouri, and moved south and escaped.

That night, Pleasanton's army came into Fort Scott about worn out and went into camp after a week's steady march. After a week or so, Pleasanton's command was distributed to other points, and affairs in Fort Scott settled down to the regular routine. Business revived, as this move of Price's was supposed to be about the last demonstration in this section.

The morning that the battery of artillery was brought here, quite a little sensation occurred. The artillery was standing in Wall Street and one piece that stood opposite the rear end of the opera house was in a depressed position the same as while being transported. The street was full of people, but just in front of the cannon there was a space of some fifty feet where there happened to be no one.

I was standing just opposite the cannon on the sidewalk, when I heard a smart aleck say: "I will show you how they fire off a cannon."

He took an artillery match from his pocket, placed it in the touch hole and pulled the string, when lo and behold, there was a loud report. The cannon had been captured with a load in it and no one knew any better. One fellow had his head pretty close to the muzzle of the gun and had his hair and eyebrows terribly scorched. The cannon was loaded with a time shell, and when it struck the ground, it rebounded and went through the top of a house that stood where the Goodlander Hotel now stands, and exploded on the roof of the house now occupied by Henry Neubauer. There was no more fooling with the captured artillery after that.

THE TOWN of Pleasanton, Linn County, was named after General Pleasanton. In the spring of 1865, as we all know, the war closed, and the troops that were here were mustered out or moved away and a great many supposed the town would go backwards after the removal of the support derived from the military depot. For some months it did look that way, but by the fall of 1865, the town commenced to forge ahead, and by the time the Kansas City & Fort Scott Railroad reached here, the 7th day of December, 1869, it was a town of some 4,500 inhabitants.

In front of the Wilder House there were posts and a rail on top to tie horses to. This rail was quite broad and made a good seat, so late at night the boys used to sit on this rail telling yarns, not wanting to go to bed.

One night along in 1867, Jack White, Billy Robinson and myself were sitting there about half asleep when Jack White roused up and with great energy said: "Boys, let's all three get married and go to Baxter Springs on a wedding tour."

Now, Jack was sweet on Kate Stewart, and had clear sailing. Billy Robinson spoke up and said: "Jack, it is well enough for you to propose marrying, as you have a cinch on your girl, while Charlie and I have not."

Colonel Wilson had three daughters—Jennie, Lizzie and Fannie. Billy was sweet on Fannie, and I was making faces at Lizzie, and Jennie had married Joe Ray. Billy and I did not make much headway, as a certain party was in the way of Billy, and a certain lieutenant in the army was sweet on Lizzie.

Jack married Kate that year; and Billy, some three years later, married Jennie, the widow of Joe Ray, he having died in 1869. Jack White died the same year; so these two cronies passed away. As Billy failed to make a go with Fannie, he was bound to get into the family.

I later on married Lizzie, and Fannie later on married T. F. Robley. These Wilson girls, I think, were among the first few white children born in Kansas fifty years ago. Lizzie and Fannie are living now, but Jennie died some three years ago.

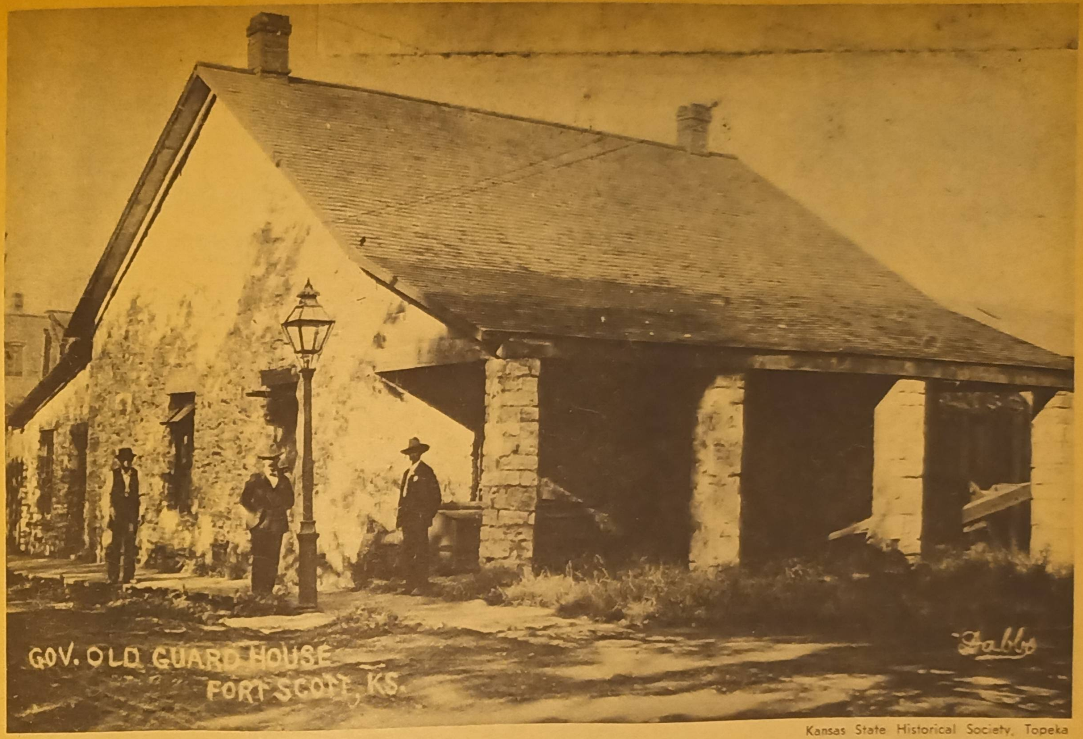
After the war, in the summer of 1865, I commenced to haul white pine lumber from Kansas City until the railroad got here; then I bought from Latshaw & Quaide, who had a lumber yard on the corner of Fifth and Delaware, where the Armour Bank building now stands. I continued this until the Gulf road got to Paola, and then hauled from there; and later on when the road got to Pleasanton I hauled from that point.

I bought the white pine lumber from Kansas City parties until the railroad got to Pleasanton, and that summer the Hannibal Bridge was finished at Kansas City, and I bought my lumber in Hannibal and had it shipped to Pleasanton.

The first purchase I made in Hannibal was from Rowe & Toll—ten carloads. A few weeks later, one Davis, Bokee & Garth, lumber dealers of Hannibal, came along, and I bought a trainload of thirty-six cars from that firm.

I don't think to this day Brother Toll ever forgave me, as he claimed he had found and pre-empted me, and I was his meat. This same Toll is now at the head of the Badger Lumber Company, Kansas City.

"That Indian in the Designing Department has got to go!"



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Old Guardhouse, Fort Scott, Kansas

On the 7th day of December, 1869, the Missouri River, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad, now known as the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis Railroad, reached this point, and the days of hauling lumber by wagon was at an end. The first car of freight that came by rail to Fort Scott was a car of lath shipped to me for the old Gulf House. I unloaded it while the engine was switching the train, so it was scattered a quarter of a mile along the track.

THE FIRST county fair held in Fort Scott was held in the stockade fort at the corner of National Avenue and Second Street, in the fall of 1865. The second fair was held in the fall of 1866 in the Government corral enclosure that had been built by the quartermaster's department during the war, about in the locality of the present Presbyterian Church. It was quite a large enclosure and there was room for a short race track, but at the time this fair was held, the grasshoppers were so thick on the track that they could have no races.

That fall there was a story in Kansas that the grasshoppers stopped a railroad train; whether this is true or not, I must say that they did stop the horse races, as they were from one to three inches deep on the track and plenty to spare.

In 1867 the first settlers of Fort Scott decided to have a blow-out. The following is the bill of fare of the supper they had, the original having been preserved by my wife and is now in her possession.

1857 1867

**PIONEER SUPPER**

Wilder House
Fort Scott, Kansas, Nov. 14, 1867

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Bill of Fare
Twelve O'clock Supper
Soup
Oyster Colbert
Fish
Baked Black Bass Broiled Red-Horse
Relieve
Broiled Leg of Mutton Caper sauce
Wild Turkey Braised with Oysters
Ham Champagne sauce
Broiled Prairie Chicken Parsley sauce
Rib of Antelope, a la Regeance
Buffalo Tongue

**Cold Ornamental Dishes**

Chaudfroid of Faisant, a la Parisieene
Pattress de foie Gras, with jelly
Bastion of Rabbits, a la Shiloh
Bear Tongue, a la Carlotta
Boned Turkey, decorated with jelly
Boned Partridge, a la Pawnee
Brandt, ornamented with jelly
Sunfish au Beurre, de Montpelier

**Entries**

Rissoles of Jack Snipe, a la Pompadour
Fillet of Curlew, a la Rouenaise
Civit of Venison, with Port wine
Fillet of Wild Goose, a la Marmaton
Fillet of Teal Duck, a la Drywood
Fillet of Plover, a la Prairie
White Crane Salad, a l'Osage
Woodcock Fricasee, a la Wolverine

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**Entries Continued**

Noix of Fawn, a la Balltown
Coon Chops, a la Marias des Cygnes
Sweet-bread, a la Toulouse

**Roasts**

Beef Wild Turkey Killdeer
Buffalo Saddle Venison Gray Squirrel
Gray Duck Fox Squirrel Sage Hen
Goose Wood Duck Crane
Mallard Red-head Duck Black Bear
Brandt Canvas-back Duck Gray Duck
Opossum with Persimmon Jelly
Butter-ball Duck

**Pastry**

Persimmon Pyramid Cocoanut Pyramid
American Dessert Cantaloupe rum sauce
Mince Pie Strawberry Ice Cream
Dewberry Jelly Champagne Jelly
Pumpkin Pie Pretzels
Paw-Paw Pies Horn of Plenty

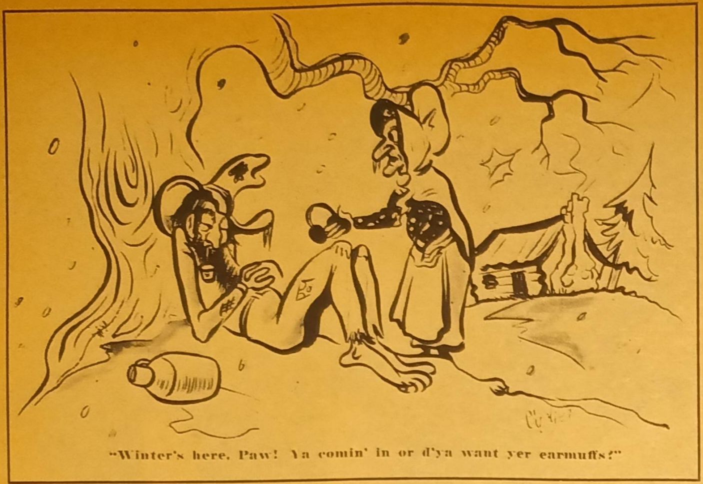
**Dessert**

Wild Fox Grapes
Black Walnuts
Hazle Nuts
Butter Nuts
Bush Cherries
Paws Paws
Pecans
Apples
Coffee

**Wine List**

*Champagne*

Robbinson & Co.'s Dry Verzenay
J. Sattler & Co.'s Green Sea Imperial
C. H. Haynes' Royal Rose
Van Fossen Bros' Gold Seal
Linn & Stadden's Sillery Mouseaux
A. McDonald & Bros' Monopale
J. S. Redfield & Co.'s Dry Sillery
Dr. J. H. Couch's Verzenay


"Winter's here, Paw! Ya comin' in or d'ya want yer earmuffs?"

Dr. B. F. Hepler's Cabinet
J. S. Redfield & Co.'s Imperial
*Claret*
Table, Medoc, Floirac, (D. Marie & Freres and Brandenburg, Freres),
St. Julien, Chateau, Leoville
(first quality) Chateau Margus,
Chateau Yquem
Chateau, Lafitte, Chateau Griscoms
*California Wine*
Angelica, Los Angelos Vintage
California Port, Muscatel and Hock
*Kansas Wine*
Southern Kansas Wine Co.
Imperial, W. T. Campbell's vintage
Sparkling Catawba,
Spring River Vineyard
H. B. Hart's Seedling "Bergunday"
Still Catawba (very still, no noise.)
*Ale and Porter*
Hack's Imported (Leavenworth) Ale
Newberry's London Porter

STAGING in the early days from Fort Scott to Kansas City was quite a trip to make. When roads were good, the trip was made in twenty-four hours, but there being no bridges in those days across the streams, when rainy seasons came on it was uncertain when you would get through.

The last trip I made on the stage to Kansas City was in the summer of 1868, when the Kansas City Railroad was built no farther south than Olathe. George A. Crawford was my traveling companion, and as the weather was very wet, we expected it would take us several days to get through. In those days, when going on a trip, we always needed some medicine in case of accident or snakebite. I prepared myself a small demijohn of whiskey, and Crawford, not needing as strong a drink, put up a half dozen bottles of wine.

The roads were bad and the rivers high. The first day we got to a station in Linn County, the next day to Osawatomie, and laid up there one day on account of high water. Our medical supplies ran out there and we had to lay in a new supply.

On the forth day after leaving Fort Scott, we reached Olathe at night, and stopped at old man Laithe's hotel, having been acquainted with the old man in Fort Scott. We were glad to see him; he was so glad to see us he said he would treat, if he had any liquor.

I said: "Laithe, you furnish the water and sugar, and I guess there is enough left in this demijohn to furnish the balance."

I brought out my medicine chest and I found there was enough for three good mix-ups, and we had a jovial time and felt happy because we had arrived at the end of our stage ride.

The next morning we went into Kansas City on the railroad. My demijohn being empty I had tied it to my satchel. At that time there was no depot at Kansas City. An old house that stood about where the depot now is, was used for that purpose. We took a bus for the Pacific House, on the corner of Delaware and Fourth Streets, the leading house at that time in Kansas City.

After resting, I asked for my baggage, and it was missing. Colonel Smith, who kept the house at that time, said to the 'bus man: "You had better look up the gent's baggage."

Directly the man came back with my satchel, and as he walked through the office of the hotel he halloed out: "Here is a satchel and it must be yours, because it has got the Fort Scott card tied to it." The joke was so good that I had to set up drinks for the crowd.

IN THE YEAR 1867, I planned and built the courthouse at Nevada. The same year Charley Drake and I jointly built the business house on the site where his bank building now stands. The building cost some $16,000. I took charge and built the house and furnished some material, and Charley furnished some also, and each kept a debtor and credit account, and when we came to settle up, after the building was finished, Charley owed me a difference of $25.00. I think he always thought I got the best of him.

The timber in this building was hauled from Osage Mission, and was cottonwood. This building caught fire and burned down in 1876, one Sunday night when Drake and I were at church.

Up to 1870, I built about three-fourths of all the buildings built in Fort Scott. The Gulf House, now extinct, was built late in 1869, and opened a month after the Gulf Road got here. From 1866 to 1870, I worked some fifty men in my building business, attending to my men during the day and my firuting and bookkeeping and fun with the boys at night, and I was generally the last man seen at night and the first in the morning.

The M. K. & T. Railroad was built in here on December 7, 1870, just one year to a day after the Gulf. At the time of the change of our town from a stage and ox-team to a railroad town, some of us boys, though rather old boys by this time, concluded we must have a clubhouse to entertain newcomers. So A. McAllister, H. S. Curry, B. D. Langdon, T. F. Robley, Tom Linn, Al Campbell and myself organized a club and called it the "Joss Club."

We entertained quite a number of men of note in Kansas of that date. Among them were Rev. Kallock Rossington, Editor Prouty, Sheriff Lowe, and a number of others. We used to have any amount of amusement, and entertained in royal style.

At this time a brother of mine from Illinois made his first visit to Fort Scott, and I said: "Boys, we must treat him royally."

Among one of our amusements now and then, I used to give an Indian dance. Now my brother wore a wig, and none of the Joss boys knew it, so after we had passed the flowing bowl of refreshments, the boys said: "Charley, you must show your eastern brother the war dance."

My brother was seated in the center of the room and the boys were seated around the wall so, after rolling up my pants and putting a red blanket over my shoulders, and the handle of a feather duster down the back of my neck to make a plume, my face being reddened by the refreshments we had had, I looked a complete Indian. I went through the corn dance and the rain dance and the war dance and others, and at last, as a wind-up, with the scalp dance. In the twinkling of an eye, I scalped my brother as baldheaded as an egg.

The boys in their great surprise gave one howl and rolled off their chairs onto the floor convulsed with laughter. My brother was very much chagrined at my action but, after the emptying of a basket of champagne, he became reconciled to the ways of the woolly West. Champagne in those days was not any too good for us.

I could have given many more historical, interesting and amusing incidents of Fort Scott's early days than I have, but my intention was to only issue a pamphlet instead of a book, and still give the reader a good idea of Fort Scott as a frontier town.

Having now written of some of those incidents which occurred under my personal observation, during the era covered by the daily use of the steady-going ox-team and rumbling rollicking stage coach, in the city of Fort Scott, and being reminded that I have arrived at that point in time when the locomotive and telegraph lines made their advent into our little city, I will close, by extending, on behalf of the Citizen's National Bank of Fort Scott, its best wishes and Christmas greetings to each and all its customers and friends, as well as the hope from the writer that they may each receive their equal share of this world's goods and happiness; and with the further hope and desire that whosoever may peruse these pages may do so with pleasure, even though the "Queen's English" and grammatical construction may have been somewhat disfigured by my first, last and only effort to appear in the role of an author, I am,

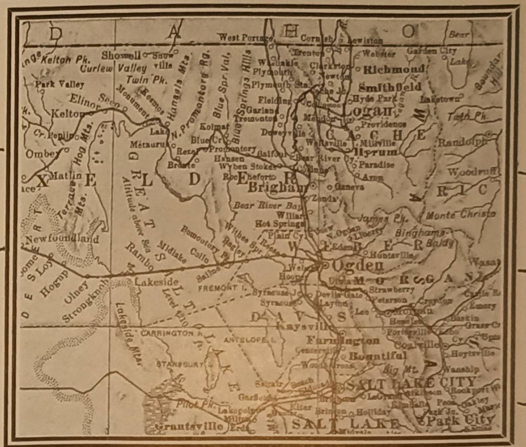
Respectfully,
C. W. Goodlander

Christmas, 1899

Bear River Ford at Corinne was first used by the early California gold seekers.

Stage coaches served the West as feeder lines even after the first railroads were built.

# Robbing Montana Mails



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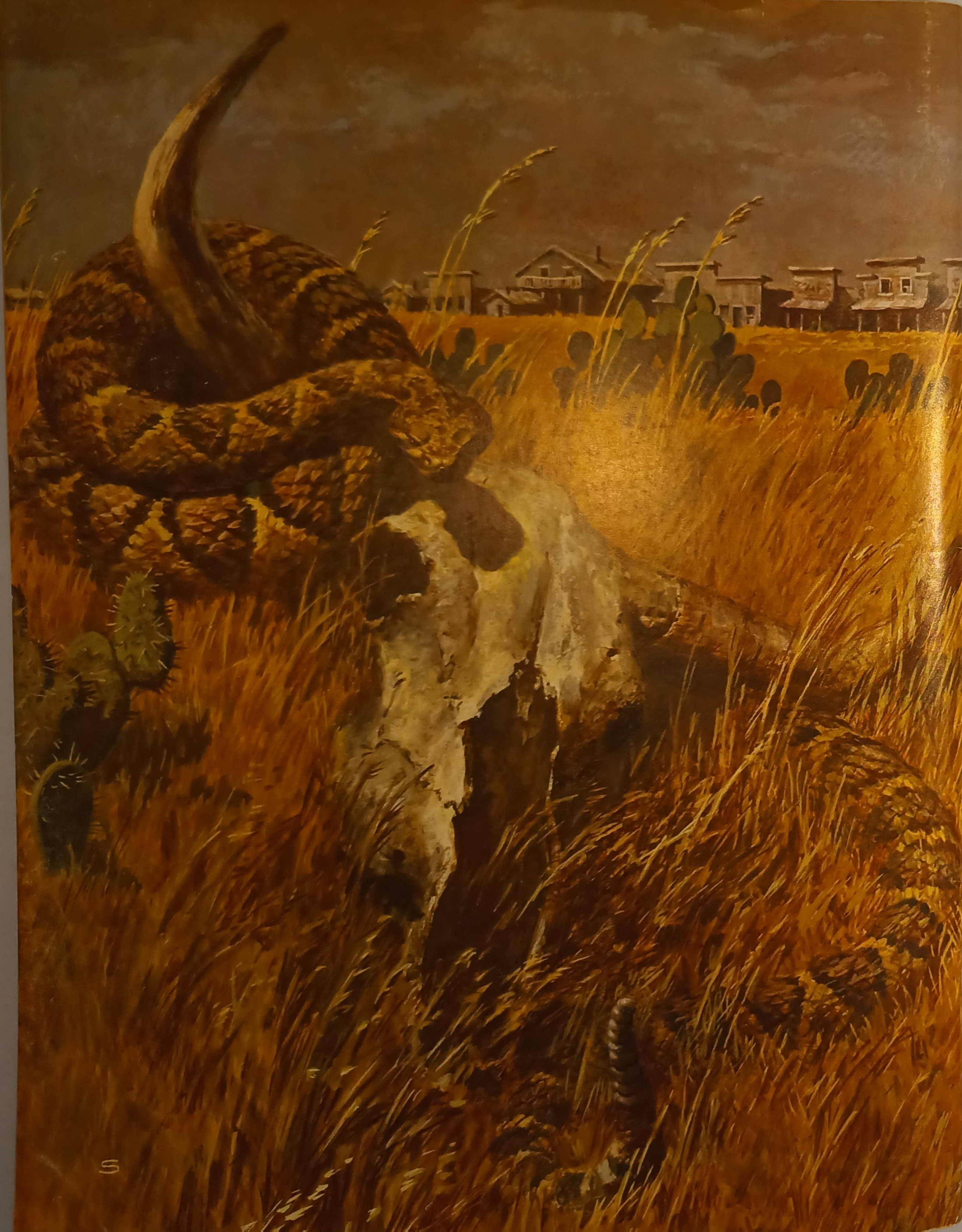
Construction camp of the Central Pacific named "Victory" was later changed to "Rozel" in western Box Elder County where the record of laying ten miles of rail in one day was established.

Early street scene in Brigham City with horse-drawn carriages and plenty of hitching posts

Photos courtesy James H. Miller, Vice-President, Sons of Utah Pioneers, Brigham City, Utah, from the book, BOX ELDER LORE, published by Box Elder Chapter, Sons of Utah Pioneers, 1951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